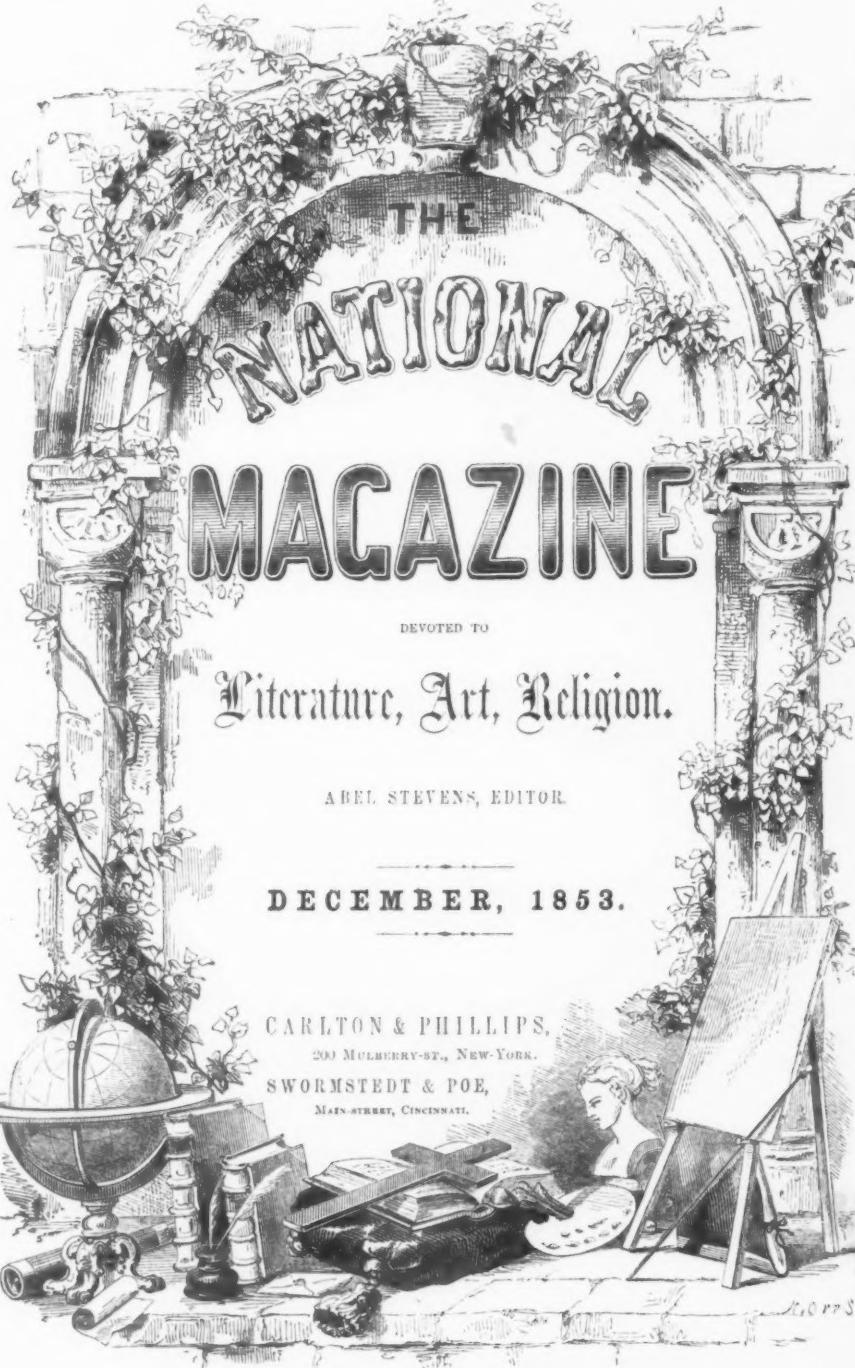


*W. H. French*

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ABEL STEVENS, EDITOR.

DECEMBER, 1853.

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ANCIENT IMPERIAL PALACE.

CHINA AND ITS RULERS.

CHINA has always been an object of most intense interest to the world. It has hitherto been to us an almost unknown region. Like a magnificent volume, covered on the outside with richest gilding and pictures, and promising to unfold many rare and excellent things, we have a few times glanced at its contents, but only glanced before it has been suddenly and ruthlessly closed, the pages we would fain examine being too "celestial" to be scanned by "barbarians." True, we have a tolerably correct idea of its geographical outlines and limits, and have dim fancies about its stupendous wall, its porcelain pagodas, its earthenware towns, and other remarkable edifices; but of the aspect of the country, or the manners of the inhabitants,—how it was first settled, how many are its races, or what have been its dynasties,—our information is most limited. Even

the revolution at present progressing, and which has concentrated upon it the anxious gaze of the whole earth, is but little understood. Americans regard it with solicitude and hope as an effort of the *people*, the *national party*, to uproot a dynasty which assumed the throne by something akin to the right of conquest; and Christians everywhere are wondering what, if successful, will be its effect upon the interests of the kingdom of Christ. National pride and a love of the marvelous have so distorted the writings of native historians as to make them totally unreliable. They date the beginning of their empire before the world was founded; their early sovereigns are all spoken of as giants, taller than the loftiest pagodas, and as possessed of miraculous powers, and gifted with a longevity compared with which the life of Methuselah was but a

span. It is doubtless one of the oldest empires in the world. According to the native historians, the first *mortal* emperor was Fohi, who is called "the son of Heaven;" but the empire really began with Yu-ta the Great. Fohi may have been Noah, a very natural supposition certainly, in view of the well-attested fact that China was settled by one of the first migratory tribes, formed by the dispersion of Babel, that passed beyond the deserts of Central Asia. Having taken possession of Shen-si, which borders on Tartary, they there laid the foundations of the present empire. From the reign of Fohi and his immediate descendants to the present time we usually count twenty-two dynasties, a brief account of which we here compile from various sources.

The first dynasty is called Kia, and commenced, about 2207 B. C., with the reign of Yu-ta. It continued four hundred and forty-one years, under seventeen emperors, the last of which, Kia, detested by his subjects, was driven from his throne and died in ignominious exile. The second dynasty began with Ching-tang, a modest prince, shrinking from the government, but called to it by the voice of his country. He continued to hold the scepter only at the urgent and oft-repeated solicitation of his ministers.

This dynasty was continued for upward of six hundred years by thirty emperors, and was terminated by the folly and vices of the last one. The third dynasty was called Tcheou, and continued some eight hundred and sixty years, during

which thirty-five emperors reigned. The fourth dynasty lasted but forty-three years, terminating 203 B. C. During this brief period four emperors were on the throne, and it was one of the most remarkable periods of Chinese history. One of these emperors, Chi-hoang-ti, was a man of unusual talent and energy. He reduced the petty kings who had hitherto rebelled against the imperial power to a tributary condition, and thus secured internal peace. He also abolished their kingdoms, and gave in the stead of these honors to his relatives the privilege of wearing yellow, the imperial color. He next turned his arms against the Tartars—a portion of the warlike tribe called the Huns—who, according to the custom of the savage hordes of the North, to which they belonged, made frequent incursions into China for hunting and plunder.

To keep off these invaders, the emperor resolved to build, along the northern frontier, a wall of immense height and thickness. To complete this mighty work every third laboring man in the realm was detailed, and with most servile toil and scanty supplies was compelled to labor. This work, after the lapse of two thousand years, still stands, one of the wonders of the world. It extended one thousand five hundred miles from the sea to the remote province of Shen-si, running over mountains and across valleys, and spanning the rivers by arches. It was broad enough for six horsemen to travel abreast, and of such height as to defy all attempts to scale it. The exterior was of solid masonry,



THE GREAT WALL.

which was filled in with dirt, and it was fortified by strong towers about three hundred feet apart, which were constantly garrisoned. It was certainly a most stupendous work, and merits well its title—The Great Wall of China.

Chi-hoang-ti, or, as the word signifies, the *first emperor*, not satisfied with so lasting a monument to his fame, was ambitious to be considered the founder of the empire. To secure this renown, he endeavored to wipe out every vestige of former history. He ordered that all books and writings of every description should be burned; and so rigidly was this edict enforced, that some literary men were put to death for attempting to secrete valuable records. Several copies of the works of Confucius, and those of some other eminent writers, were nevertheless preserved, having been hid under the floors and behind the walls of different dwellings. Chi-hoang-ti appointed his eldest son to succeed him; but, he being absent at the time of the emperor's death, a younger son seized the empire, and caused his brother to be strangled. This usurper soon became unpopular by his neglect and voluptuousness, an insurrection broke out, headed by Lien-pang, a freebooter, which, after many scenes of violence and bloodshed, ended in the death of the usurper, and Lien-pang ascended the throne under the title Kao-Tsou.

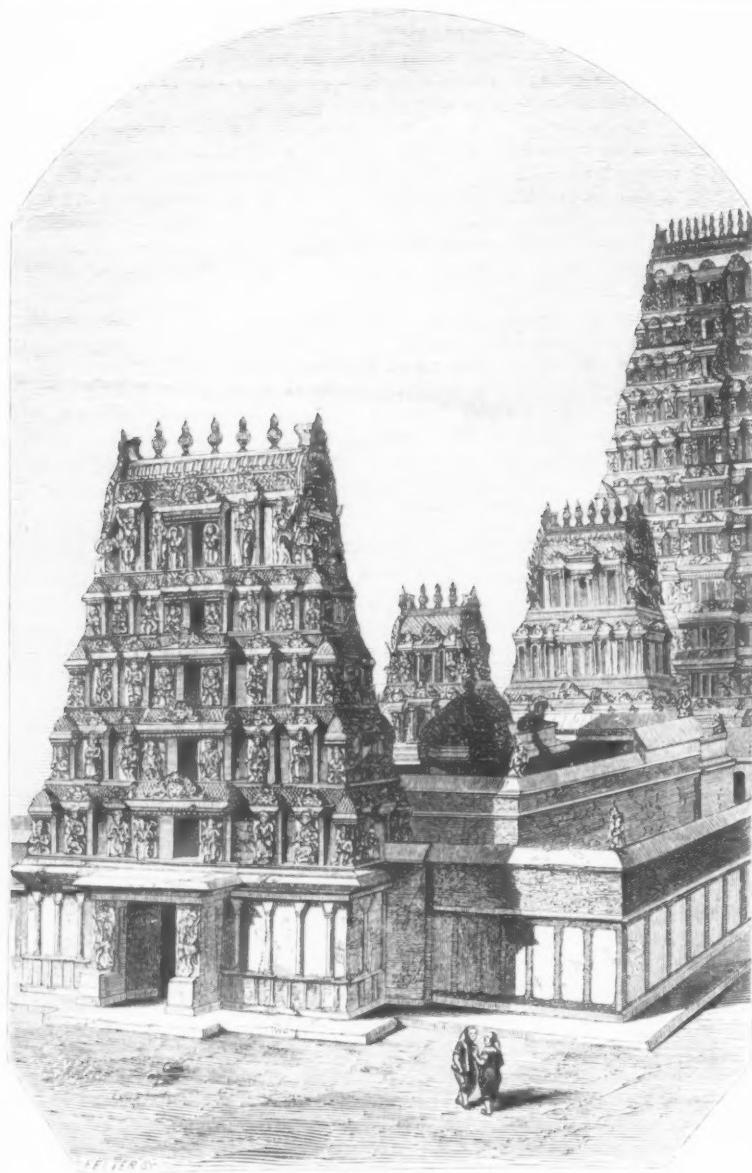
Thus began the famous dynasty of Han, which derived its name from the native district of its first sovereign. Most of the emperors of this dynasty were munificent patrons of learning, and, during their reign, paper, ink, and hair-pencils for writing, were invented. The Egyptians had for a long period made paper of papyrus, an article which had been used also at Rome; and it is not known whether the idea was derived thence, or was, in reality, a Chinese invention. The Chinese paper, at all events, was made of bamboo, a gigantic species of reed or cane which reaches the height of ordinary trees, and which is used for almost every conceivable purpose. The bamboo is pounded in mortars, mixed with silk and other materials, and, being made into a thin paste, it is spread out on a flat surface and dried into what we call paper. The Tartars borrowed this art from the Chinese, substituting cotton, which was more abundant in their country, for the bamboo, as

the Arabs subsequently did linen for both. The Chinese ink is in cakes, known commonly in this country as India ink, and is applied with camel's hair pencils instead of pens.

The dynasty of Han was on the throne of China when the Lord of Life and Glory appeared among men, and when the Buddhist religion, of which the Grand Lama is the pope, and the leading doctrine the transmigration of souls, was introduced into that country. The last fifty years of their reign is celebrated for the "revolt of the yellow caps," or the "war of the three kingdoms," as it is sometimes called. The empire was at this time ruled over by three princes of the line, but was involved in constant commotions, of which we know little, as Chinese romance and tragedy have swallowed up its history so completely that we cannot distinguish fiction from truth.

This period of troubles is known as the Heou-han, or sixth dynasty, although in reality not to be distinguished from that of Han. During these dynasties an attempt was made to secure, by intermarriage, &c., the friendship of the Tartars, who, notwithstanding the Great Wall, continued their predatory excursions. But these alliances, as will be seen, only prepared the way for future troubles. In the year 261 A. D. a descendant of Chi-hoang-ti appeared, laid claim to the scepter, established his authority, restored good order, and thus began the dynasty of Tsin. Many of the late difficulties having arisen from the intrigues of women and eunuchs, he was ungallant enough to pass a celestial edict that "women should not reign, or take any part in public matters."

Up to the period of which we now speak, the capital of the Chinese empire was at Hang-chow-fou, a large and wealthy city not far from Nankin, containing an immense population, chiefly engaged in the manufacture of silk and cotton. Like all Chinese cities it covered an immense area as the houses were but one story high, and surrounded by gardens. The imperial palace, of which we present a cut at the head of our article, was in the midst of extensive grounds, adorned with oriental splendor, and surrounded by several magnificent temples. The first monarch of this new dynasty removed the seat of government to Kai-fong-fou, another large city in the province of Honan, one of the



OUENTI'S PALACE.

most beautiful regions in China. This continued to be the royal residence until the time of the fifth monarch of this dynasty, called Ouenti, who built a still more magnificent palace at Nankin, and there established his court. Our cut of this building presents us with a full view of the

edifice, excepting that one-half of the immense tower in the background is omitted, but exactly corresponds to the half exhibited.

But the splendor of his palace contrasted sadly with the emperor's disquiet. A new invasion of the Tartars had spread terror

and desolation throughout the empire. The Tartar chieftain at last captured the emperor, and obliged him to be his servant at table, finally putting him to a most cruel death. His son was also captured, and after performing for a while the menial office of carrying his conqueror's parasol, was at last beheaded. Another of the family, however, was proclaimed, and the Tartars were driven out. This dynasty was continued until A. D. 420, when a revolted general seized the imperial power and began the dynasty of Song, the eighth in order.

Of the next six dynasties we cannot speak in this article. They succeeded each other in vigor and promise, but gradually declined and passed away, most of them in violence, leaving little worthy of record. Let us but say that Tait-song, of the thirteenth, was one of the most renowned of the Chinese emperors. He was a father to his people, the friend of the poorer classes, the promoter of the arts and sciences. During his reign it is said that eight thousand students were annually in attendance at the imperial institute, and some Christian missionaries were admitted to China, and permitted to build a chapel and preach the gospel. As a relic of this period, the Jesuits have claimed that, on their admission to the empire ten centuries afterward, they found a stone monument on which was chiseled, in Syriae characters, an abstract of the Law of Moses and the names of seventy-two preachers. The mode of making the fine porcelain called chinaware was discovered during this reign; and the celebrated Han-lin College was established, consisting of forty members, from which the Ministry of State are chosen, by an examination into their capabilities. At this time also was introduced the custom of binding the feet of female children, to prevent their growth.

As was most commonly the case, this period of prosperity was succeeded by decline, anarchy, and rebellion, which introduced the fifteenth dynasty with the reign of Chwang-tsung, a general whom the Eastern Tartars aided in seizing the empire. He proved a worthy ruler, and during his reign block-printing was invented, and the arts encouraged. In return for their services, the Tartars obtained a grant of a large territory in Pe-chelee and an annual tribute, thus gaining their first firm footing in China. The

empire now declined more and more—the encroachments of the Tartars continually increased. By treaty and by conquest they soon became possessors of large territories even within the Great Wall. In 1234 the Mongols, or Western Tartars, on the one side, and the Chinese on the other, attacked the Kin, or Eastern Tartars. After terrific bloodshed, the power of the Kin passed mostly into the hands of the Mongols; but the remnant of this people became the Manchu Tartars, who, four centuries afterward, conquered all China. Genghis Khan, the Mongol chief, by whom these wars were conducted, left his son Kublai in possession of most of the Northern provinces. He was a man of great energy and talents—a warrior and a statesman; and, coveting the scepter of all China, with a large army he began his progress to the imperial city. At his approach, the court fled in the utmost consternation to some vessels lying in the river; and being pursued, one of the nobles seized the infant emperor, and jumped with him into the sea, followed by the empress and all the chief ministers. Thus the Tartar sovereign was left in undisputed possession of the throne.

The new emperor fixed his seat of government at Pekin, where he built a palace of unrivaled magnificence, which has been glowingly described by Marco Paulo. He adopted the laws, customs, dress, &c., of the Chinese, and governed with great wisdom and moderation. Such was his success as a ruler, that the people not only became reconciled to the Tartar sway, but actually loved and gloried in Kublai Khan. During his reign, the public works of China were greatly improved, and with a more liberal policy, Matteo and Nicolo Polo, the famous European travelers, were admitted to China. The last of this Tartar race was Shunti, a miserably effeminate and voluptuous prince, who ascended the throne in 1331, and reigned thirty-five years. The vices of this monarch served but to awaken in the Chinese all their prejudices against the Tartars, and an insurrection broke out, headed by the celebrated General Choo, who entered Pekin in triumph, and was proclaimed emperor under the title of Tait-soo, and became the first of the Ming dynasty, establishing his court at Nankin, as more favorably situated to keep off the Tartars. Shunti and his ministers fled into Tartary. While

the Ming dynasty was in power, Tamerlane, a Tartar chief, as remarkable for prowess as Genghis Khan, set out to attack the empire; but dying on his way, the Chinese luckily escaped. At this time a new impulse having been given to navigation by the discovery of America, European ships first visited China. The Portuguese and Dutch were the most enterprising of these adventurers, and the former actually established themselves on the borders of China, at Macao; and, through them, the Jesuits made their entrance into the empire. During the reign of Wanlie, the thirteenth of this dynasty, the Mantchus made frequent irruptions upon the empire, and just at the time of his death war had been formally declared. In a few months the Tartar chief also died, leaving as his successor Tien Song, who continued the war against the new Chinese sovereign, Whey-tsung. The whole nation was now in a state of anarchy and confusion. Rebellion sprang up in every province. The boldest of the insurgent leaders, Li Kong, aspired to the imperial dignity. He began his march toward Pekin, which city he took by stratagem—the emperor, stabbing first his daughter and then himself, left Li Kong in possession of the imperial power, and most of the nation submitted to his sway.

A Chinese general, by the name of Woonsankwei, having a considerable army under his command, still held out with determined bravery, and fortified himself in a city on the confines of Tartary. This was soon besieged by the usurper, who had, since his accession, been guilty of the most revolting cruelties. Enraged at the obstinacy of Woonsankwei, the tyrant caused the aged father of that general to be brought loaded with chains to the walls of the city, and notified the son that, if he did not at once surrender, the old man would be instantly put to death. The son appeared upon the wall, and upon his knees, while tears streamed down his cheeks, he heard the commands of his parent never to acknowledge the usurper as his sovereign; and the words were scarcely uttered, before his head was severed from his body. This horrid sight inspired Woonsankwei with a new thirst for vengeance. He made peace with the Mantchu Tartars, and with their aid soon drove Li Kong from the capital. The Tartar chief resolved to retain the government for

himself, and thus began, A. D. 1644, the twenty-second dynasty, which is still on the throne.

As before, the people generally submitted with cheerfulness to the rule of the Tartars, who, indeed, doffed their own customs, becoming, in the main, Chinese in their manners, and habits, and modes of dress; the Chinese, of course, retaining their own peculiarities. One exception, however, was made most humiliating to the natives. They were compelled to divest themselves of their thick raven hair, and adopt the Tartar fashion of a long-plaited tail hanging from the crown of a shaven head. These tails, so dreadful to the Chinese at first, have since become greatly esteemed. The reign of Shun-che, the first emperor, was wise and politic; that of Kang-hy, the second, was of great chivalry and popularity. During his reign, the English obtained a permanent footing in China. They were at first received cautiously, the Mantchus fearing they might unite with the Chinese to dethrone them; but their trade steadily advanced, until, in 1699, the East India Company were allowed to establish a factory at Canton. Under several emperors of this dynasty China still advanced, until it reached something like the glory it had under Kublai Khan, and intercourse was first had between the courts of China and Great Britain. It is true, wars now and then broke out; one with the Burmese, another with the Maou-tse, a wild, uncivilized people dwelling in the mountains, who not only refused to acknowledge the Tartar rule, but were constantly making predatory incursions upon the lower countries. But in all the emperor was successful. The empire, at last, began to decline under the rule of Kia King, who ascended the throne in 1795. He was loose and intemperate in his life, superstitious and idolatrous in the extreme, and the country became the ready prey of robbers and revolutionists. In 1820, hurried to his grave by his excesses, if not by assassination, he died, and his second son, Taou-Kwang, the late emperor, took the scepter.

This monarch had neither the talents of his grandfather, nor the vices of his father. He sought to restore peace and prosperity to the empire. Formidable rebellions were quelled, both among the distant Tartar tribes that had been annexed to the empire, and among the still unsub-

dued mountaineers, and a formidable one which arose in the Island of Formosa, in 1832. But his reign is chiefly memorable for the quarrel with the English. We cannot now trace the origin of this opium war. Its history is so recent, that it must be somewhat familiar to our readers. Suffice it to say, the English entered into the heart of the country, demolishing fortresses, capturing cities, and actually appeared before Nankin itself, previous to signing the treaty which terminated hostilities. The pride of the Chinese was humbled by British cannon, and a feeling of great dissatisfaction arose throughout the empire that Taou-Kwang should have permitted "*barbarians*"—a little nation that they had been accustomed to think of as being under infinite obligations for the privileges of trading with them—thus to intrude, unbidden, upon "*celestial*" ground.

The opening of five ports to the British, and the cession of Hong Kong to them forever, increased the clamor against the emperor. This feeling of discontent was further fomented by the subsequent conduct of Ki-in, the minister who had negotiated the treaty with the British. His disposition to be on friendly terms with foreigners awakened a suspicion of his patriotism. The most absurd calumnies were circulated, and numerous placards served to excite the populace against him. From one of these we extract the following:—

"Our carnivorous mandarins have hitherto connived at all that those English bandits have done against order and justice, and five hundred years hence our nation will still deplore its humiliation. In the fifth moon of this year, more than twenty Chinese were killed by the strangers: their bodies were thrown into the river, and buried in the belly of the fishes; but our high authorities have treated these affairs as if they had not heard speak of them. They have considered the foreign devils as if they were gods, have taken no more account of Chinese than if they were dogs' meat, and have despised men's lives like the hairs that are shaved off the head. Thousands of persons have lamented and been indignant; grief has penetrated the marrow of their bones," &c., &c.

In the mean time the emperor was growing old. His government had lost its pristine vigor, and was most objectionable with the people. A rebellious feeling was on the increase in the distant mountain districts, and everywhere, indeed, the old prejudice against the Tatars began to revive. Such was the state

of things when, on the 26th of February, 1850, due proclamation was made with all the usual ceremonies that Taou-Kwang had breathed his last. The present emperor quietly took possession of the empty throne, assuming the title of Hien-foung, which signifies *complete abundance*. Great expectations were excited in all parties by his accession.

For a season all parties were disappointed by the entire inactivity of the emperor; but in a few months, as if arousing from stupor, he at once dismissed the old and tried ministers of Taou-Kwang, and selected his advisers from their most violent opposers, and the bitterest enemies of the Europeans. Scarcely had this act been done before the first news came of a revolt in the distant province of Kouang-Si.

The most diligent preparations seem to have been made for this revolt. The "Triad," a secret society spread over all China, had existed for years, having for its chief object, it is believed, the destruction of the Tartar dynasty. Means were therefore accessible to give currency to the most extraordinary rumors. It was said, for instance, that an ancient prophecy had fixed the year 1851 for the reestablishment of the Ming dynasty. It was also said that a sage who lived under the last emperor of that race had preserved his standard, and it was generally believed that whoever unfurled this standard in the midst of the army would remount the throne; and now it was said that these insurgents at Kouang-Si marched under this miraculous banner. Kouang-Si was well chosen for the beginning of this insurrection. It was a distant district in the south-western portion of the empire, mountainous in the extreme, singularly picturesque, and utterly inaccessible. The inhabitants, bold and independent, had never tamely submitted to the Tartar yoke, and their heads had never been shaven. They were a fearless, hardy, vigorous race, well calculated to bear the fatigues of war. Here the revolutionists had wisely determined to begin their work. They resolved, in the first place, to mark the date of their enterprise by the erection of a religious monument. Laborers began to dig for its foundation in decomposed rock, which yielded readily to the pickax. When but a few feet below the surface they came to hard and heavy lumps, which on investigation proved to be silver ore.



## 德天

TIEN-TE, THE PRETENDER.

This providential bank supplied the army with means for beginning operations, and gave to them, of course, a fresh impulse. The Chinese papers now began for the first time to speak of the insurgents, but only as robbers, that the Chinese *tigers* would soon destroy. They, in the mean time, began their march in triumph, towns and cities yielding cheerfully before them.

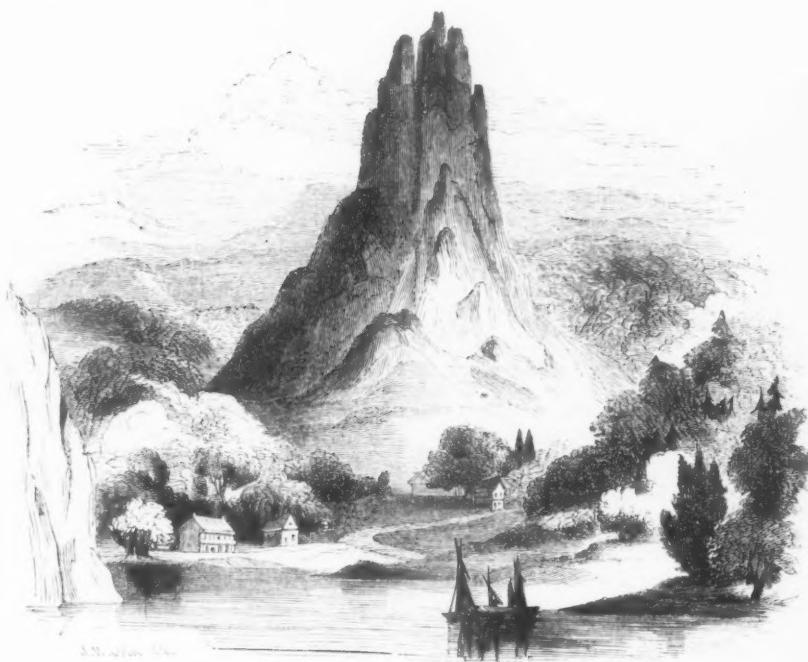
Tien-te, the pretender, who had been shrewdly kept in the background, began now to be more freely spoken of by his adherents; and he is described as being twenty-three years of age, grave and melancholy, and very reserved, communicating with those around him only to give them orders. His complexion is that of the southern Chinese—a saffron tint. His impassible gaze seems to probe the depths of the human soul. He commands rather by suggestion than by direct dictation. In a word, he has the silent reserve of a man who has reflected a great deal before communicating his projects to any one.

The persons who surround Tien-te have cut off their tails, and let the whole of their hair grow, which is an act of treason in China: and, instead of the *chang* buttoned at the side, they wear tunics open in front. None of the officers wear

upon their right thumb the *pan-tche*, that archer's ring which the mandarins so ostentatiously display. The emperor rides in a magnificent palanquin, with yellow satin curtains, carried by sixteen officers. After Tien-te's palanquin comes that of his preceptor, borne upon the shoulders of eight coolies; then his thirty wives, in gilt and painted chairs, and a multitude of servants and soldiers follow in fine order.

The army of the rebels seems to be kept in excellent discipline, while that of the emperor is in great confusion. The pretender exercises a liberal and protective policy wherever his army goes; while Hien-foung, limited in his exchequer, levies everywhere the most oppressive tribute, and enforces its collection by barbarous cruelties. All this tends to alienate the people from the emperor, and to fan the flames of rebellion.

But it is not our purpose to trace the progress of this rebellion, neither to discuss its probable effect upon China, the world, or the cause of Christ. We hope and pray that the gates, so long barred against the gospel, may be thrown wide open, and that this mighty empire will soon be numbered among "the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ."



SPIELINGSTEIN.

## BOHEMIAN GLASS.

THIS beautiful article is manufactured in various places throughout Germany, most largely amid the very mountainous districts of Bohemia; some of the best, however, is made in Bavaria and sent to Bohemia, and thence exported. The materials from which the glass is formed consist chiefly of the same as those used in England; the manufacturers themselves seem to believe that there is no difference except in the proportions of the materials, and in the fuel, which is exclusively wood, and produces, by a little attention, a more constant and intense heat than can be produced by any coal; the feeding of the furnace with the latter material, they say, always creates a change in the temperature detrimental to the fluid above, and never sufficiently intense. The wooded mountains of Bohemia are entirely inhabited by a population whose industry, morals, hospitality, and kindness of manners do honor, not only to this rich and beautiful kingdom, but to the whole human race. They are pure Germans, not of Sclavish origin, and the German dialect alone is

spoken. Unlike every other manufacturing district I have ever visited, they retain unimpaired all their rural and primitive virtues. Clean to a proverb in their houses and persons, hospitable and amiable in their manners, simple in their habits, cheerful and devoted in their religion, they form, perhaps, the happiest community in the world. In passing through the country, a stranger would never find out that he was in a manufacturing district, but might fancy himself in the green valleys of a partly pastoral, partly agricultural people. Thickly inhabited, the beautiful little cottages, clustered into villages, or scattered along the glens, or sides of the hills, are embowered with fruit-trees, and encircled with shrubs and flowers, which each cottager cultivates with a zeal peculiar to his race. On every side rich fields of grain or pasture stretch out like a vast enameled carpet between the hills, which are clothed in dense forests of spruce, fir, pine, and beech, filled with deer, roe, and capercalzie; they extend in every direction, far beyond the reach of the eye, one

vast cloud of verdure. The fabriques, or factories, are placed generally in the middle of one of these villages, the extent of which can only be known by going from house to house. So closely is each hid in its own fruit-bower, and so surrounded by shrubs and flowers, that the eye can only pick up the buildings by their blue smoke, or get a glimpse of them here and there as you advance; thus some of the villages are elongated to three miles, forming the most delicious walk along its grassy road, generally accompanied by a stream, *always* overhung by a profusion of wild-flowers, the mountain-ash, and weeping-birch; many of the former only to be found in our gardens.

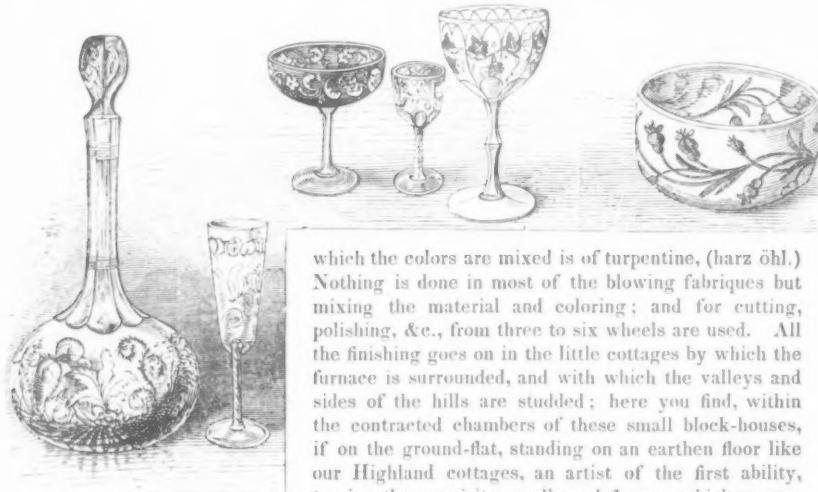
It has a very picturesque effect to see the inhabitants of these villages with their simple costume; and if it rains, their umbrellas, often of rich colors like their glass, scarlet, green, and deep crimson, with beautiful ruby, emerald, or turquoise handles; not such as a stranger might suppose a gaudy glass bauble, but rich and massive, and having all the appearance of the solid gold and gem-studded handles of the oriental weapons.

The fabrique is built like the rest of the cottages, and only differs from them in size, and the shape and height of its chimney, which, emitting only wood-smoke, has none of the dense sulphuric cloud which blackens and poisons the neighborhood of coal-fed factories; it is never that ostenta-

tious building for whose magnitude and embellishments the public are obliged to pay, in the increased charges on its productions. The glass fabriques of Bohemia are all small, in fact only one large apartment, in the center of which is the furnace, a circular structure divided into eight compartments, containing the melted metal for as many colors; one man and a boy are stationed at the door of each compartment, the former to extract the fluid with his pipe, the latter to hold the wooden mold in which the article is blown and shaped. The number of hands employed in an ordinary fabrique are:—Eight men who work in the metal, take it from the fire, and blow it in the molds; eight help to hold the molds, &c.; four to stir the metal, &c.; two breakers; four day-laborers.

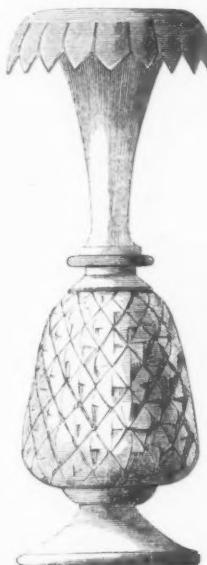
The materials of which the glass is composed, as far as can be ascertained, and they seem to make no secret of it, appear to be the same as those in use in England; they say they derive their perfection from their mode of mixing and burning the material. Thus the principal component parts are:—Sand, chalk, potash, brimstone, arsenic, mixed with various colors, regulated by the principal; Uran oxyd, cobalt oxyd, coppré oxyd, nickel oxyd, chrome oxyd, minium, tin oxyd.

The gold used in ornamenting the glass is from the purest ducats, dissolved in strong acid, (artz wasser;) the oil with



which the colors are mixed is of turpentine, (harz öhl.) Nothing is done in most of the blowing fabriques but mixing the material and coloring; and for cutting, polishing, &c., from three to six wheels are used. All the finishing goes on in the little cottages by which the furnace is surrounded, and with which the valleys and sides of the hills are studded; here you find, within the contracted chambers of these small block-houses, if on the ground-flat, standing on an earthen floor like our Highland cottages, an artist of the first ability, tracing the exquisite scrolls and flowers which we see in these beautiful works of art, and which are per-

formed by men bearing all the appearance of simple cotters, but whose hand sweeps free and careless over the glass with the confidence and ease of an experienced artist, seldom being provided with more than two very ordinary looking brushes, a small one and another a size larger, and working frequently without any pattern, or indicating lines upon the glass they are painting; but, perfect from habitude, the scrolls, and wreaths, and flowers come out with the same facility as one traces a name upon the dewy pane of a window. Often the whole family are brought up from childhood in painting and in drawing on glass, and thus producing a race of hereditary artists; boys from thirteen and upward are employed in the most delicate works in this genre of art. Each cottage where the painting and gilding go on is provided with a small oven, into which the glass is put to bake in the colors, where it is kept for a day and allowed to cool down; the white figures and flowers, when they go into the oven, are of a dark chrome color, but come out pure white, as will be observed on examining any glass on which flowers of this color are painted; the gold, also, when laid on, is of a dead brown, and when burnt in is polished, generally by women of the family. The gold in many instances is left unpolished, and only the stalks and fibers are burnished, which give an excellent effect. It is most interesting to go from one cottage to another: in one you are amazed by the exquisite paintings in gold, silver, and colors; in another, the cutting out all those beautiful leaf-work, lily, bell-flower, octagon, and star-shaped vases, which is done not only by men, but by their children, girls and boys. In one cottage I was particularly struck by a man, his two daughters, and son, sitting at as many wheels, cutting the most elaborate, but delicate figures; shaping, from the merely turned over bell-vases, those beautiful varieties of lily and flower-indented lamps for suspension, and vessels for holding bouquets; tracing the scrolls, stalks, and fibers with the same ease as the bare-footed wife and mother prepared their supper in the wooden bowl on the earth-floor behind them; for there was but one apartment for the fine arts, the nursery, and the kitchen, yet all was neatness, perfect cleanliness, and order; while on the long beam which formed the sill of the



GLASS VASE.

three mullion windows was arranged a number of glass objects in the glorious colors of Bohemian art—ruby, emerald, topaz, chrysopras, turquoise; with pure crystals, which, richly cut, reflected, like a rainbow, the gems by which they are surrounded. In another cottage in Steinschönau I was much pleased with the designs which two young men were painting, both in gold and colors; of which the former were scrolls of a very superior character, and the latter, flowers, butterflies, and insects. I questioned one of the men respecting the forms and characteristics of those he was painting, and which were beautiful illustrations of Natural History; when he brought me in, from a little bed-room, or rather closet, two boxes full of exquisitely-preserved specimens of a great variety of native insects, which he had collected in his leisure hours, and arranged himself, to assist him in his painting. The copies were fac-similes of the originals, both as to colors and character. Among these insects I observed a beautiful miniature crawfish, not so large as a shrimp, a native, also, of the streams in his neighborhood. So identified had these productions of nature become with his imagination, that he was, at the moment I came in, painting some most correctly, without any specimen before him. It is impossible to

express the feelings produced by these people, so simple, so industrious, and, above all, *so modest*. They could not refrain from surprise at the admiration their everyday productions created in us; and these simple artisans would with difficulty believe that their works were sought for, and thus valued, in all-powerful and wealthy England, where they believe nothing is unknown, nothing imperfect, nothing impossible! One man whom I visited is an extraordinary genius, rarely to be met with; he has been driven by the force of that same genius to seek abroad, in France and Bavaria, (Munich,) food for his mind,

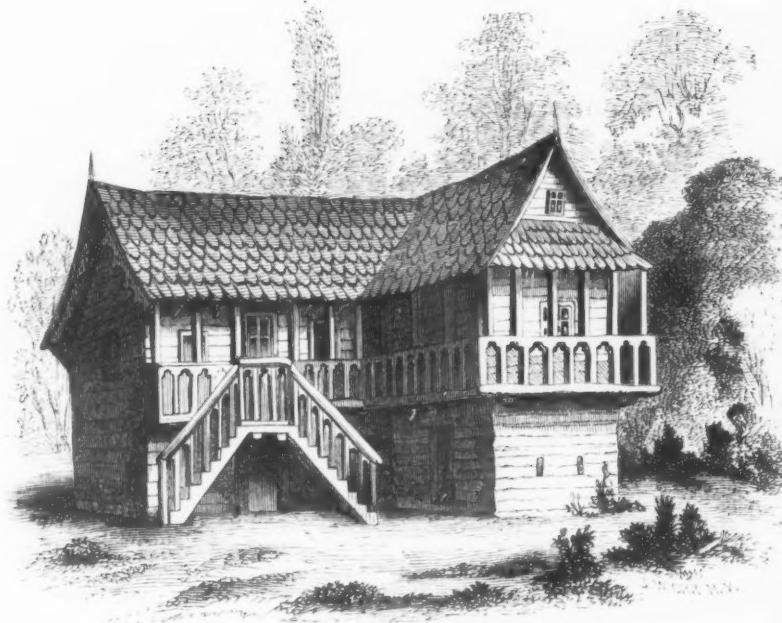
and has brought back with him several folio works of engravings from the best masters, from which he designs. Placing before him one of these works, a Raphael or a Rubens, he either copies the group, or composes from them to suit the form of his vase, which he thus embellishes with the most exquisite figures; his name is Charles Antoine Günther. He lives in a little block-house, as humble as the commonest of those above described, on the declivity of a brae, by a small stream, on which stands the little scattered village of Steinschönau. It is composed of only two apartments below, of which his work-room



HOME OF CHARLES ANTOIN GÜNTHER.

is one, and which is not above ten feet square, with just space enough to hold four little lathes for engraving glass, at one of which he works himself, while the others are occupied by three boys, the youngest twelve-and-a-half years old, the eldest fifteen! They all engrave beautifully pieces laid down before them by Günther, and which they follow with a faithfulness and spirit only to be believed on personal inspection. He was at work himself on a vase-goblet, of the shape of the usual green hock-glass, but which might contain a

bottle; it was lapis lazuli blue, enriched by a group of Bacchanalian Cupids and vine-leaves of his own composition, and worked with a spirit and freedom worthy of some of the masters by whose works he was surrounded. What struck me most was one of those exquisite little figures of Raphael's, in his great picture of the "Madona del Sixto," in the Royal Gallery at Dresden; the cherub leaning on the parapet, with his chin resting on one hand, as he gazes on the Virgin. It is exquisitely drawn in pencil, a fac-simile, and pinned



RESIDENCE OF A BOHEMIAN ARTISAN.

on the wooden wall of the engraver's cottage, immediately opposite his seat. I asked him how he first traced on the glass the subjects which he was to cut; he replied by taking up a plain glass without any figure or indication on its surface, and asking me what subject I should like engraved. On my replying that, being an old deer-stalker, I should be very well pleased with a stag, he immediately applied the wheel to the glass, and in five minutes by my watch produced one of the most splendid, spirited animals I ever saw in the forest, and really worthy of Landseer. The stag is making a spring over some broken palings and rough foreground, and his action and parts can only be appreciated by those who have lived with the deer on the hill and watched them with the feelings of a hill-man, like Günther, who has had opportunities of seeing the deer in his own native woods, where they abound. I brought this glass away with me, though in itself but an inferior article, merely as a specimen of what I had seen done by this man in the space of five minutes, and that, also, without a copy or anything to guide him on the smooth surface of the goblet.

I send you sketches of the artist and his dwelling; and as the portrait exhibits, at the same time, his native costume, it will be in every manner the more interesting, and cannot fail to give a correct idea of the character of this Bohemian mountaineer.

The sketch of Günther's house will also afford an idea of these Bohemian artisans' dwellings, more so than any written description could do. I send you with it a drawing of another of these picturesque houses.

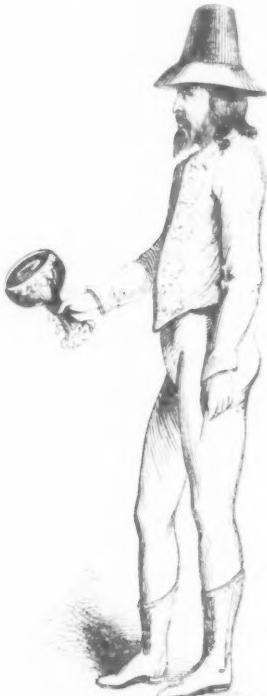
There are two classes of persons engaged, on a large scale, in the exportation of Bohemian glass—the fabricant and the collector. Generally speaking, however, the latter is the direct exporter, and he also superintends the cutting, painting, and packing. The fabricant is more frequently engaged in furnishing the collector, and to a great extent, with the glass in its original and more simple forms as it comes from the furnace, and it is then cut and painted by the cottagers who surround the dwelling of the collector, so that many of these villages are entirely formed by the collector and his people. Others, however, employed in the same way, cluster round the

fabrique; but even their productions for the most part go to the collectors, who have their correspondents in America, Spain, Turkey, Greece, England, &c.

The glass villages are scattered all through the mountainous districts, whose ridges, and summits, and upper ranges are covered with a forest, which extends forty or fifty miles in length, by thirty broad; the fabriquants maintain that the finer glass cannot be brought to perfection but by wood-heat, and hence the glass fabriques are only to be found in these vast forests. One of the most interesting natural formations within this circle is the volcanic rock, called "Spirlingstein," which shoots up out of a little valley on the right bank of the Elbe, crowned with a shattered mass of natural towers and turrets which it is difficult to believe, till closely examined, are not the ruins of one of those feudal holds crowning the summits of so many of the hills in Bohemia. We walked up the valley to visit a fabrique of Chichorie; in the way I remarked a little cottage, like the rest, with its fruit-trees and garden,

but which had, in addition to its projecting roof and windows filled with flowers, both in pots and *Bohemian glass* vases, verandahs in carved oak, the scroll-work of which was quite classic, and the execution admirable. While I stopped to examine this, the fabriquant who accompanied me remarked that the owners were makers of musical instruments. On inquiring of what kind, he replied a variety—violins, accordions, and others. I was met at the door by a man whose appearance was that of a simple cottager, and his manners indicated all the simplicity of rural life. He was told that I wished to see some of his instruments, upon which he bowed, slightly elevated his shoulders, and replied that he had nothing worth seeing, but would be happy to receive us, and showed us the way with that natural kindness and politeness which distinguish the peasants of this country. We followed him up a little carved-wood staircase, and he ushered us into a small, yet clean apartment, where, to my surprise, I found two rather large organs, sufficiently large for a moderate church. One was a peculiar instrument, a pan-harmonicon, invented by himself, with improvements and great facility and simplicity in tuning; it formed a concert of the single organ, brass horns, and kettle-drums, having a double row of keys behind, so that the performer was masked by the instrument, which had a handsome front; the face of it could be removed, to show the whole interior of the mechanical arrangement.

The little chapels in the glass districts are beautifully decorated with colored glass, the rich ruby lamps suspended before the altars, with their ever-burning lamps, the clusters of prisms in the great central chandelier reflecting the ruby lights, and gold, and flowers from the altar, are always—*independent of any other feeling—subjects worthy the contemplation of the artist*. All the vases for flowers which richly decorate the country churches are of native manufacture—ruby, emerald, topaz, chrysopras; turquoise, and crystal chalices, full of the rarest of those flowers which form so much the delight and pastime of the inhabitants to cultivate, shed their delicious perfume through their chapels, mingled with the incense which, renewed dayly, at morning and evening service, fills the buildings with perpetual fragrance.



BOHEMIAN GLASS-PAINTER.

## CHRISTMAS AND THE POETS.

SOME of the very gems of our poetry—quaintly set, albeit they may be, in their old style—have been produced in honor of the blessed nativity of our Lord, and the good old English household festivities and hospitalities of that most beautiful holiday of Christendom. A full compilation of them would swell into volumes. A classification of them has been made in England by some genial spirit; it presents a rosary of sparkling jewels. There are no less than six principal divisions in this classification, including carols from the *Anglo-Norman Period to the time of the Reformation*; Christmas poems of the *Elizabethan Period*; Songs and Carols of the *Time of the Civil Wars, the Commonwealth*, (a dry time for them, by the way,) and the *Restoration*, (when they burst forth again like trumpets in an orchestra;) *Christmas Verses of the Eighteenth Century*; Songs of the *Nineteenth century*, &c. Under these general divisions are we know not how many subclasses, such as *Religious Carols*, *Boar's-Head Carols*, *Carols in Praise of Ale*, (foaming most lustily,) *Carols in Praise of the Holly and the Ivy*, *the Wassail Bowl*, &c., &c.

Here is one of the earliest of these poems and one of the best,—nearer four hundred than three hundred years old. It is from the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum:—

## “IN EXCELSIS GLORIA.

“WHEN Christ was born of Mary free,  
In Bethlehem, in that fair citie,  
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,

*In Excelsis Gloria!*

“Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,  
To them appearing with great light,  
Who said, ‘God’s Son is born this night,’

*In Excelsis Gloria!*

“This King is come to save mankind,  
As in Scripture truths we find,  
Therefore this song have we in mind,  
*In Excelsis Gloria!*



“Then, dear Lord, for thy great grace,  
Grant us the bliss to see thy face,  
That we may sing to thy solace,

*In Excelsis Gloria!*”

Simple, indeed, but good in its simplicity, is this.

Most of the poets of the Elizabethan period have left odes on Christmas. We present our readers with a brief one by Drummond:—

## “THE ANGELS’ SONG.

“Run, shepherds, run where Bethlem blest  
appears,  
We bring the best of news, be not dismay’d,  
A Saviour there is born, more old than years,  
Amid heaven’s rolling heights this earth  
who stay’d;  
In a poor cottage inn’d, a Virgin Maid,



There is He poorly swaddled, in manger laid,  
A weakling did Him bear, who all upbears,  
To whom too narrow swaddlings are our spheres :  
Run, shepherds, run, and solemnize His birth,  
This is that night, no—day grown great  
with bliss,  
In which the power of Satan broken is ;  
In heaven be glory, peace unto the earth.  
Thus singing through the air the angels  
swam,  
And cope of stars reechoèd the same."

We give another of this period from good George Herbert; it is full of "quaint conceits," after the manner of the time, but glows and palpitates with his ardent, pious feeling :—

" ALL after pleasures as I rid one day,  
My horse and I, both tired, body and mind,  
With full cry of affections, quite  
astray,  
I took up in the next inn I could  
find ;  
There when I came, whom found I  
but my dear,  
My dearest Lord, expecting till  
the grief  
Of pleasures brought me to him, ready  
there  
To be all passengers' most sweet  
relief ?  
O Thou, whose glorious, yet contract-  
ed light,  
Wrapt in night's mantle, stole into  
a manger ;  
Since my dark soul and brutish is  
thy right,  
To man of all beasts be not thou  
a stranger :  
Furnish and deck my soul, that thou mayst  
have  
A better lodging, than a rack or grave.  
" The shepherds sing ; and shall I silent  
be ?  
My God, no hymn for Thee ?  
My soul's a shepherd too ; a flock it feeds  
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.  
The pasture is thy word ; the streams, thy  
grace  
Enriching all the place.  
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my  
powers  
Outsing the daylight hours.  
Then we will chide the sun for letting night  
Take up his place and right :  
We sing one common Lord ; wherefore he  
should  
Himself the candle hold.  
I will go searching, till I find a sun  
Shall stay till we have done ;  
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,  
As frost-night suns look sadly.  
" Then we will sing, and shine all our own  
day,  
And one another pay :  
His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so  
twine,  
Till e'en his beams sing, and my music  
shine."

But amid all the English Christmas Minstrelsy, there comes forth from the period of the Commonwealth a resounding note like the thunder of a cathedral organ, or that sublime trumpet-voice which Moses describes as " waxing louder and louder " above the awful tumults of Sinai. It is John Milton's grand

#### " HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

" It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies :  
Nature, in awe to Him,  
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize :  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.



" Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air,  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly vail of maiden white to throw ;  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

" But He, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;  
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly  
sliding  
Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous cloud dividing ;  
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea and  
land.

" No war, or battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around :  
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood ;  
The trumpet spake not to the arm'd throng ;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was  
by.

" But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began :

The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,  
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

"The stars, with deep amaze,  
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influence;  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;  
But in their glimm'ring orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

"And, though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame  
The new enlighten'd world no more should need:  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

"The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row:  
Full little thought they then,  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them below;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

"When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook;  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:  
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

"Nature, that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shame-faced night array'd;  
The helmed cherubim,  
And sworded seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,  
Harping in loud and solemn choir, [Heir.  
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born



"Such music (as 't is said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator great  
His constellations set,  
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our human ears,  
If ye have power to touch our senses so;  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time;  
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;  
And, with your ninefold harmony,  
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

"For, if such holy song  
Inwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold;  
And speckled vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprosy sin will melt from earthly mold;  
And hell itself will pass away, [day.  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering

"Yea, truth and justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen, [steering;  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down  
And heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

" But wisest Fate says No,  
This must not yet be so ;  
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss ;  
So both himself and us to glorify :  
Yet first, to those enchain'd in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder  
through the deep.  
" With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang,  
While the red fire and smouldering clouds  
outbroke :  
The aged earth, aghast  
With terror of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the center shake ;  
When, at the world's last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread  
his throne.  
" And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins ; for from this happy day,  
The old dragon under ground,  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway ;  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.



"The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy."

" The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic  
cell.  
" The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;  
From haunted spring and dale,  
Edg'd with poplar pale,  
The parting genius is with sighing sent ;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn, [mourn.  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

" In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight  
plaint ;  
In urns, and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted  
seat.

" Peer and Baslim  
Forsake their temples dim,  
With that twice-batter'd God of Palestine ;  
And moonèd Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;  
The Libye Hammon shrinks his horn,  
In vain the Tyrian maid's their wounded  
Thammuz mourn.  
" And sullen Moloch, fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;  
In vain with cymbals' ring,  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

" Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove, or green,  
Trampling the unshower'd grass  
with lowings loud :  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest ;  
Naught but profoundest hell can  
be his shroud ;  
In vain, with timbrel'd anthems dark,  
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his  
worship'd ark.

" He feels from Judah's land  
The dreaded Infant's hand,  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his  
dusky eyen ;  
Nor all the Gods beside  
Longer dare abide,  
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky  
twine ;  
Our Babe, to show his Godhead  
true,  
Can in his swaddling bands control  
the damned crew.

" So, when the Sun in bed,  
Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to the infernal jail,  
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;  
And the yellow-skirted fays  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-  
loved maze.

" But see, the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;  
Time is, our tedious song should here have  
ending :  
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star  
Hath fix'd her polish'd ear,  
Her sleeping Lord, with handmaid lamp, at-  
tending :  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable."

After this thunder-burst of melody, as from within the gates of heaven, all other poetic sublimities on the subject must be tame. We shall not quote any, therefore, but evoke a hymn to the season, tender as the voice of childhood. It is from Keble:

"CHURCH BELLS."

"Wake me to night, my mother dear,  
That I may hear  
The Christmas Bells, so soft and clear  
To high and low glad tidings tell,  
How God the Father loved us well,  
How God the Eternal Son  
Came to undo what we had done;  
How God the Paraclete,  
Who in the chaste womb form'd the Babe so  
sweet,  
In power and glory came, the birth to aid and  
greet.

Each of the twelve good days  
Its earnest yield of dutious love and praise,  
Insuring happy months, and hallowing common  
ways.

"Wake me again, my mother dear,  
That I may hear  
The peal of the departing year.  
O well I love, the step of Time  
Should move to that familiar chime:  
Fair fall the tones that steep  
The Old Year in the dews of sleep,  
The New guide softly in  
With hopes to sweet sad memories akin!  
Long may that soothing cadence ear, heart,  
conscience win."

With this sweet strain we may well contrast the still sweeter, though more manly lines of Wordsworth, addressed to his brother. It is full of his fine, subtle spirit of religion and wisdom, and a beautiful example of his peculiar style:—

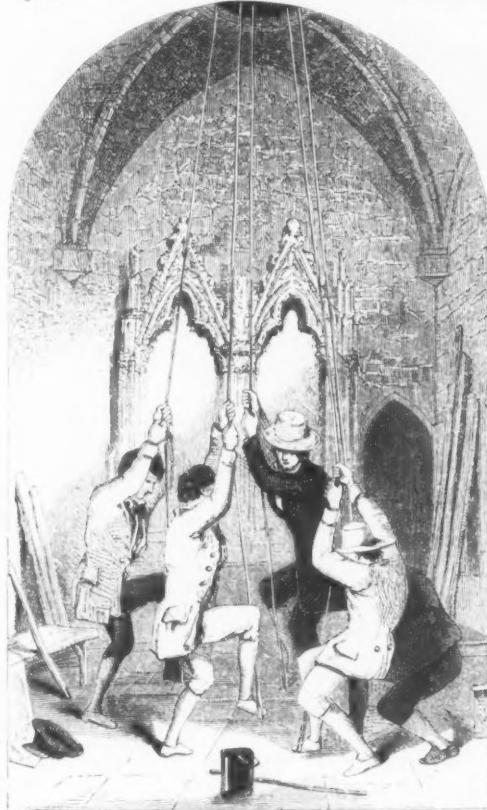
"CHRISTMAS MINSTRELSY."

"The Minstrels play'd their  
Christmas tune  
To-night beneath my cottage  
eaves;  
While, smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling laurels, thick  
with leaves,  
Give back a rich and dazzling  
sheen,  
That overpow'r'd their natural  
green.  
"Through hill and valley every  
breeze  
Had sunk to rest with folded  
wings:  
Keen was the air, but could not  
freeze,  
[strings;  
Nor check the music of the  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That scraped the chords with  
strenuous hand!

"And who but listen'd?—till was  
paid  
Respect to every inmate's claim:  
The greeting given, the music  
play'd,  
In honor of each household  
Duly pronounced with lusty call,  
And "merry Christmas" wish'd  
to all!

"O brother! I revere the choice  
That took thee from thy native  
hills;  
And it is given thee to rejoice:  
Though public care full often  
tills  
(Heaven only witness of the toil)  
A barren and ungrateful soil.

"Yet, would that Thou, with me and  
mine,  
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;  
And seen on other faces shine  
A true revival of the light,  
Which Nature and these rustic powers,  
In simple childhood, spread through ours!



"Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long  
May bear the song  
About with me in the world's throng;  
That treasured joys of Christmas tide  
May with mine hour of gloom abide;  
The Christmas Carol ring  
Deep in my heart, when I would sing;



"For pleasure hath not ceased to wait  
On these expected annual rounds ;  
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate  
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,  
Or they are offer'd at the door  
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

"How touching, when, at midnight, sweep  
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,  
To hear—and sink again to sleep !  
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,  
By blazing fire, the still suspense  
Of self-complacent innocence.

"The mutual nod,—the grave disguise  
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er ;  
And some unbidden tears that rise  
For names once heard, and heard no more;  
Tears brighten'd by the serenade  
For infant in the cradle laid.

"Ah ! not for emerald fields alone,  
With ambient streams more pure and bright  
Than fabled Cytherea's zone  
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,  
Is to my heart of hearts endear'd  
The ground where we were born and rear'd !

"Hail, ancient Manners ! sure defense,  
Where they survive, of wholesome laws ;  
Remnants of love whose modest sense  
Thus into narrow room withdraws ;  
Hail, Usages of pristine mold,  
And ye that guard them, Mountains old !

"Bear with me, Brother ! quench the thought  
That slights this passion, or condemns ;  
If thee fond Fancy ever brought  
From the proud margin of the Thames,  
And Lambeth's venerable towers,  
To humbler streams and greener bowers.

"Yes, they can make, who fail to find,  
Short leisure even in busiest days ;  
Moments, to cast a look behind,  
And profit by those kindly rays  
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,  
And all the far-off past reveal.

"Hence, while the imperial City's din  
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,  
A pleased attention I may win  
To agitations less severe,  
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,  
But fill the hollow vale with joy !"

Here is a good old homely contrast to this splendid picture—from "Poor Robin's Almanac," 1700 :—

"Now that the time is come wherein  
Our Saviour Christ was born,  
The larders full of beef and pork,  
And garners fill'd with corn ;  
○ ○ ○ ○ ○

"As God hath plenty to thee sent,  
Take comfort of thy labors,  
And let it never thee repent  
To feast thy needy neighbors.

"Let fires in every chimney be,  
That people they may warm them ;  
Tables with dishes cover'd,  
Good victuals will not harm them.

"Good customs they may be abused,  
Which makes rich men so slack us,  
This feast is to relieve the poor,  
And not to drunken Bacchus."

We conclude with the good staunch words of Walter Scott :—

"HEAP on more wood ; the wind is chill ;  
But let it whistle as it will  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

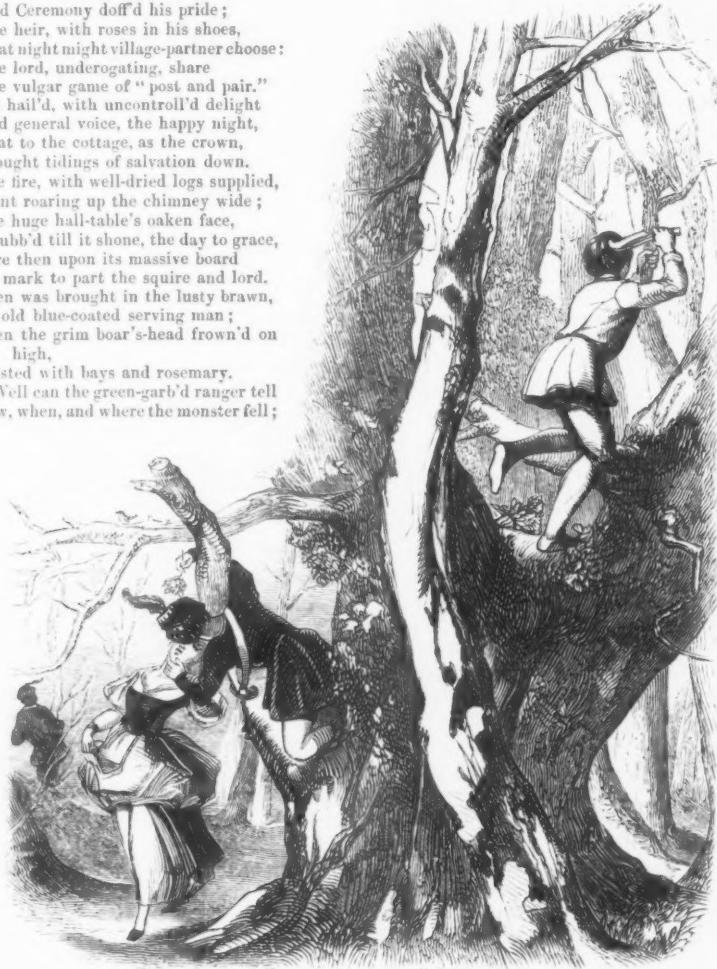
And well our Christian sires of old  
Loved, when the year its course had roll'd,  
And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
With all his hospitable train.  
Domestic and religious rite  
Gave honor to the holy night :  
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung,  
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung.  
That only night in all the year  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.  
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen ;  
The hall was dress'd with holly green ;  
Forth to the wood did merry-men go  
To gather in the mistletoe.  
Then open'd wide the baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;  
Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
And Ceremony doff'd his pride ;  
The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
That night might village-partner choose :  
The lord, undercogating, share  
The vulgar game of "post and pair."  
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight  
And general voice, the happy night,  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.  
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.  
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
By old blue-coated serving man ;  
Then the grim boar's-head frown'd on  
high,  
Crested with bayes and rosemary.  
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell  
How, when, and where the monster fell ;

What dogs before his death he tore,  
And all the baiting of the boar.

There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by  
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas-pie ;  
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,  
At such high tide, her savory goose.  
Then came the merry maskers,  
And carols roar'd with blithesome din ;  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note, and strong.  
Who lists may in their mummery see  
Traces of ancient mystery.

England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.

A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year."





OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

AMERICA as yet has produced nothing very noteworthy in the shape of satirical or humorous poetry, though we have had no lack of it, such as it is. For the last seventy or eighty years our bards have pertinaciously tried to be funny, but have only succeeded in making the critics so, at their expense.

In the year 1772, or thereabouts, John Trumbull, one of our pioneer poetasters, published a satire entitled *The Progress of Dullness*, (it did not belie its title,) and another entitled *M'Fingal*. The first was written to advance the cause of Education, (we sincerely hope it effected its object;) and the last that of Liberty, which was then in a doubtful state. We have never heard of any sane person reading either of these poems, though the last, which is written after the manner of *Hudibras*, is not without some clever lines. In 1793, while residing at Chambery, France, Joel Barlow, the once famous author of *The Columbiad*, wrote (we had almost said mixed) his *Hasty Pudding*, according to Dr. Griswold the most popular of his poems. In 1819, Halleck, as we have already noticed in his life, published *Fanny*; and since then—we fancy not

more than ten or twelve years ago—N. P. Willis, the most elegant of our prose satirists, made a failure with *Lady Jane*, an unfinished satire in the style of *Don Juan*.

Besides these, our principal writers in this line, Lowell, Benjamin, and Saxe have written and published satirical poems of various degrees of excellence. But not till we come to Oliver Wendell Holmes do we find much humorous poetry really worthy of the name, or anything more than a local or temporary reputation. In Holmes we recognize, we think, a genuine and original humorist—one whose works are destined to live after him. At any rate, such is our hope; and if anything that we can write will help to bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished, it will only be a labor of love to write it.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born on the twenty-ninth of August, in the year of our Lord 1809, at the town of Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts. His father, who was a D. D., and we know not what besides in the way of capital letters, determined to give him a good education; so when he was large enough he was sent to the Phillips Exeter Academy, and in his

sixteenth year to Harvard University, from which he graduated with honor. Leaving college, he began to look around him for a profession, as was proper for a young gentleman beginning the world, and the first which suggested itself as likely to suit him was the law. He commenced the study of law, and pursued it diligently for a year; not finding it agree with him, (perhaps it was not as funny as he expected,) he relinquished it and devoted himself to medicine, in which his troubled spirit seems to have found rest.

At what period of his life he began to write verses we know not. The spirited poem *Old Ironsides*, written when it was proposed to break up the frigate Constitution as unfit for further service, is said to be the production of his sixteenth year. If so, he ranks high among the genuine juvenile prodigies. Be this as it may, he was an acknowledged contributor to *The Collegian*, a monthly magazine published by the undergraduates at Cambridge; and his articles therein attracted attention, and were copied in the other magazines and newspapers. Only a few, it is said, have been printed under his proper signature; and as his volume fails to distinguish them from his later poems, we can only conjecture which they are.

The study of medicine seems to be about as uncongenial to poetry as that of the law—time out of mind the bane of poets. Poring over volumes of anatomy and physiology, illustrated with explanatory plates, upon which are served up slices of the “human form divine;” heads cruelly split in two, to show the different structures of the brain; tangled skeins of blood-vessels, sanguineous Niles with no visible source; fragmentary arms and legs bared to the bones and muscles, and whatever else is therein contained; attending lectures in the stifled basements of suspicious-looking medical colleges, and taking voluminous notes of the same, (the lectures, not the colleges,) occasionally diversifying the latter occupation by dissecting somebody’s distant relation, obtained no one knows how: being, in fact, “a general deputy saw-bones,” as Sam Weller would say, is not exactly the way to become or to remain a poet; unless, indeed, as in the case of Holmes, the poet is born, and not made—“a joy forever.” But even then, so thoroughly material are all the surroundings of an M. D., and so

be-littling most of his experiences, it is very apt to divert the current of his poetry from its original channels, and make the poet a mocker and unbeliever, or, at best, only “a good fellow,” instead of a thoughtful and earnest man. May we not trace to this cause the comic and satirical cast of much of Holmes’s poetry?

In his twenty-second year Holmes made his first appearance, in book form, in a volume entitled *Illustrations of the Athenaeum Gallery of Paintings*. It was edited by himself and Epes Sargent, and composed of metrical pieces, most of them satirical. To more thoroughly perfect himself in his profession, he sailed for Europe in 1833. His residence abroad seems to have been chiefly in Paris, where he walked the hospitals, learned *la belle language*, and became acquainted with the most eminent French physicians. Of this tour there remain among his poems two records: *Qui Vive* and *La Grisette*, the latter the sweetest and saddest of his poems. Returning to Boston in 1835, he commenced the practice of medicine in that city, and in the autumn of that year delivered a poem before the *Phi Beta Kappa Society* of Harvard. It was entitled *Poetry, a Metrical Essay*, and stands first in the collected edition of his poems. Scattered through the volume are occasional pieces, read from this time forward at centennial celebrations and anniversary dinners; and one or two long satirical poems, such as poets are wont to spout before public bodies. We have not much faith in this sort of thing ourselves; but if any man ever succeeded in making it respectable, it is Holmes.

In 1838 the medical institution of Dartmouth College elected Holmes Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, which situation he held till his marriage in 1840. His attention to business was strict and thorough; and what with the unhealthy symptoms of the New-Englanders, and his really fine talents in his profession, he acquired a large and, what was just then still better, a paying practice. But he still clung to the Muses, and found time to write some of his best poems, among which were *Terpsichore*, read in 1843 at the annual dinner of the *Phi Beta Kappa Society*, and *Urania, a Rhymed Lesson*, pronounced in 1846 before the *Mercantile Library Association* of Boston. Still rising in his profession, in 1847 he suc-

sceeded Dr. Warren as Professor of Anatomy in Harvard University, and added to his medical reputation by the *Boylston Prize Essays, Lectures on Popular Delusions in Medicine, and Theory and Practice*, the work of himself and Dr. Bigelow; besides which he wrote several fine papers in *The North-American Review*, and delivered occasional addresses. In 1850 he read his *Astraea, or the Balance of Illusions*, before the *Phi Beta Kappa Society* of Yale College; and almost every winter we hear of his lecturing in our principal cities, and convulsing his audiences with laughter.

Boston, we believe, is the nominal residence of Dr. Holmes, at least during the winter months; but in the summer he may be found at his country-seat in Berkshire, rusticking among his pigs and chickens, and the *literati* in the neighborhood. Herman Melville is one of his neighbors, or lives somewhere in his vicinity; as, till very recently, did G. P. R. James, the novelist.

The literary attainments of Holmes are many, and he is thorough and excellent in all; excellent, it is said, as a medical lecturer, and excellent, we know, as a poet. But it is neither as a poet nor lecturer that his genius exhibits its most distinctive traits, but rather as a satirist,—the almost neglected walk of satire being the field of his fairest triumphs, and, without doubt, the site of his future renown. As the satirical poets have not always had fair play shown them, and as satire itself is not commonly criticised, a few preliminary paragraphs may not be uninteresting. The origin of satire seems to be involved in considerable obscurity, and many conjectures have been formed thereon.

Schlegel, in his *Lectures on the History of Literature*, gives it a comparatively modern date; for he considers it an exclusively Roman species of composition, both in the spirit with which it is animated, and the subject of which it treats. Roman satire, which attained to eminence in the days of Horace and Juvenal, was entirely confined to the capital itself, the social habits and customs, amusements, spectacles and assemblies of its inhabitants. But perhaps its most favorite topic was the corruption of Roman manners, then dayly approaching the last stage of possible viciousness. The only perfect picture which poetry itself can set before us of com-

mon life, is in the drama; individual traits or scenes, however masterly, can never satisfy us. The Roman satire, therefore, in the hands of such a writer as Horace, is merely a substitute for that comedy which the Roman people ought to have possessed. With regard to the Satires of Juvenal, their chief interest depends on the vehement expression of scorn and indignation excited by the contemplation of execrable vices; the spirit in which they are conceived may be morally sublime, but they can scarcely receive the name of poetical.

In many respects agreeing with Schlegel, (but of that hereafter,) we are disposed to doubt the correctness of his opinion that satire is of Roman origin. For our part we date it back to the early ages of antiquity, the very dawn of civilization: almost as soon as poets began to sing, they began to be satirists; provided, indeed, that there was anything to be satirized, of which there can be but little doubt—man, in the abstract, is such a *mauvais sujet*. The earliest poets of all, if we may credit tradition, sung of agricultural matters, and the wars of heroes and demi-gods. We have a fair specimen of their style in *The Works and Days* of Hesiod. After these came Thespis and his fellow-comedians, jolting from town to town in rude carts, and playing their queer satirical plays. "The comic poets," says the scholiast on Aristophanes, "rubbed their faces with the lees of wine, that they might not be known, and sung their poems on the highways;" and impudent, abusive poems they were too. And some of the later poets have followed their example in the wine part of the business, only that the wine has got into their heads, and the lees into their songs. After Thespis and his comedians came the mad wag Aristophanes, the greatest of the Greek comic poets, a satirist of the first water; to him we are said to owe the death of the divine Socrates. Then came the early Roman poets, Ennius and Pacuvius, and then Horace and Juvenal, the world's acknowledged masters of this species of writing. Hence we see the erroneousness of the idea that satire is of Roman origin. But what Schlegel probably meant was, that its *present form* was Roman, its spirit belonging alike to all nations and ages. Be this as it may, however, it is with its spirit alone that we have to do; and this, as Schlegel observes,

can scarcely be considered poetical, since the sharpness and scorn which it is necessary for it to possess before it can be satire, are inconsistent with that tenderness and beauty which are the soul and body of poetry. It is the office of poetry to build up and support; it is the office of satire to cast down and destroy: the one is a scoffer and image-breaker, the other an image-maker, and the very priest of nature; not dealing in bitter laughter and stinging sarcasms, but in gentle smiles and loving words, and whatever else is beautiful and good.

Again, and this is to us proof positive that it is not poetry, its effect does not depend upon the rhythm and rhyme in which it is commonly embodied. True, there are occasions when they seem to deepen its effect, and to give it additional force, poisoning, as it were, the already barbed arrow; but for the most part it is just as effective in prose as in verse, as any one can convince himself by turning from Pope and Dryden, our greatest English poetical satirists, to the prose comedies of Congreve and Sheridan. Indeed, comedy seems its most natural mode of expression; for, not forming the groundwork of plot or dialogue, it is relieved by both, and dropping as it does from the mouths of many different speakers, its opposing phases and very natural exaggerations are laid to their peculiar idiosyncrasies, and understood accordingly; while in poetry it is always general, and often too sweeping in its denunciations, condemning weakness and folly as harshly as error and crime. Besides, what right has the poet, an individual, to satirize us, a class? to say to the world, with whom he is equally culpable, "Go to, I am holier than thou!"

But if satire is not poetry, she is her bond-slave and handmaiden, and often her pioneer, clearing away whole forests of evil and prejudice, and whatever "wounds the tender palms of her invisible feet;" and from the earliest time she has been a favorite of poets. Indeed, we fear they are frequently too fond of her society, so prone are they to irascibility and ill-humor. From the Roman poets, to whom we have already traced her, she passed to the Troubadours, who satirized the abuses of the Romish clergy; and thence, grave and stern, to Dante, whose *Inferno Commedia* is a stupendous satire against an irrational, unreasoning dogma. Then she became light

and sparkling with Boardo and Pulci; mirthful and wise with immortal Cervantes and Le Sage; strong and coarse with Dryden; polished and elegant, yet bitter and revengeful, with Pope; personal and scurrilous with Churchill, Gifford, and Byron; and so on, and down, with occasional intervals of dullness, till she at last crossed the water, and made her appearance in our midst in the person of Oliver Wendell Holmes. From the antique comedian in his rude go-cart, to the modern doctor in his stylish buggy, the chain is complete. Thespis at one end and Holmes at the other, with Horace and Juvenal, and Dryden and Pope as intermediate links. What shocks have they not given, these electric geniuses!—those who have been rash enough to venture within reach of their batteries—and what shocks are yet to come!

Of Holmes, the satirist, we cannot say much that is new, so often and so well has he been reviewed within the last few years. He looks at folly and pretension, says one of his critics, from the highest pinnacle of scorn. They never provoke his indignation, for to him they are too mean to justify anger, and hardly worthy of petulance. His light glancing irony and flitting sarcasm are the more effective from the impertinence of his benevolent sympathies. He wonders, hopes, wishes, titters and cries with his victims. He practices on them all the legerdemain of contempt. He kills with a sly stab, and proceeds on his way as if "nothing particular" had happened. He picks his teeth with cool unconcern while looking down on the captives of his wit, as if their destruction conferred no honor on himself, and was unimportant to the rest of mankind. He makes them ridicule themselves by giving a voice to their notions and manners. He translates the conceited smirk of the coxcomb into felicitous words. The vacant look and the trite talk of the bore he links with subtle analogies. He justifies the egotist unto himself by a series of mocking sophisms. He expresses the voiceless folly and affectation of the ignorant and brainless by cunningly-contrived phrases and apt imagery. He idealizes nonsense, pertness, and aspiring dullness. The movement of his wit is so swift that its presence is known only when it strikes. He will sometimes, as it were, blind the eyes of his victims

with diamond dust, and then pelt them helplessly with scoffing compliments. He passes from the stinging gibe to the most grotesque exaggerations of drollery with a bewildering rapidity.

It is not in single passages however striking, but in their general unity and effect, that Holmes's satires appear to the most advantage. A few scattered lines, however, like those below, may be detached without injury to the main design; they run up and down the gamut of wit and humor, and over the whole world of ludicrous poetry and satire.

"Hard is the job to launch the desperate pun,  
A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one."

"Shave like a goat, if so your fancy bids,  
But be a parent, don't neglect your kids."

"Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,  
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat;  
Mount the new castor, ice itself will melt:  
Boots, gloves may fail, the hat is always felt."

"For only water flanks our knives and forks,  
So sink or float, we swim without the corks!"

"Hands that the rod of empire might have  
sway'd,  
Close at my elbow stir their lemonade."

"The speaker, rising to be seen,  
Looks very red, because so very green!"

"And crippled couplets spread their sprawling  
charms,  
As half-taught swimmers move their legs and  
arms."

"Your hat once lifted, do not hang your fire,  
Nor like slow Ajax, fighting still, retire;  
When your old castor on your head you clasp,  
Go off, you've mounted your percussion cap."

"The song. But this demands a briefer line,  
A shorter muse, and not the old long nine;  
Long metre answers for a common song,  
But common metre doesn't answer long."

"Thus great Achilles, who had shown his zeal  
In healing wounds, died of a wounded heel;  
Unhappy chieftain! who, in childhood doused,  
Had saved his bacon had his feet been soured."

"Essays so dark, Champollion might despair  
To guess what mummy of a thought was there;  
Where our poor English, striped with foreign  
phrase,  
Looks like a zebra on a parson's chaise!  
Lectures that cut our dinners down to roots,  
And show (by monkeys) men should stick to  
fruits;  
Mesmeric pamphlets which to facts appeal,  
Each fact as slippery as a fresh-caught eel."

Admirable as are the satires of Holmes, it is, we think, in burlesque and humorous poetry that his strength and originality mostly lie. The prominent signs of his

art are common to all satirical writers, but his humor is exclusively his own. He has both wit and humor, but on the whole more true humor than wit, and of a richer kind. His nature is too fresh and genial, too full of the milk of human kindness, to be witty long.

There is often something ill-natured and unscrupulous in wit, while humor is always pleasant and cheerful, and always beautiful—the twin of pathos and feeling. Wit is sharp and keen, humor broad and deep; the one often the result of education, the other always soul-born. We can conceive of a man's being made a wit by books and communion with the world, but never of his being made a humorist, no matter how skillfully he may be cultivated, and in what intellectual green-house. Wit is to humor what a jet of gas-light is to the world-embracing, space-pervading sunshine. There is an inimitable air of freshness and jollity in Holmes's humorous poetry, a feeling of sound health and a good conscience. We feel that we should like to know the man who wrote it; he is, we say to ourselves, a good fellow, a fine fellow, and we give him our hearts at once. We are not afraid of his laughing at us, for he is "one of us" himself. But even if he does laugh, we care not; we can afford a joke at our own expense when Holmes is the little joker!

To classify his humorous poetry, and give the reader an idea of what it is, would require too many subtle distinctions, and too many different specimens. How fine in its way is the poem *Evening, by a Tailor*. Notice the poor snip's inability to "sink the shop," and the pompous simplicity of his blank verse. We warrant him a sincere fellow who reads *The Excursion* in his leisure moments.

"Day hath put on his jacket, and around  
His burning bosom button'd it with stars.  
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,  
That is like padding to earth's meager ribs,  
And hold communion with the things about me.  
O me! how lovely is the golden braid  
That binds the skirt of night's descending  
robe!  
The thin leaves, rustling on their silken threads,  
Do make a music like to rustling satin,  
As the light breezes smooth their downy lap."

"Ha, what is this that rises to my touch  
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?  
It is, it is that deeply-injured flower  
Which boys do flout us with; but yet I love  
thee,  
Thou giant rose wrapp'd in a green surtout."

Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright  
As these thy puny brethren, and thy breath  
Sweeten'd the fragrance of the spicy air ;  
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt bear,  
Stripp'd of thy gaudy hues and essences,  
And growing portly in thy sober garments.

" Is that a swan that rides upon the water ?  
O no, it is that other gentle bird  
Which is the patron of our noble calling.  
I well remember, in my early years,  
When these young hands first closed upon a  
goose :

I have a scar upon my thimble finger  
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.  
My father was a tailor, and his father,  
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were  
tailors :

They had an ancient goose, it was an heirloom  
From some remoter tailor of our race,  
It happen'd I did see it on a time  
When none were near, and I did deal with it,  
And it did burn me, O, most fearfully !

" It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,  
And leap elastic from the level counter,  
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,  
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,  
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,  
For such a passive hour of soothing silence.  
Kind nature, shuffling in her loose undress,  
Lays bare her shady bosom ; I can feel  
With all around me ; I can hail the flowers  
That sprig earth's mantle ; and yon quiet bird,  
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.  
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets  
Where nature stows away her loveliness.  
But this unnatural posture of the legs  
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go  
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion."

Of a different stamp is the character-poem *My Aunt*, reminding us of the *every-day characters* of Praed, between whom and Holmes are many points in common. Its tone of half-contempt and good-natured pity are very effective. Different again, and perfectly *unique* as a mock heroic poem, is *The Ballad of the Oysterman*. It is the poem *par excellence* of the kind ; as complete a burlesque and as pungent a satire on a certain style of ballads as the best things in the *Rejected Addresses*, or *Ben Gaultier*. Ranging from the broadest burlesque to the quietest humor, and equally good in their various styles, are the poems *To an Insect*, *The Mysterious Visitor*, *The Spectre Pig*, *Lines by a Clerk*, *Daily Trials*, *To the Portrait of a Gentleman*, *The Comet*, *A Noon-tide Lyric*, *The Hot Season*, *The Height of the Ridiculous*, *The Treadmill Song*, *The September Gale*, *The Music-Grinders*, and *On Lending a Punch-Bowl*. But Holmes does not confine himself to wit and humor. As is the case with all truly comic writers, he

has a deep vein of serious sentiment in his nature, and a broad underrun of pathos and feeling. Pathos and feeling often seem to us the truest expression of his soul, the flower and fruit of his genius, and wit and humor merely grafts thereon. Perfect gems are many of his songs and lyrics : such, for instance, as *The Last Reader*, *Our Yankee Girls*, *Qui Vive*, *La Grisette*, and *The Last Leaf*. *The Last Leaf* is probably Holmes's most successful poem, for in it he best exemplifies and unites his two distinguishing traits, humor and pathos. It is merry enough to make one smile, and, in its essence, sad enough to make one weep ;—the smile and tear are blended as we read it.

The serious part of the machinery of verse in Holmes's poetry is not always equal to, nor proportionate with, the comic ; he has more fancy than imagination, and is apt to overlay his subject with it. Instead of a blaze of light, a full picture, he gives us shooting gleams, streaks and clouds of color ; isolated bits of fancy, like the many-hued pieces of tinsel in kaleidoscope. When he is happy, however, he comes near "the perfect loveliness of art." Altogether, he is one of the sweetest and rarest poets that America has yet produced—certainly the finest satirist—and has not yet reaped his full fame. Poetry such as his, of no school and no one age, is always sure to be popular—to be popular at once and forever. Witness that of Gray and Collins. Success, then, to Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet, physician, and good-fellow generally !

CURIOSITY.—Whenever M. de la Condamine, the French mathematician, visited a friend, he would employ his time in inspecting and handling every article in the cupboard and drawers. One day being at Chanteloup, in the study of M. de Choiseul, the prime minister of Louis XV., at the time of the arrival of the letters and dispatches, he, during the momentary absence of the minister, opened the letters on the table, some of which doubtless treated of the most secret interests of the different states of Europe. " Ah, Monsieur," cried M. de Choiseul, in horror, what are you about ? You are opening my letters." " Pooh ! it's nothing at all," replied his visitor, with the utmost unconcern ; " I was only looking to see if there was any news from Paris !"

## EDITORIAL JOTTINGS IN THE WEST.

MORNING—COPULGENCY—WESTERN CARS AND ROADS  
—AGRICULTURE—MANUFACTURES—MAN IN THE  
WEST—WESTERN WOMEN—ACCLIMATION—INDIAN  
ROMANCE.

**O**N a brilliant morning about the beginning of the autumn, we waked up and found ourselves in Mount Vernon, quite in the interior of Ohio; we had been whirled thither with hardly any "note of time" from the State of New-York, as we had been whirled about for months before by "lightning trains" in various other parts of the Northern States. Raising ourself on our elbow after a sweet night's repose, we rubbed our eyes with a momentary and an agreeable bewilderment, then leaped out of bed and thrust our head rather ostensibly out of the half-open window, for the air was genial with the morning sun and fragrant with the perfume of flowers. We were in the commodious mansion of our friend Sapp, who, we regret to say, has had the foolish patriotism to leave his beautiful home temporarily for a seat in Congress, and a residence in the limbo of the capital. Gazing for a moment at the tastefully laid out gardens below—which were laughing with gay flowers and swarming with bees and humming birds—and up at the skies, which seemed exultingly responsive with smiles, we drew in our head with a tolerable consciousness of our whereabouts, and a remarkably agreeable sense of satisfaction with "all the world" and ourself "besides." Our brother editor of the *Repository*, (Cincinnati,)—our "chum" for the nonce,—was greeted as he opened his eyes that morning with our very blandest salutation.

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We had bestirred ourself during the day, and at "the evening tide" was lounging in a good arm-chair, book in hand, under a tree amid the flowers that had regaled us in the morning, when we espied approaching us, with something of the "roiling gait" which Boswell ascribes to "the majestic Samuel Johnson," a gentleman of unusually respectable dimensions. We confess a profound respect for corpulent men. Our pen has, indeed, sometimes caricatured them, but—let us acknowledge it—only through envy. Fatness is physical, to be sure, and therefore no substitute for virtue; but if there is any corporeal index of a big soul, it is a big body. Who ever knew an habitual crimi-

nal to be fat? Was there ever a fat man known to be hung? We don't venture an affirmative on the subject; we only ask a question. We doubt very much whether there are any fat demons. The old painters, while they give a very puff to the cheeks of their cherubs, always paint evil spirits as sadly lacking in facial integument. Shakspere makes Caesar tremble almost at the lean aspect of Cassius:—

"Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.  
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Would he were fatter."

We have known fat men subject to sudden, but never to prolonged passions; their vices, even, are usually the excesses of generous and indulgent dispositions. Give as a "portly" man for the entertainment of an after-dinner leisure hour—for politics or polemics, and, above all, for a traveling companion.

With such sentiments, we set ourselves aright to receive, with all possible cordiality, the approaching personage. He turned out to be our personal friend F., a gentleman whose capacious checks—rounded and tinted with health, and surmounted by eyes which are really beautiful with kindness—are a genuine index to his capacious heart. We had last met him in another part of the West, and was then entreated by him to go some hundred miles to his home to "eat salt" under his roof. He was now come to repeat the same invitation, and to propose an excursion among the Indians of upper Michigan. We were in a mood for any adventure with such a man; and as we had been working desperately hard for some months in our official duties, and had some days of leisure before us, we accepted both his propositions.

The next day—another brilliant morning—we were on board the cars and away; but while flying out of Ohio, let us "drop the thread" of our sketch and bethink ourselves a little. We are an old traveler, good reader, and two things we always do when we get fairly seated in a car or steamboat—they are not unworthy, perhaps, of your imitation. One is to take off our hat, as a good Quaker would, and inwardly pray a little. Uncle Toby says that a soldier, above all men, should be a saint, and always ready to die. Had he

lived in our day he would have qualified the remark and applied it to the traveler. Every man should make his will, and mend fully his conscience, when he undertakes a steam excursion, whether by land or water, now-a-days. "The spirit of the age" is abroad, and cannot stop for so trivial a consideration as the safety of human life.

Having thus committed ourselves to the divine protection, we next banish all anxiety whatever, and adjust ourself in our seat for a brief siesta, and then for the wide-awake observations of a trained traveler.

Our first observation was of the superb cars which were bearing us along—as commodious and as elegant even as we had seen anywhere in the East. Those of the "State of Camden and Amboy" would hardly be fit for "second passenger" pretensions in the same train. Everywhere in the West we notice this improvement—a mark of not only good taste but of good sense and good enterprise. The roads, too, what grand ones they are! They have the advantage, to be sure, of the level of the prairies in many places; but where they have it not, they are constructed, especially the more recent ones, on that scale of grand ideas and calculations with which everything else is founded and destined in the West. How comfortably and magnificently is one borne onward in the lightning trains along the shore of Lake Erie, or across the wide prairie-sweep from Lake Erie to Lake Michigan, or down the long lines of iron that stretch over the whole length of Ohio and Indiana. The Michigan Southern and Central Roads are the most finished and most noble passages in the nation. They are even beautified—grassed as a protection against dust, their depôts located and constructed with reference to landscape and architectural effect as well as convenience, and planted about with the beautiful locust-tree—the ornament and shelter of the north-western prairie farm-house generally. And then where can you find the ends of all these magnificent roads? They are stretching everywhere. In the greater Western States you are lost in a maze of them, and it is becoming a problem with even a veteran traveler how to choose his route. The neighing of the steam-horse sounds into the cities of Cleveland and Sandusky at every angle on the land, while steam leaves continually its cloud-trace on the skies, or cuts its wake on the waters, to their

north. Ohio and Indiana are intersected everywhere with iron lines. They enter Cincinnati from every point except the south, and they fairly radiate from Indianapolis. As you pass through the chief places of the West—the great junction points—you are stunned with the din of enterprise. It reminds you of the highways of advancing armies in the campaigns of the great European wars. It seems a national outburst of energy, as if to overthrow at once and forever every obstruction to the purposes of men; and in the jostling fray and hilarious excitement, you feel like throwing up your hat and huzzaing for your country and your age. There is one question that comes to you especially with power: What will the future be here? What will the little fellow sitting there before you witness, when, with spare gray locks, he shall pass over this highway of the march of the world at that day which, according to the laws of statistics, he, with at least eight hundred thousand now living, shall behold when the population of this republic shall equal that of all present Europe? God be with our children in that day!

Looking out of our flying vehicle, our next observation was of the glorious country—the realms of natural opulence through which we were passing. What fields extended right and left! Why, your eastern farms are but garden-patches in comparison with these. What think you, Brother Jonathan, amid your obstinate rocks and narrow-sliced "lots," of a six-hundred-acre corn-field, and miles of scarcely interrupted golden grain, "shaking like Lebanon,"—waving, exulting with an out-bursting luxuriance that might feast the eyes of gods and the mouths of nations! And then look down at the soil, especially on this "Grand Prairie;" it has never known manure, it will never need to know it: it is a vast field of richest manure itself, a continent of the best guano. Open the surface, put in the seed, and next shout the "harvest home;" that's farming here.

It is "a great country," this, for agriculture, doubtless; but not that only. You blunder egregiously when you complacently look upon it as a mere granary for you, the manufacturers of the East. Why, here, with a surface upon which Ceres and the "jocund Hours" may riot forever, is an underground foundry where Vulcan

and all his varied apprenticeships may work for the world—nearly whole states of coal and iron. Further westward you find that superabundant nature has burst her usual bounds, and shot up a solid mountain of iron; and further northward you see exhaustless mines of copper, better than the gold mines of California; and still westward and northward steam-engines will, in a few months, utter their shrill acclamations over the Galena mines of lead. This mighty West, we say, is to have its own great workshop as well as its own great garden. It will supply the rest of us with bread most bountifully; but it will supply itself and us too with manufactures also, to a great extent. In fine, and dropping all rhetoric, the elements of all industrial arts are here, and accompanied with facilities which must, sooner or later, give them a development never known elsewhere in the world.

Recalling our thoughts, we next looked at the specimens of humanity around us. The country and its developments were grand. What was man? That is a hard question to answer, for who is the Western man? Doubtless there is by this time a numerous corps of indigenous Westerners—Hoosiers, Buckeyes, Wolverines, &c.; and we never met one that was not a genuine man—whole-hearted and thoroughly characterized; naturally fitted to work well, to vote well,—if a Christian, to pray well,—and, if his country needed it, to fight well. The native-born men of the West have in fact come almost invariably of good old American stock—from respectable well-trained families of New-England, (which in the West includes New-York,) Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and you cannot find a better edition of American character; but they are hardly discernible among the millions that are spreading over these vast regions. There sat around me the bearded German, the lank Frenchman, the bluff Englishman, the omnipresent and ever-ready Irishman, the hardy Scandinavian, and, on the end seat, the African with his mulatto associate—these, besides every physiological variety of the different American States. Look out of the window and you see the broad coppered features of the Indian; glance up the village street, across which you are flying, and you see the lithe-limbed Italian, grinding music and leading his trained monkey; step into the second passenger car and you

find yourself in a chamber of Babel. What a commixed population! yet let us remember that the crossing of breeds, with very few exceptions, improves the race. We need not fear, therefore, for the future *human* development of the West. It will be *originally* good; we have but to take good care that, by our moral and educational provisions, we keep it so, and on the basis of a strenuous and manly *physique* rear an ennobled intellectual and religious character. Give us this, and our destiny will need no further anxiety.

So far as we could distinguish the native Westerner from the human intermixture around him, his physical development struck us as an improvement on that of his Eastern brethren. He is usually taller and stouter about the chest, though his climate gives him a more bilious, if not more cadaverous aspect. We Americans certainly have a national *physique* peculiarly our own. Its chief characteristic is an attenuation, a narrowing outline, of both frame and feature. The Westerner leads off in this trait of our nationality as he does in all others. He is wiry, long-limbed, tight-featured, and broad only in his heart and humor, the latter of which always takes the character of "mother wit." The women of the West are an exception to this physical type generally. We were struck with their almost universal appearance of ill health. Perhaps our observations were erroneous; but we doubt whether they do not share, even in an augmented degree, the proverbial fragility of their Eastern sisters.

The American women are noted for their early beauty and early decay. The law seems universal among us. Foreign women—English, German, and even French—present an obvious contrast in both robustness and complexion. Our physiological lecturers (of whom Providence rid the country as soon as possible, for they are more mischievous than even the doctors) have ascribed the fact to the in-door life and sedentary and dietetic habits of the sex, and have belabored the public abundantly on the subject from the rostrum and the press. Doubtless they are partially correct; but the problem has a deeper solution. The fact seems to be that the European races are not yet fully acclimated in the New World—at least in North America. Woman, from her more delicate organization, suffers most from the process. It will re-

quire generations yet, probably, to remedy the evil entirely. In the East, our women do injure themselves undoubtedly by their habits; but in the West they are accustomed to activity, to simple and nourishing diet, and the open air; yet the natural fragility of their sex is as common here as in the East—perhaps more obvious. We have all got to suffer yet in these respects from our new-world home; but we have compensations—splendid ones. Meanwhile let us brave the inclemencies of our climate—not retreat too much from them, but get imured to them. Let us turn the children out of doors more, especially the girls—the future mothers of the Republic. Harden them in the open air, rather than polish them in cribbed school-houses or asthmatical drawing-rooms. The West is educating its daughters rightly in this respect, and, with the improvement of the country, its climate is becoming more genial; man, as everything else, will yet flourish there.

Such were our observations and meditations, when suddenly our attention was recalled. Whiz! and puff! puff! with the jingle of bells and the squealing of railroad whistles, filled the air. We thrust our head out of the ear window and found a very Babel around us—masses of baggage and merchandise, emigrants from all parts of Europe, and wiry, loud, nasal-toned, but few-worded Yankees racing about among them, giving orders and giving impulses as if they were driving “all creation” before them. “We are at Sandusky city,” said our fat friend, who had been enjoying tranquil dreams. We were soon on board the steamer, and after a magnificent night passage—part of it with moonlight, and part with a sublime lake-storm—we reached Detroit. A few delicious days, bland as Indian summer, were spent in rest, and in preparations for a trip among the Indians far up on the Tittebewasse River.

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We have seen Indians often, but never one whose *personnel* did not pretty effectually dash our notions of savage magnanimity and romance. Still we have kept, doggedly, those notions from childhood up, determined to have at least one “native American” realm of idealism, and often have we wondered that our poets and novelists have not come marching out of it more frequently, bending under its harvests of wild flowers. The poets have

frequently glanced at it, but, with unaccountable perversity, have as quickly averted their gaze. Nearly all our young ones betake themselves to it like new-fledged eagles to the wilds; but, for some reason, they come out speedily, rather beak-fallen. Campbell and Bryant have best succeeded there, but they have plucked only a few really indigenous flowers from the vast wilderness. Whittier in his “Mogg Megone” and “Bridal of Pennacook,” (“Phœbus, what a name” for poetry!) Street in his “Frontenac,” Sands’s “Yamoyden,” Colton’s “Tecumseh,” and most others, smack little of the wild-flower fragrance that our young nostrils, given to poetical itching, used to snuff up so often from this ideal woods-realm. As for the novelists, if we except Cooper, they have not done any better. There is a sorry lack of ideal excellence, though an abundance of scalps, war-whoops, and torture scenes in their lucubrations.

But we see the Indian only amid the accompaniments of our civilization—transformed without being improved by them. What can these be to him but as a Cockney or Broadway fop’s trappings drawn over a tamed lion? What if we seek him in his own unchanged domain? There, certainly, we shall verify our poetical ideals of aboriginal romance! So we thought; and it became a favorite expectation that, at some “good time coming,” we should be able to see Indian life in its native simplicity—in its yet unmixed, unaltered communities, among the old poetic forests. It was a most entertaining whim of ours. Such a sight is rare: *it will not be possible twenty-five years hence*. The next generation will hardly find a considerable specimen of pure Indian life on all the continent of North America, except far off at the pole, as among the Esquimaux, and they, it must be remembered, are not allowed by the ethnologists to belong to our Indian race. They are a poor, squatly race of blubber-eaters, who came from nobody knows where—Scandinavia perhaps—and who have no more romance in their character than they have resemblance to the Apollo in their persons. He, therefore, that would see the real Indian life of North America (the South American is a very different thing) must be in haste. The last scene of this unique and marvelous drama of humanity is just now passing—never

again to be seen on the great stage of the earth. How strange that travelers do not flock to the final places of this spectacle—to witness this dying and burial of a race—of a primitive, mysterious people, whose history is the most curious and inexplicable problem in the annals of man!

We resolved once, as we have said, to have a peep at some of the real, unadulterated poetry of Indian life, and was planning with a literary friend to take first the cars, then Lake steamers, then horseback, (over the old portage of the French) and at last canoes, till we should reach the Upper Mississippi, where we hoped we should find the noble savage in his golden age estate. We had read, in Bancroft and the elder historians, of the marvelous travels and sufferings of those real heroes and first martyrs on our continent, the old French missionaries, along that route; and, not keeping "note of time," in its later and faster joggings under Uncle Sam's goadings and "gee-ups," fancied that St. Anthony's Falls and the neighboring regions must be still sacred to savage life and romance. While actually cogitating one evening on this expedition to the Indian Eden, an old friend—a strapping, lank Yankee, who had for years been wandering over the world—entered our room, and, in his genuine nasal, proposed an investment. "In what?" asked we. "In lots and a saw-mill." "Whereabouts?" "On Rum River." "Rum River! where is that?" "Rum River, sir! Why, don't you know? It enters the Mississippi above St. Anthony's Falls—a capital place for investments—fifty per cent. advance in two years, sir. I have just come from there, and am going back with machinery for a steam saw-mill." "Above St. Anthony's Falls?" responded we. "Why, how far is it from the nearest settlement?" "Nearest settlement! Why, man, have you been in a Rip Van Winkle sleep? There are settlements enough there; there is the city of the Falls, and—" We were "dumb founded," and immediately "knocked under," as they say here in the West. Our romantic dream of the aboriginal Eden vanished, and the racket of steam-engines, and the grating of saw-teeth, have since been our only associations with the Upper Mississippi. But if we gave up the hope of finding an Indian Eden, we still hoped to see the noble savage in some one of his retreats in the Western States, where,

however mongrelized with civilization, something of his real character and primitive life might be seen. So away we started with our friend F. to the wilds of Northern Michigan, where a camp-meeting of Chippewas was about to be held. We will invite the reader thither in our next number.

#### THE TRICKS WHICH MEMORY PLAYS US.

**M**EMORY is a magician. Poets may call it "Sober Memory," if they please, but I do not agree with them. Memory plays us all manner of tricks, some of them kindly and beneficent, such as the good fairies used to indulge in in the olden time; some of them mischievous, like those of the half-malicious Puck. Of course I except the scientific and historical sorts of memory, which are grave affairs enough: chronicling, and cataloguing, and labeling, and putting away facts in regular rank-and-file, like bottles in a chemist's shop, though even there an elf-like freak puts things in confusion sometimes. I refer only to that private sort of memory, which is a kind of familiar spirit to everybody. I hope it is not getting too metaphysical to say, that as each man has a different nature, so has he a special memory of his own. I would not be metaphysical for the world, for that would make some people put down the paper at once; but it is necessary to step just so far into that dreaded sphere, in order to make what I mean plain. If each man or woman were to add a verse to that song which used to be popular in my young days, beginning, "I remember, I remember," the result would be that each would sing of a memory different from that of the other. Even if they remembered precisely the same facts, which would, I suppose, happen now and then, they would give contradictory versions of them. Their memories would be tinged with their fears, and hopes, and wishes, till they assumed all manner of hues; for the wish is not only father to the thought, as Shakspeare tells us, but often parent to the memory also. But I find, from my experience among my acquaintance, that reasoning about these matters is never satisfactory. We must always keep going to facts for explanations, and here is a fact which illustrates my theory. I was once in a law court,

where a trial was going on about somebody's wagon running down somebody's cart. It was a dull affair enough, as such trials generally are. The case seemed to turn on the question whether the cart was or was not upon the right side of the street, which, as every one learned in road usage knows, is the left side, and this brought out something far more interesting than the question itself—the contradictions of memory. There were two witnesses, one on either side, who seemed particularly worthy of credence. Both of them were respectable men, both of them apparently trust-worthy, both of them seemingly impartial—strangers to the parties on either side—and both of them exceedingly positive, and totally contradictory. Up to a certain point their unanimity was wonderful. They agreed about the color of the horses, of the carts, the time of the day, the part of the street, and all the details of that character; but upon one point it would have been as reasonable to expect the heavens and the earth to come together, as that their statements could be reconciled; and, unfortunately, that was the very point which was important: one said it happened on the right side of the street, the other on the left; and that each of them stuck to, through thick and thin. No amount of cross-examination, ingenious though it was; no quantity of badgering, or coaxing, could move either from that settled point. They would have as soon thought of giving up their faith, or renouncing their identity, as of denying their memory upon that subject. The more each conviction was questioned, the more firmly settled and deeply rooted it became. No one thought that these men were committing perjury. There was too much evident sincerity and earnestness, and too little interest for that; yet one of them must have sworn to what was not true. The judge was puzzled, and in his summing-up treated it as a case of mistaken impression, one way or the other, but which way, was left for the jury to decide. The jury were bewildered, and the verdict was neither better nor worse than a piece of guess-work. They might have tossed up a halfpenny to decide what was right, with just as much chance of correctness as they had by "laying their heads together," and considering their verdict; and all because memory had been playing tricks with somebody.

Though your memory may not play you such tricks as that—not yet, at least—still depend on it, it does indulge in some pranks. If it do not, it must either be one of those paragon memories, which are perfection and a little more, or a memory not worth having, which leaves the "tablet of the mind" a blank. But there are very few memories of either of those descriptions. Most memories present us with records which are like yesterday's sum on a schoolboy's slate—a little "smudged," as we used to say in my youthful days: old Time smears the one, just as the jacket-cuffs do the other. I suppose my experience in this matter is just that of the great part of the rest of the world. A face often flashes past me in the street which strikes me as familiar, and which yet does not bring a single association along with it. I say, "I know that man, I'm sure I know him; let me see, where did I meet him." But that fact, like Glendower's spirits, will not come when called for. I have an impression that I liked him, or did n't like him; that he is a good-tempered or surly, a witty or a dull fellow. Bless me, I know him as well as though I had lived with him for a twelvemonth; but his name, his rank, occupation, habitation—the circumstances under which my knowledge was obtained—they are clean gone! Time has been busy with that yesterday's life sum, and has rubbed out the working, leaving only the product decipherable. Perhaps the rest has vanished into something thinner than "thin air;" perhaps it is put away in some out of the way corner of my brain, which I have missed for the time; perhaps I shall stumble over it, as often happens, just when I do not want it. There is always a consciousness of this, that tells you if you would only look in the right place you would find it, and that is the most tormenting part of the whole. It is like searching for the lost key, which you are twirling on your finger all the time, or going over the alphabet to worm out a word, which is "on the very tip of your tongue," but will not come any further. That consciousness keeps you on the stretch—on the rack; you cannot, try as you will, get rid of the subject; you agree with Byron, that "there are thoughts you cannot banish." The face asking to be known, insisting to be recognized, pertinaciously claiming acquaintance with you, haunts you all day, and gets into your

dreams at night; and in the morning, possibly your wife says to you, "Mrs. Popjoy was here yesterday, Alfred, and her Mary is going to be married to Mr. Friend." "Friend! what Friend?" you ask. "Why, don't you recollect Mr. Friend; tha tall young man we met at Popjoy's the last time we were there, and—" but you pay no attention to the rest of the narrative; you heave a huge sigh of relief, and exclaim: "Why, bless me! that was Friend I saw yesterday!" When such things happen, you understand it pretty well—memory has been playing tricks with you.

Again, memory in her elfish quality will now and then play you another trick,—will cause you to mistake one man for another. You meet a man in the street with whom you are not very intimate, but you know him well enough to talk to: you shake hands with him, get through the weather, and chat as acquaintances chat, and then you find out that you have been talking to Jones, when you thought you were talking to Green; and possibly, as you have been very general in what you have said, there is no harm done. But I have known a few instances where the results have been very ludicrous, and a few more where they promised to become serious. Something of that sort happened when Powell met Parsons a little while ago—no, he did not meet Parsons, he only thought he did. After a while, Powell, who is a good sort of fellow, but rather too apt to gossip about what does not concern him, said, "What a fool Williams made of himself in that affair, didn't he?" "What affair?" said the other, drawing up his athletic figure, and looking down on poor little Powell, who, like most gossiping men, I fancy, would not meet the military standard. Powell felt he was wrong, how he didn't know, nor why; but he was in for it, and went on just as men, when they feel they are in a mess, do. "What affair! didn't you hear? O! I thought everybody knew that stupid affair with Miss Brown." Poor Powell had scarcely got as far, when the giant he was talking to, turning him round, thrashed him with a riding-whip, which he happened to have in his hand at the time. Then, and not till then, the truth flashed on him, that instead of talking to Parsons, as he thought, he had been actually insulting Williams, whose identity he had, by a trick of memory, wholly mistaken. When little Powell tells

this story, which he does sometimes—for he is not a hero, and knows it, and does not pretend to be one, and is not above acknowledging that he has been horse-whipped by a man of Williams's size—he wonders, and everybody else wonders, how he could have been betrayed into such a blunder; for Williams is dark as a Moor, and Parsons among the fairest of sandy-haired men. Williams is herculean, and somewhat petulant-looking; Parsons, slight, diminutive, and lamb-like. No two people could be more dissimilar; and Powell generally winds up with "Well, I was either a stupid dolt, or it was one of those unaccountable tricks that memory plays us!"

Among the most common vagaries of memory are those which make us expect to find things very different from what they are. Though we hardly perhaps can call it a vagary of memory, when, after years of absence, we find things very different from the treasured image we had retained of them. This is rather the effect of our increased knowledge and experience, although, at the time, it affects us like a trick of memory. When I was young, I left a quiet country village, and came up to this great Babylon of modern times, which some one has appropriately enough called "a brick and mortar wilderness." The vastness of the place, the breadth of the streets, and the height of the houses impressed me, as they do everybody fresh from the green fields, till I got used to it all. Still, when memory wandered, as it often did, to that dear old road at home, bordered by its fields and hedge-rows, dotted here and there by shady elms, under which men sat to their bread and cheese at noon-tide, it never seemed to me that the road was narrow or lonely; I never thought of it in any other light than as a spacious highway, peopled by hosts of old associations. When I returned, however, I found the old road was only a lane—a mere lane, which I could almost jump across! and the laborers going to and from their work hardly redeemed it from solitude. So it was with the old houses. That old weather-boarded, many-gabled, broad-eaved, white-painted cottage, with green shutters and doors, where my first years had been passed,—that house which used to seem to me a spacious mansion,—how small it now looked! I stooped as I entered the door, it seemed so low; and the ceilings, with the great square beams projecting out of

them,—why, I could put up my hand, and touch them ! and the plot of grass before the door now looked no bigger than a table-cloth ; and the tree in the middle which it was one of my first youthful ambitions to climb—what a giddy height it then seemed !—had now dwindled into a stunted shrub. Memory had shown me these things through a magnifying-glass, and now experience brought me a pair of diminishing spectacles. It is strange, however, what vitality these delusions have, and how they last and renew themselves ! Whenever I visit the old place, I find that my impressions need to be corrected. Somehow, I have expected to find things on a larger scale, and feel a faint sort of surprise at their littleness ; yet I know all the while how the matter stands, but memory is so subtle that we cannot help it playing tricks with us.

It is not only with things and places that this happens ; the same fancies beset us with regard to persons. A friend of mine used to be eloquent about a lovely child—a girl he knew years ago. From the way he spoke of her, she must have been a cherub (minus the wings, of course) at ten : but old Time plied his pinions, and she became twice ten. He went to see her the other day, not expecting of course to find a little romp in a short frock, ready to rush at him and devour him with kisses—he was a much too sensible man for that—but expecting I hardly know what,—a seraph, perhaps, grown out of the cherub. Ah ! that rough hand of reality, how hard it came down upon him ! He did not see a seraph at all ; he could not even trace the marks of the cherub. He saw a young lady with the smallest of waists, and the stiffest of backs, and the most inflexible of shoulders, and the tightest of corkscrewy ringlets, and a complexion only fit to be seen by gas-light, and hardly then ! Ten years had done all this, and brought him all the while visions of beauty. I am afraid it will destroy a faith in him—a faith in cherubs, and what might come of them. I greatly fear that when a lovely, rosy-faced child springs to his knee again, he will see in perspective that gas-light Venus of twenty !

Something like that happens to everybody ; sometimes for good, sometimes, at least so it appears, for evil. It was for evil when young Scarlet went to India, for example, and left his plighted troth with

Miss Thwaites. He was a fine, dashing fellow then, and looked well in the light-blue and silver of the Madras cavalry, and she was *the belle* of the ball-room. When she floated through the quadrille, all gauze and beauty, men quoted that oft-spoken line, “A thing of beauty is a joy forever.” We dare say young Scarlet often whispered that sentiment. But that is twelve years ago, and in twelve years fact and memory have been working and playing in their wonted fashion. Well, young Scarlet went, and if you want to know what he did, you may look at the dispatches, where his name is coupled with the thanks of the general a good many times. From more private sources of information, I can tell you that all those twelve years he wrote letters—such letters ! as glowing as the sun he was under—to his lady-love. Those letters—just think of it !—all that large bundle of pen-and-ink ardor and warmth, Miss Thwaites ruthlessly burned one evening last month ! And she herself had written letters, also, during all those twelve years ; such letters ! full of affection, and as gentle in their lovingness as the pale moonlight of her own native skies. Those letters possibly, if Scarlet has them yet, will be torn up for pipe-lights ! And Scarlet came back, and, as the reader may guess, did not want to marry Miss Thwaites ; and she did not break her heart about it. He had been writing to the ball-room sylph of whom I have already spoken, and not the stout lady with a waist not fit to be seen in a waltz, into which Miss Thwaites had grown at thirty-two : and she had dispatched to the post-office in St. Martin’s-le-Grand, every time an Indian mail was made up, a tender missive, not to that middle-aged hero with a thick, heavy mustache, and the scar left by a Sikh tulwar across the bridge of his nose, and a complexion compounded of yellow ocher and mahogany, the joint effects of a tropical sun and a liver complaint, but to young George Scarlet, as he was the first time he donned his epaulets, and the last time she danced with him. Ah ! memory had something to answer for in this case. Memory had smothered good sense. These two people, if they had met at thirty-two for the first time, might have liked each other well enough, but they had now been living for twelve years on memory and imagination, and could not bear the con-

trast between what they once had been and now were.

The memory, however, of what people have been has its pleasant side also. Good old Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, and plenty of other ancient couples, are instances of this. It is half-a-century since they came together, and do you think they see each other with the same eyes with which any ordinary stranger regards them? Do you think he notices the wart upon her chin? or that she has acquired such a rotundity that it is quite a little journey to walk round her? No, not he! And even if he did, what would that matter to him? Do you suppose she sees him merely the lame man—so crippled with rheumatism that he cannot hobble without two sticks? or bent-shouldered and wrinkled, as he appears to you and me at first sight? If you do, you are completely mistaken. When they married, Partridge was the finest young man in his parish, and as for Mrs. Partridge, (Miss Hare she was then,) the ancient postman recollects with a chuckle, even now, how he used to besiege her father's door on Valentine's Day with a thunder-storm of knocks, and a shower of letters. Old people said of them that they were "the handsomest couple the sun ever shone on," and thanks to memory, that which they were to each other then, they are now; nay, even much more, for they have gleaned and garnered up through the long experience of their pilgrimage, memories which have outshone mere youth and beauty, holy memories of sorrow and suffering, of love and joy, of kindness and sympathy, and mutual forbearance, which, like links in the golden chain of life, have bound them the more tenderly and the more inseparably together. Half-a-century, which has made them feeble and ailing, which has silvered their hair and dimmed their sight, has given them new and better charms in each other's eyes. Their transfiguration has already begun; they entertain angels unawares: so much truer, so much nobler, is the love which has stood the test of trial,—the love of the old married pair,—than that of the mere youthful lover, rosee and smiling though it may appear. Yes, of a truth, and as to our old Partridge couple, memory's tricks on them are all pleasant ones. Some way or other she hides what is unsightly from them. Troubles they have had, but memory keeps no account of them,—if she

does, it is only of the good that came out of them; false friends they have had, and have met with unkindness and ingratitude, as who has not? but memory has not chronicled these things, or, if she has, it is in a sort of debtor and creditor account with life, and there is a rich balance on the other side: winters they have passed through, and dark days, and many bitter baptisms of experience, but if memory keeps count of these they are only jotted down to be read against all the springs, and the summers, and the rich autumns, and the sunshiny days, and the affluence of good, with which God has so bountifully enriched them. Well, of all the tricks of memory that I know, none are equal to those which she plays with such jolly old couples as Mr. and Mrs. Partridge! Long life to them, and may memory play such tricks with us all!

#### PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.

I HAVE a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying what Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet Heaven deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and above all for a quiet conscience.—*Izaak Walton.*

### TROUBLES AND ADVENTURES OF YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

**WHEN** Jane, of just twenty, marries her adored Henry of twenty-seven, and enters upon an entirely new household, she has certain troubles with her *ménage*; but they are all of them troubles of a laughable kind. Different it is with Jane when she chances to have taken pity on some maturer bachelor who has for several years been keeping house himself—keeping it, of course, with the assistance of some superior servant or housekeeper, who has gradually acquired his entire confidence, and begun to feel as if she were half a mistress. Great, usually, is the consternation of such a household when the master announces that he is about to place a lady over it. In some cases there is no mean show of resistance, as if he were reviving some antiquated claim to independence, or making a positive aggression upon some established right. The domestics go about the house with a sulky, careless, you-may-do-as-you-like kind of air. The master is made to feel as if his importance were quite gone.

He was a gentleman—a real quiet gentleman—the highest praise they have to bestow on a bachelor master; but what is he now? As for the expected lady, it is not difficult to establish the saddest anticipations regarding her. The consequence is, that poor Jane, who has hitherto seen nothing in matrimony but a new name and a conglomeration of flounces, orange blossom, and budding importance, plunges, at her home-coming, into a sea of troubles for which she is totally unprepared.

Jane, in short, in such a case, is an intruder, and she meets the usual fate of intruders. There is a phalanx arrayed against her, through which she must fight her way with such courage and dexterity as she may. What is very provoking, her respectable partner is generally quite insensible to the difficulties she has to encounter. Under the happy delusion, that he has his household in entire subjection, he cannot imagine, or readily be brought to see, that his young bride has anything more to do than quietly assume an empire which will be willingly yielded to her.

This, or something of the sort, was just what happened to my cousin Joanna and myself, who both married old bachelors,

(though nobody would have ventured to call them so to us then, nor we to ourselves,) heads for more than a dozen years of such households as I have described. I had lately a visit from this my excellent Joanna, whom I had not seen for many years. We are now both staid matrons, on what is cruelly called the wrong side of fifty, which, though it does not by any means imply the garrulity of old age, brings out yet certainly a disposition to dwell more on the past than the present, and to find exceedingly funny and racy what fails to extract a smile from the grave, wise, crammed, and used-up children of the present generation. We especially dwelt, my cousin Joanna and I, on our anticipated and actual troubles, when, as girls—she twenty-one, and I nineteen—we made common cause with our respective and respected bachelors. She told me that a month before her marriage her intended had amused her, at least she tried then to be amused, with an account of his great dread and hesitation in announcing the coming change to his domestics; that he had frequently risen with the determination to get it over, cost what it might, then sunk down again abashed, and feeling as if the very pictures in the room were looking down on him with contempt; then he would get outside of the door, and his courage would again ooze out on the way. It never seemed to occur to the simple man that he might have summoned the chief actuary into his august presence, and ensconcing himself in his arm-chair, and assuming a superhuman firmness of tone, whatever his heart might be saying to it, announce to her the awful fact in as few and succinct words as those used by the immortal Dumbiedykes on a like occasion, desiring her at the same time to make it known to the others, her inferiors; and before she had time to recover from her astonishment, dismiss her with a magnificent wave of the hand. At length, as the matter could no longer brook delay, one day when the domestics were at dinner, he, not knowing over-distinctly how he got there, found himself desperately clutching the handle of the hall-door, and in another instant there he stood like an apparition, face to face with the domestics, who were busily employed in eating, and cheerfully talking together. But what he did say after all his conning over and hesitation, he has

not now the most distant idea, further than this, that it was as different as possible from what he meant to say. Also, the effect was so entirely different, at least on the principal person concerned, the controller of the household, that he felt quite sorry, almost repentant, for being the cause of inflicting so much pain, nay, and even began to doubt his right to be his own master ; for instead of flouncing or looking daggers, for which he was quite prepared, the poor thing laid down her knife and fork, pushed herself a little way from the table, leaned back in her chair, crossed her legs and folded her arms, then with a slow and very slight shake of the head, and in a pathetic, resigned tone of voice, she said : ' Well, that's the loss of a good place to me ! ' Having uttered these few and simple words, embodying a conclusion that was evidently quite clear to herself, she relapsed into silence, only giving evidence of the strong inward conflict by a certain swinging of one leg, a motion always indicating, even on mournful occasions, a decided tincture of rebelliousness.

The serving-man, meanwhile—he who worked when he liked in the garden, and as he liked at many other things—in no-wise burdened, but with too much leisure, had been in the act of conveying a huge piece of boiled mutton to his mouth, when from his master's words it became evident to his then bewildered, and at no time very bright senses, that a mistress was about to be placed over him. The fork with the piece of mutton on it stopped short within a few inches of his mouth, which, already open more than wide enough to receive it, now dilated to an immense gape, while his eyes became vacantly fixed on his master. Thus he sat for a few seconds, during which it is impossible to say what visions may have passed through his mind of active young wives suddenly appearing at the back-door when they should have been sitting in the drawing-room. However this may be, the thought of either a dismissal or a voluntary departure never seemed to enter into his calculations. On the contrary, evidently determined to brave the worst, his features suddenly relaxed ; he drew in his chair so near the table as scarcely to leave room for himself ; then, with a general wriggle of the whole body, said : " Well, I'm no earin', if so be that she's a good one ;" and set himself to his

dinner again, making the mutton disappear as if he was eating for a wager.

The young damsel, the third domestic in this hitherto happy family, amazed at the unusual apparition of the master at dinner-time, and having a confused notion that something was wrong, and that he must have come to find fault, rose from her seat the instant he appeared, and without waiting to hear his mission, retreated to the further end of the apartment, pulled out a drawer from which she took a woolen stocking, and began to darn it as hastily as if her master had come to scold her for eating her dinner instead of attending to his work. The subsidence of all this excitement, as in more important cases, bore no proportion whatever to the seeming violence of its extent ; and when, next day, the master, having recovered from the effects of the grand effort, found leisure and composure enough to explain that the change was to make no change, and that all, he hoped, would go on exactly as before, then they said that they hoped so too, that nothing would be wanting on their part, and the like. And so the whole passed off much like an explanation after a duel or a parliamentary skirmish, leaving the matter as it was before, only somewhat more unintelligible.

When the domestics found time to consult quietly together, and to view the change in all its bearings, they soon became wonderfully reconciled to it, and hopeful for the future. One thing, however, seriously disquieted them, and it was no wonder. It so happened that among several wives lately come to the neighborhood, not one had turned out satisfactorily. One had proved a scold, another had taken to strong waters, a third was gay and extravagant. Now, I could not but admit to my cousin Joanna that here had been just cause of apprehension. She afterward learned that the chances in her case had been discussed in rather a desponding manner owing to the above cause, when our friend Thomas, the serving-man, ventured to suggest, that as so many had turned out ill, it was all the more likely that one now would turn out well. Here was a stroke of the most consummate wisdom, quite deserving of the fulfillment it received, for my cousin Joanna speedily became immensely popular in the household, and, moreover, continued so ; and Thomas, in after-years, used frequently to refer quite

exultingly to the distinguished success of his first plunge into the doctrine of chances.

My bachelor was a person of a different stamp from my cousin Joanna's. His custom was to get over rather than dwell on a painful task; and he professed, moreover,—an empty boast in any bachelor, I fear,—to have his household in entire subjection. However, I used to remark in him a certain nervous twitching of the mouth and eyes, when he was in the presence of his, to me, awful housekeeper; and when she had retired, I would rally him on this symptom of her control. He met the jest with an indignant denial of its foundation; but to this I never could give credence. When he announced to this formidable personage the event about to take place, she affected to be quite pleased, and said she had always preferred to have a mistress, "provided she were a reasonable person"—a fling of which the ominous character was more apparent to me than to him. I had had at first sight a disagreeable impression regarding this woman, for she was far from prepossessing in her aspect; but I finally entered upon my new course of life with anything rather than a disposition to dispute her supremacy. Indeed, so great was my inexperience, and so little store did I set by the character of mistress, that she might have continued to rule, so long as she saved me trouble, and did not do anything positively offensive. But I was not to be let off in this way.

One day, if, in fear of being thought stingy, I ordered for the hall-dinner nearly enough to dine a troop, she would tell me with a scornful laugh that they could eat "the double of that;" and the next, she would try me with the most insulting proposals of scanty fare for the dining-room. Her good-humor was far more portentous than her frowns. When she waddled into my presence, filling the whole doorway, and wreathed in smiles—*her* smiles!—I was sure to come off second-best in the encounter. Crafty and primmed as she was, she did not even save her strength for a protracted race, but left me at once nowhere. But the most provoking thing of all was her extreme devotion to my husband. He was utterly faultless in short, except in having married me. She delighted to serve him in every way, but most of all where she could convey a

slight to me. I am quite sure, if she could have roasted the bit of meat he was to eat, and left mine raw, she would have done so.

When my first baby came, then began the great tug of war. In pursuance of my ill-luck, I had hired as nurse-maid a forbidding-looking Highland woman, who had been thrust upon me as a perfect treasure, which must have been meant in the unpalatable sense of an exercise of patience. She had a flat face, a low forehead, and a high temper. While I was still in all the pomp of darkened rooms, doctors, nurses, mothers, and water-greuels, the most awful reports of explosions in the lower regions reached me. As if she had been bone of our bone, the Highlander, with all the pride of her race, resented every word uttered against her lady and her darling baby; and it being the daily custom of the other to throw out such taunts as that the precious child was "a poor ill-thriven thing," there always ensued a fierce duel of words, ending in a drawn battle between Highland pride and Lowland impertinence. At length the contention waxed so hot, that my husband was forced one day to come to the rescue. He descended in wrath, and dethroned the ruler of the mansion, without listening to a word from her in arrest of judgment.

After her departure, I gave myself over to a succession of minor rulers, who, seeing my weak side, served me apparently well, and saved me all trouble, even that of maintaining an orderly household, for they not unfrequently enacted "high life below stairs," kept untimely hours, and even gave balls in our absence—at one of which the cook danced out my husband's new slippers in a single night! Of course, they all made great eyes, and could not think how the thing happened; but one of them, afterward smitten, turned king's evidence. I should have dismissed them all, but indolence prevailed; till, finding myself still worse deceived and defrauded, I was forced to an entire change of tactics.

I now took a totally opposite turn, and instead of suspecting nothing, I suspected everything, and resolved to inspect everything, and so constantly worried myself and my servants, poking into every corner, and spying mischief where there was none, that they very soon took to deceiving me, and laughing at my expense. If they wished to hide anything from me, they

would put it up on the edge of the water-cistern. They would ring the area-bell from within, expecting me to run to the window to see who were their visitors.

But as all this was doing violence to my own nature, I soon tired of it. I next took a stingy turn. Concluding that to preside over a household was unmitigated misery, and never blaming my own bad management, I resolved, since all servants were bad, I would have them at the cheapest possible rate. But my very first essay in this line worked an effectual cure. Like most persons who knew little, my cheap cook professed to know everything. It so happened, that the week after she came, a very fine stubble goose was sent me from Orkney, and I set about assembling a few of our kith and kin to dinner, the said goose being to figure as the principal dish. But imagine my horror! There was the goose, just as it had arrived from Orkney; roasted to be sure—the simpleton had done that—but she had never plucked it? I have a confused recollection of a dimness coming over my vision, of pointing convulsively to the dish, and then to the door, and of feeling that it had disappeared amid a suppressed titter from the assembled guests.

The doings of my cheap housemaid were quite to match; but she was remarkable for the ludicrous fertility of her excuses. She had been desired one night to put out the gas in the drawing-room, instead of which I found it blazing in the morning, while she protested it was no neglect of hers. I asked her how it could be lighted if she had extinguished it? With scarcely a moment's hesitation, she replied she supposed the sun had done it. I asked her if the sun had turned the screws? I had evidently come to the end of her philosophy; and here ended also my foolish attempt at lowering the price-current of good labor.

I next hired a perfect jewel of a woman, who had no other fault than that she was rather old. Her chief duty, however, was to consist in a sort of general superintendence of the household. She was a perfect Caleb Balderstone. She would have worked herself to death, and gone into any kind of innocent prevarication, for the honor of the house. She had a sublime transcendental manner of glossing over deficiencies and defects, and turning

them into advantages. All she had or got, she expended on me and mine. She had the most clever, determined way of attaining her ends. Highly disapproving of her master's custom of abstaining from luncheon, she would prepare strong soup for him; and even if he were engaged with strangers on business, she would enter the room, and tell him with a most urgent, important air, that there was a person wanting very particularly to see him; and when she got him outside of the door, she would lead him with nods and winks toward the soup, keep watch over him till he swallowed it, and then come and recount her exploit to me with an air of triumph.

Unfortunately I soon lost the dear old woman, who became so infirm as to need watching herself, and since then I have had scarcely any troubles and adventures worth recounting. Indeed, my cousin Joanna and I think there are no such adventures now-a-days at all; and when we get together, we are always recurring to old stories for amusement. We are quite willing to be borne along on the stream of progress and improvement, but we think people are too much alike now, and that the individual would seem in some danger of being lost in the general. But then we are old crones, and think ourselves privileged to croak. Even our servants are now insufferably learned, and know all about foreign countries and everything else; and my cousin Joanna and I sigh for the good old times, when the ignorance and simplicity of the many gave a zest to the learning and cultivation of the few. We cling with fond memory to the time when many simple excellent beings thought there was only one foreign country, and that America; and my cousin still tells with great glee, that on her return from a first visit to the fine old city of Antwerp, her faithful old nurse said to her: "And, Miss Joanna, when you was at America, did you see Bonaparte?"

Alas! we are never asked such questions now: scarcely even do we hear a misapplication of words. I do know one primitive serving-woman, a true old family-piece, who speaks of having an "impression on her breast," and "a flirting at her heart;" but the race is all but extinct; and when I next take up my pen, it must be to write of less quaint and pleasant troubles and adventures.

## LIEBIG—RITTER—HUMBOLDT.

PROFESSOR LIEBIG.

OUR principal object in Geissen, however, was to pay our respects to Liebig, its celebrated professor of chemistry. We had sent in our cards, and while we were waiting for the arrival of the hour which he had named for an interview, we drove about the town, and obtained access to the library of the University, which contains two hundred thousand volumes. It is arranged in a large and handsome building, and we were attended by a very intelligent librarian, who spoke English fluently. He made our brief visit interesting by leading us through the different departments of this large collection. The books are divided by subjects: theology, physics, mathematics, &c., being placed in separate departments, which is obviously the most useful and convenient arrangement.

We were amused for a moment by seeing, near the library building, a peculiar kind of convex mirror. It was nothing more than a huge bottle of green glass, apparently a carboy, such as sulphuric acid is commonly put up in. It was secured, with its mouth down, on the top of a post, and from its sides the landscapes and houses were reflected in elegant reduced pictures, changing with every change of position of the observer. These we observed to be very common in Geissen. At the door of Professor Liebig's lecture-room we were detained a little by the reluctance of the janitor, under orders not to admit any one after the lecture had begun; but our German attendant, whom we had engaged at the inn, overcame his objections, and we were admitted. Professor Liebig, who was sitting and lecturing in his chair, perceiving our entrance, gave us a pleasant smile of recognition and welcome, and the young men courteously gave us seats. He spoke about fifteen minutes after we entered. His pupils were very attentive, and most of them were engaged in taking notes. Their appearance was very much like that of a similar collection of American students. The room was crowded, and, from its dimensions, it could not have contained over one hundred students. The table was full of the usual accompaniments of a chemical lecture. Everything was plain and business-like.

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We have been surprised at the small size of the lecture-rooms in several of the European Universities which we have visited, and at the small number of pupils who generally frequent them. In Heidelberg, for example, Professor Leonhard threw open, for our inspection, the doors of his lecture-room, which was in his house, and contiguous to his geological collection. The apartment had a rough appearance, and the benches did not imply more than thirty pupils.

Professor Liebig's manner of lecturing is calm and quiet; his voice is musical, and his fine, dark, deep-set eye sparkles with a depth of intellectual expression and fire indicative of high genius. He has nothing of the action and vehemence of some of the Parisian professors, and, with a manner perfectly natural, he appeared to command entirely the attention of his audience. His subject was morphine, and other alkaloids of opium. When his lecture was finished he came immediately to us, gave us a very warm reception, and showed us about his working laboratory. There are four rooms, in two of which the working students are employed in their analytical labors. The tables exhibited every appearance of actual labor. They were full of chemical vessels and reagents, and, of course, in the disorder which necessarily attends on the numerous operations in which many persons are engaged. The number of working pupils in this department of the laboratory was from twenty to thirty. It being the hour of dinner, (at one o'clock, as in New-England,) there were only a few young men present, and they appeared to be employed as private pupils; but Professor Liebig told us that there were forty young men at work in another department, under an assistant teacher.

Professor Liebig is a very pleasing man. In his person he is tall and genteel, and apparently about forty, or not much beyond that age. He is very affable and courteous; and as he speaks the English language perfectly, with only a slight German accent, our interview was particularly interesting and agreeable. He showed us some new chemical products, among which was *cordein*, which, in prosecution of his researches on the flesh-fluids, has been extracted from the heart of the ox. *Cordein* crystallizes, and appears to be similar to sugar, having a sweet taste. Nitrogen

does not enter into its composition, which is the more remarkable, especially for a principle extracted from muscle. Professor Liebig also called our attention to the result of a process for obtaining barberryine from the bark or alburnum of the barberry; it is a yellow crystallized substance.

The expression in the published print of Professor Liebig is very different from that of his speaking face. The print is true to the form of features, but it does not give the impression of suavity and mildness which he wears in conversation. It is, however, a common misfortune to men whose minds have been much exercised with thought, that the artists often catch the settled fixed expression, in which intensity is easily mistaken for severity.

Professor Liebig expressed much regret, which we of course felt still more, that our interview must be so brief; but he was going to London, and we exchanged addresses, hoping to meet again in that city.

To our earnest invitation that he would visit the United States and lecture in our institutions, he gave no encouragement, expressing great reluctance to speak in a foreign language; and when we named Professor Agassiz as an example of great success in the United States, he added that he had a peculiar facility in acquiring a foreign language.

#### PROFESSOR RITTER.

Among our introductions was one from Professor Guyot, late of Neufchâtel, but now a citizen of our country, to the celebrated Professor Carl Ritter, the well-known physical geographer.

He is a tall, handsome man, of most noble person and mien, and prepossessing address. His dignified presence is tempered by a mild and winning manner, and by his musical, although powerful voice; and we listened with pleasure to his very good English, uttered with dignified deliberation. His healthful and bright appearance by no means indicates his age, as he is still in the full energy of physical and mental power.

Professor Ritter gave us an invitation to attend in the evening the meeting of the Geographical Society, of which he is President; and he treated us while there with the utmost kindness and consideration.

Several papers were read on geographical subjects, and different gentlemen were

called upon to elucidate particular topics. Their course is not only to illustrate topography but all allied themes, including the different branches of natural history and of meteorology that are connected with the country under consideration. In this manner the discussions become fruitful of instruction and entertainment, and the interest is greatly enhanced.

A supper followed, in the great room of the society, in which a large chandelier, lighted by gas, made noonday of night. Among the eminent men present, whose fame was known to us at home, were Professor Ehrenberg, the philosopher of the microscopic world; the two brothers Rose: Gustave, of mineralogy, and Heinrich, of analytical chemistry; Professor Dove, the meteorologist and physicist; Professor Poggendorf, the editor of the well-known journal which bears his name; Professor Magnus, of electro-magnetism; Professor Mitscherlich, of general and applied chemistry; besides many others almost equally distinguished.

We received a warm welcome to Berlin, and throughout the interview of the evening the most kind and cordial treatment. We were highly gratified by the interview and were again at home in our hotel before eleven o'clock. Professor Ritter spoke in very warm terms of approbation of the researches made in the East by our countryman, Professor Robinson, and by the Rev. Eli Smith, now of Beyroot.

#### BARON VON HUMBOLDT.

In fulfillment of an appointment, we went at one, and were admitted by his faithful servant, the companion of many an arduous journey. His mansion is a plain edifice, situated in a retired part of the city; and he would not have been now at home, had not the king gone to Königsberg; for his residence is generally with the king, at Potsdam, who keeps him near his person, as his father did before him, not only for his society and conversation, but, no doubt, also as a counselor, wise from his many years, and his large experience in the world. We passed through his library, which fills, on all sides, a room of considerable size; and he issued from a door on the remote side of the apartment, opening apparently from his private room. He met us with great kindness and perfect frankness, and with a pleasant rebuke for my having hesitated to call on him, (I had

written a note, asking permission to call,) implying that he was not ignorant of my position and efforts at home. I then introduced my son and Mr. Brush, and we were at once placed perfectly at our ease. His bright countenance expresses great benevolence; and from the fountain of his immense stores of knowledge, a stream, almost constant, flowed for nearly an hour. He was not engrossing, but yielded to our promptings whenever we suggested an inquiry, or alluded to any particular topic; for we did not wish to occupy the time with our own remarks any further than to draw him out. He has a perfect command of the best English, and speaks the language quite agreeably. There is no statelessness or reserve about him, and he is as affable as if he had no claims to superiority. His voice is exceedingly musical, and he is so animated and amiable that you feel at once as if he were an old friend. His person is not much above the middle size; he is not unlike in form to the late Colonel Trumbull. He stoops a little, but less than most men at the age of eighty-two. He has no appearance of decrepitude; his eyes are brilliant, his complexion light; his features and person are round, although not fat; his hair thin and white; his mind very active, and his language brilliant, and sparkling with bright thoughts. He alluded in a flattering manner to our progress in knowledge in the United States, and to the effect which *The American Journal of Science and Arts* had produced in promoting it. He showed himself perfectly acquainted with the progress of physical science and general improvement in our country, and particularly commended the labors of Colonel Fremont in the Far West, of Professor Bache in the Coast Survey, and of Lieutenant Maury in navigation. Bringing out his maps, and tracing his lines without glasses, he pointed out a channel of communication across the Isthmus of Darien, which he had observed and described more than forty years ago, and to which his attention had been recalled by a paper of Captain Fitzroy's in *The Journal of The Royal Geographical Society*. He showed us that there are no mountains in the course he indicated, which is more southern than any of the existing routes, and that it possessed several important advantages. I alluded to his brief visit in the United States in 1804, when he traveled no further north than Phila-

delphia. He told us that he passed three weeks at Monticello with the late Mr. Jefferson, who entertained him with an extraordinary project of his inventive but often visionary mind, regarding the ultimate division of the American continent into three great Republics, involving the conquest of Mexico and of the South American States. He discussed many topics regarding the United States. The discovery of gold in California furnished him an abundant theme—our topography, climates, productions, institutions, and even political controversies, were all familiar to him.

Baron Humboldt, although associated intimately with kings, is evidently a friend to human liberty, and rejoices in the prosperity of our country. He made some very interesting remarks on the present state of Europe, and on the impossibility of keeping down moral power by physical force. In his library hung an excellent likeness of the king, and another of his own brother, the late W. Humboldt, the eminent philologist and ethnological antiquary.

We retired greatly gratified, and the more so, as a man in his eighty-third year might soon pass away.

When we were about leaving Berlin I addressed a note to the Baron, expressing our great satisfaction at the interview, bidding him farewell, and asking for his autograph. He readily replied; but instead of his signature merely, he sent an interesting original letter, written on the occasion, from which, I trust, it is not improper to make an extract of sentiments relating to the American continents.

After some very kind expressions of personal regard, he alludes to his usual residence at Potsdam, where are both the rural palace of the king, and the tombs of some preceding monarchs: "Compelled to return in the morning to the country, where are the tombs which I shall soon occupy, I have reserved to myself the perusal of"—certain scientific American papers which had been presented to him. He then adds: "I have moral reasons to fear the immeasurable aggrandizement of your confederacy—the temptations to the abuse of power, dangerous to the Union—and have occasion also to fear the distinct individual character of the other populations (descriptions of population) of America. I am not less impressed by the great advantages which the physical knowledge of the world, and positive sci-

ence and intelligence, ought to derive from this very aggrandizement—from that intelligence which, by peaceable conquests, facilitates the movement of knowledge, and superimposes, not without violence, new classes of population upon the indigenous races which are in a course of rapid extinction. However imposing this spectacle may be, which is being realized under our eyes, and is preparing another still more remarkable for the history of the intellectual development of our races, I already discern the distinct epoch, when a high degree of civilization, and institutions free, firm, and peaceful, (three elements which are not easily associated,) shall penetrate into the tropical regions where the high table-lands of Mexico, Bogota, Quito, and Potosi, shall come to resemble (in their institutions) New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia."

The letter concludes with warm personal good-wishes, and a kind message to Professor Agassiz, "equally distinguished by his vast and solid acquisitions in science and the great amenity of his character."

The signature is without a title: "ALEXANDRE HUMBOLDT, à Berlin, 5 Juillet. (it should have been Août,) 1851."

It is proper to add, that at the time of our visit Baron Von Humboldt was engaged in the preparation of a new production on the Outline Form of Mountain Peaks, in which he was working up original observations and drawings made during the course of his various wanderings. He assured us that the greater part of his literary labor was of necessity performed when others slept, as the hours of usual labor were with him consumed by the demands of the king. He added, that he early made the discovery that he could get on very well with four hours of sleep. This, as has been often remarked, accounts for his prodigious performances in literary labor.

Such are the modest and unassuming language and appearance of one who has, in person, explored a larger portion of our globe than any other living traveler; of a philosopher who has illustrated and enlarged almost every department of human knowledge: general physics and chemistry, geology, natural history, philology, civil antiquities, and ethnography, have all been illustrated by him.

He has endured the extreme vicissitudes of opposite climates, and seen men, and

animals, and plants, under every phase and aspect. His published works are a library. His faculties combine the enthusiasm of poetry with the severity of science; and from the culminating point of fourscore years and four, he surveys all his vast labors, and the wide panorama of universal science, which, as probably his last labor, he is now presenting to his fellow-men by the reflection of that splendid intellectual mirror, his *Kosmos*—the comprehensive *Hellenism*, which expressed both *the universal and the beautiful*.

Such is the philosopher who, of all living men, belongs not so much to his country as to mankind, and who, when he departs, will leave no one who can fill his place.

We dismiss him, with the hope that he may inherit blessings beyond the grave, and find, in a higher state of being, that his large measure of human knowledge is infinitely surpassed by the spiritual illumination and revelations of that glorious world.

#### LION CATCHING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

MR. LEMUE, who formerly resided at Motito, and is familiar with the Kalibari country, assured me that the remarkable accounts sometimes circulated as to the people of that part of Africa catching lions by the tail, and of which, I confess, I was very incredulous, were perfectly true. Lions would sometimes become extremely dangerous to the inhabitants. Having become accustomed to human flesh, they would not willingly eat anything else. When a neighborhood became infested, the men would determine on the measures to be adopted to rid themselves of the nuisance; then, forming themselves into a band, they would proceed in search of their royal foe, and beard the lion in his lair. Standing close by one another, the lion would make his spring on some one of the party—every man, of course, hoping he might escape the attack—when instantly others would dash forward and seize his tail, lifting it up close to the body with all their might; thus not only astonishing the animal, and absolutely taking him off his guard, but rendering his efforts powerless for the moment; while others closed in with their spears, and at once stabbed the monster through and through.—*Rev. J. Freeman.*

[For the National Magazine.]

### THE HISTORY OF AN ULTRAIST.

INDIFFERENTISM is death. Conservatism is vital heat—a recuperative thing, tending to health and long life. Ultraism is a fever, producing unnatural strength, the precursor of death. The first is drought; the second is rain, well measured and well timed; the third is tempest, lightning, thunder, hurricane, and an overflowing flood. Indifferentism is Gallio, caring for none of these things. Conservatism is Gamaliel, prudent in counsel, and content to wait. Ultraism is Saul, breathing out threatening and slaughter. He is an ultraist who is right in the main principle, and wrong in the time and manner of applying it. He has many things to say, but errs in supposing that society can bear them now. He will not tolerate evil for a moment, though his intolerance is sure to destroy both him and his cause. He discards the lessons of experience, and replies to the warnings of caution with a howl. He applies the rule of abstract right, regardless of the state of existing facts. He allows nothing to the force of circumstances, no palliative to error, no excuse for the temporary continuance of an evil, whose roots may be twisted and tied about the very foundations of the social system. In zeal he outstrips all his superiors in discretion, and *must* fling the brand though it consume the temple. He is impatient of the slow development of events, and would outrun the measured march of time. He has no patience with prophecy till it turns to history. Like Sterne's canting critic in the theater, he looks only at the stopwatch. Go with him part of the way, and he will knock you on the head if you follow him not to the end. Reader, I shall define no more. Listen to the story of Jonathan Honestus, the only consistent ultraist that ever lived.

Jonathan was the son of a father who was given to boasting that he had always been an honest man, that his promise was as good as his oath, and his word as reliable as his bond. The boy was naturally of an ingenuous temper, and without difficulty was taught to speak and act the truth outright, irrespective of consequences, however mortifying.

"Tell the truth, my son," his father would say to him, "and however long the

story, and full of particulars, it will never involve you in the shame of self-contradiction, because truth is ever consistent with itself." But Zachariah Honestus would not only have his son to be truthful, he would have him grow up in all respects an example of integrity. He had scarcely begun to talk before he was required to repeat, "Honesty is the best policy;" and that the good old maxim might make an indelible impression on his memory and heart, it was before him at every meal in large letters on the rim of his tin plate. All this care bestowed on the culture of his moral principle was not without its effect; for before he was ten years of age, if any of the poor neighbors came to purchase a bushel of corn, and Jonathan was sent to the barn to measure it, he would be sure to throw in an additional peck by way of good measure. As he was a boy of quick parts, his intellectual education was scarcely inferior to the strength of his moral principle. He learned with such rapidity, that the lame Irish schoolmaster soon confessed him his equal; and by the time he was sixteen, he could talk Latin and write Greek. In a word, Jonathan was the wonder of the school; and though he was largely indebted for his learning to the precocity of his genius, yet much is to be ascribed to the special pains of the master, who slept under the same roof, and ate at the same table with him. A country schoolmaster is always supposed to favor the children of the family with which he boards, and especially if the table is well kept. But schoolboy days are soon past, and, singularly enough too, always remembered with pleasure, whatever may have been the pains of study, or the penalties of truant hours. Jonathan had now reached the seventeenth year of his age, and was as learned as his master. His father intended him for a merchant, a neat, clean, pale-faced drygoods man. About thirty miles off, in the village of Grasshill, lived Jacob Sharp, a maternal uncle, who kept the largest store of the place. He was a man of bland face, soft voice, and address sufficiently engaging to attract customers. If he had not the manners of a gentleman, he was largely endowed with the civility and obsequiousness of a tradesman. In short, Jacob Sharp was the very man whose likeness was struck off a hundred years ago, as

"A tradesman, meek, and much a liar."

Letters passed between Jonathan's father and his uncle Jacob, and the result was that the boy should be taken into the store, and taught to buy, and sell, and get gain.

I have already said that the store kept by Jacob Sharp was the head store of Grasshill. The village itself was a snug, tidy little place, situated on a rising ground that overlooked a narrow tide-water stream and acres of billions looking marsh, and connected with the rising ground beyond by a pivot bridge and a causeway. Standing on the brow of the hill, on a summer night, you might see millions of fireflies sporting over the miasmatic swamp, and at the same time hear a motley concert of screaming whippowils, and chirping crickets, and croaking frogs, led on by a blood-a-noun, whose voice might easily be mistaken by a son of the Emerald Isle for an animal's as huge as a mastodon, and as frightful as Milton's "Death." The little town, according to the unanimous opinion of the inhabitants, was one of the healthiest places in the land, and a sober regard for truth obliges me to confess that not more than nine out of every ten were usually down with the autumnal ague, and even that was only of the second or third-day type. When a passing traveler would venture a remark on the cadaverous faces that gathered in the tavern porch, he was told with great coolness that it was the result of eating a kind of bread made of yellow Indian corn, commonly called pone. On most days of the week not a living creature was to be seen in the street, excepting perhaps the blacksmith shoeing a horse, that stood contentedly hitched to the door-post—the smith thinking of the low price of shoes, and the horse quietly wondering at the absurdity of wearing shoes at all, and all the while pleasing himself with the idea, and half inclined to try the experiment of stirring up the village by kicking Vulcan's brains out.

But the village of Grasshill had one busy day in the week. The reader must know that the two principal storekeepers, of whom Jacob Sharp was first, were dealers in grain. The country for miles round was one of the most thriving of grain-growing districts, and on Saturdays might be seen the farmers from all quarters coming into town, some in vehicles, others on horseback, while those who lived nearest made their way on foot. At the particular time of which I write, the pota-

to crop of Ireland, and the grain crops of Europe generally, had failed. The consequence was, that grain of every species went up to about double its usual market value. The first anxious inquiry therefore of the farmers who came weekly into Grasshill was, if corn, oats, and wheat had probably reached their highest point. One day, in answer to the question, they were all told that prices could not possibly get higher, for the last news from Europe had just arrived by the weekly mail, bringing the unwelcome intelligence that the starvation in Ireland was nearly over for the want of subjects. At this they all looked blank, and, actuated by the true instinct of gain, every man thought it his *duty* to hold back no longer.

But the great interest of the little village lay in its winter evening assemblies for conversation. These were alternately held in the stores of the two great grain-dealers, but by far the largest meetings were held at Jacob Sharp's. At these gatherings the doctor himself would sometimes be present, and even the parson would occasionally step in to learn the news of the day, and, if possible, elevate the tone of village thought. Two candles burned dimly on the counter, shedding a disastrous-looking light on all around. Beside the stove stood a rickety bench, just large enough to hold six men. Immediately behind it, the schoolmaster occupied a broken-backed chair; while in front sat the village squire, at full ease on a pile of coffee-bags. Some lay on the counter, while the remainder of the group, who came in last, were obliged to stand. Near the wall were piles of Yankee buckets, kegs of nails, and barrels of flour. Over head, from spikes in the joist, hung rows of coarse boots, of sufficient thickness to defy wet fields and dismal swamps; while against the partition that divided the grain-room from the main store, glittered, in the dubious light of the unsnuffed candles, any quantity of tin-ware, and a few dangerous-looking scythes.

Various were the topics discussed at these social meetings. If the papers of the week happened to bring an account of an "*awful murder*," then all the murders that had occurred for fifty miles round in the last forty years were related by the old squire, with the particulars, for the hundredth time. Occasionally a spirited discussion would consume a whole evening, on the question whether growing wheat

would turn to darnel? or, as they more tersely stated it, whether wheat would turn to cheat? At other times, acute conjectures were offered on the exceedingly interesting and difficult question in natural history, why some cows have horns and some have none? In politics they differed, as all companies do. But there was one opinion in which these evening volunteer parties always and unanimously agreed—that “a poor man has just as much right to vote as a rich one.” The author of the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus spake a most canonical truth, and made a decided hit withal, when he said of rustic society, that “their talk is of bullocks.” And never, in the history of country life, did conversation run to such a tedious length on the whole horned tribe, with an occasional episode on swine, and the varieties of dogs,

Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

But, reader, you should have heard them talk of horses, that heroic subject, captivating alike to city gentlemen and country swain. It has always been with us an inexplicable wonder that the horse was never numbered among the gods of the heathen, for, in these more enlightened times of ours, no animal is so nearly esteemed a divinity. It is a fact, too, worthy to be noted, that among all the animal forms under which the devil tempted St. Anthony, he never tried him in the shape of a horse, for it has long been a settled question that as it relates to either idolatry or honesty, horseflesh is the infallible test of saintship. On this subject, therefore, the villagers in Jacob Sharp's store seemed to lose all sense of time, until the clerks gave a significant hint by closing the window shutters and blowing out the candles.

Such was the village of Grasshill, such the character and conversation of the villagers, and such was the store into which Jonathan Honestus entered, as virtuous a lad as ever cut cloths or measured tape. As he was Sharp's own nephew, he was under no necessity to do the menial offices which have mortified many a high-spirited boy. The clerks were ordered to teach him at once to be a salesman. They soon instructed him in the qualities of goods, and the arbitrary signs that denote first cost and selling prices. His first customer was a youth from the country, who had

come into the village to furnish himself with his first suit of black.

“Have you any cheap cloths?” inquired the rustic.

“I presume we have,” answered Jonathan, for he feared to speak positively lest he might make a mistake, and mistakes in dealing, especially when the benefit of the mistake is with the seller, have a most suspicious resemblance to falsehood.

“Let me see them,” said the young farmer.

Jonathan threw down a cloth such as he supposed the young man might want, and, to show the strength of its texture, snapped it so violently between his thumb and forefinger that he made a hole in the cloth at least four inches in length. “It is as rotten as a seven-year-old shirt,” said Jonathan, and threw the piece aside, to the no small amazement of his fellow-clerks. Another piece was partially unrolled. “This is moth-eaten,” said the honest clerk, and placed it back on the shelf. The young man was about to leave the store and try elsewhere. But Jonathan was determined to sell, and equally determined to sell honestly. He called the plowman back, saying he “presumed he had found the very article he wanted.”

“What's the price of it?” asked the customer.

Jonathan looked at the arbitrary marks, and saw that though the piece cost but two dollars a yard, the selling price was five. “That you shall have for five dollars a yard.”

“Five dollars a yard!” said the plowman, “is not that too high?”

“I think it is,” replied Jonathan, “a good deal too high.”

“How much did that cloth cost you?” inquired the customer.

“It cost me nothing,” said Jonathan; “but I find on this piece of pasteboard attached to it that it cost my uncle Jacob, who stands there by the stove, just two dollars a yard.”

“Can you take no less than five?”

“Why, yes,” answered the truthful lad; “I can take half that price, and still my uncle Jacob will make twenty-five per cent. on the sale; but I am not allowed to take less, and as ‘honesty is the best policy,’ I thought it just to let you know what the cloth cost, so that if you buy, you will buy with your eyes open.”

The youth withdrew from the store,

neither disposed to deal with an honest clerk, nor pay a double price for his cloth. Jonathan restored the goods to their places on the shelf, wiped the counter with his handkerchief, and stood ready for another trial of his unbending integrity.

But it so happened that Jacob Sharp overheard the whole colloquy between his nephew and the raw one from the fields, and saw at a glance that Jonathan must either quit his nice scrupulousness or quit his store. Accordingly he called the lad into a back room, to reason with him on the absurdity of his scruples. He told him that no man ever made money without a prudent course of concealments, and if he hoped ever to succeed in business, he must buy as cheaply and sell as dearly as possible, leaving every man to judge for himself. "You must do all you can," said he, "to promote the interest of your employer, and be not over nice about the means, for such is the way of the world; and we should not seek to be better than our neighbors."

Jonathan listened to this loose morality with such disgust as became him. He regarded it as a direct temptation addressed to his virtue, and wondered that one so near as an uncle should attempt to seduce him from that simple integrity which had been his father's boast, and which he regarded as the element of his own strength.

"Uncle Jacob," said he, "if I may turn villain to promote your interest, I see no reason why I should be less scrupulous about serving myself; for when integrity departs, it is as easy to rob my employer as it is to cheat his customers."

"Young man," said Jacob Sharp, becoming somewhat warm, for he saw the verge to which he would lead his nephew, and a ray of light glaned upon him, by which he saw the danger of corrupting a tender conscience,—"I did not say you must cheat anybody, but sell the goods at such prices as are marked on them, and leave the responsibility with me."

"Ay," said Jonathan, "but I am afraid the responsibility will not stay with you, for if I knowingly become accessory to a guilty transaction, I see not by what rule in ethics, philosophy, or religion, I can escape my share of the guilt."

"Philosophy, ethics, and religion," said Jacob Sharp, "have nothing to do with selling goods, and if you stay in my store

you must lay these notions aside, and do as I require."

"*Fiat justitia ruat cælum,*" answered the scholarly clerk, and again took his position behind the counter, doubting much whether the business of a merchant could be reconciled with that keen sense of honesty which he had cultivated to an almost morbid dread of wronging his neighbor. His purpose, however, was not in the least shaken, to be as honest in his future dealings as he had been in the last. "No man," said he, "shall ever say of Jonathan Honestus that he has wronged him of a penny by taking advantage of either his ignorance or necessity; and what I would not do to benefit my own purse, I shall surely not do to swell the gains of my uncle Jacob." As he finished this soliloquy a sailor stood before him, and said:—

"Shipmate, have you any black everlasting stuff?"

"No sir," answered Jonathan.

The tar turned and left the store.

"What did he inquire for?" asked one of the clerks.

"He inquired for black everlasting," said Jonathan.

"Why, we have an abundance of it," said the clerk.

"We have not," replied Jonathan; "there is no kind of cloth in this store that will last a thousand years. To say, therefore, that you have black cloth of *everlasting* durability, is trifling with truth; besides, there is something impious in the application of that awful word to a piece of perishable cloth."

"But that is only the name of the goods," said the clerk.

"Names should be truthful," answered Jonathan; "and to say that we have an everlasting cloth would be to violate the truth—a thing I cannot and will not do to serve the interest of uncle Jacob or any one else."

His scruple in this instance was absurd, for he might have shown the tar the goods without reference to the name. But Jonathan was righteous overmuch; that is, an ultraist on the right side.

Time went on. The first summer passed away, and Jacob Sharp laid in his stock of fresh fall goods, an ample assortment, excepting such fine things as the wealthier village ladies would not purchase anywhere but in the city, to which they

made a semi-annual visit for that single purpose. And, to confess the truth, there was no heathenish price set on any article, but such as the customers were supposed not to know the real value of. Before the boxes were opened the store was crowded with purchasers, watching with eager eyes as the clerks tore off lid after lid and exposed the precious contents, meanwhile pointing out the beauties of each piece, and loudly expressing their wonder that such goods could be sold for such low prices. But in all this Jonathan Honestus seemed to take no more interest than bare duty required. He scorned the arts of trade, with which he had now become familiar. He was frequently censured for not praising the goods, and as frequently replied that if the goods were valuable they would speak for themselves, and if they were not, the praise bestowed on them incurred the double guilt of cheating and falsehood. The truth is, he sighed to get away from the store, and longed for a vocation in which truth and honesty are consistent with success. One evening as he sat alone, the other clerks having retired, he reviewed the whole question of mercantile morality. "Here I have been," said he, "for nine months, selling goods for exorbitant prices. True, I cannot accuse myself of having misrepresented the qualities of anything I have sold, and although I have asked such prices as others have fixed, I have used none of the arts of persuasion to induce people to buy. But how shall I excuse myself for being the instrument of exchanging with the small farmer useless tobacco and pernicious liquors for the intrinsically valuable products of his farm? There is old Ben Jones, whose horse is about as strong, and much the color of a dun calf, who week after week brings in a peck of corn, or a dozen eggs, or a small load of wood, which he invariably changes for rye whiskey, or apple-jack, and who, in returning home with his half-starved beast, makes the forest ring with his drunken yells, while his tattered wife and barefooted child await his return in terror for their lives. Besides, I have strong doubts whether traffic of all kinds is not tainted with sin. Let me see. One man buys an article, for which he gives so much, and sells it to his neighbor for so much more than he gave. Now, in the first place, he gave either the full value of

the article, or he did not. If he did not, he cheated the seller. If he did, then he sold it for more than its value, and thus cheated the buyer. I see no way of avoiding this consequence but by buying and selling at the same price. But then where would be the profit? How could a man live at such an even trade as that? He could not live at all, therefore all trade should be abandoned. At any rate I will wash my hands of it, and seek some employment which can be pursued with a clean conscience. The world is corrupt, and corrupt because unenlightened, and unenlightened because destitute of suitable instructors. Ah, I see my calling. I have already a good education; Latin I know, and Greek I know, and with a little theological study I shall qualify myself for the pulpit. There I shall escape the corruptions of trade, and from that commanding position I can exhibit truth in its naked form. The world will soon see virtue as she is. Thousands will flock to my ministry, and the masses, who have never known where virtue ends and vice begins, will see that point of demarkation, and a new morality will dawn upon mankind." Thus saying, he closed the store and went to bed, resolved to leave next morning for his father's house, and thence to go to college.

The next morning Jonathan rose with the sun, went into the presence of his uncle, and told him of his purpose to quit the store and return home. Jacob Sharp was not at all displeased with the purpose of his nephew, for he knew well that he had been to him a most unprofitable salesman, and he had for some time past entertained an intention to dismiss him. He was therefore happily relieved by Jonathan's voluntary offer to depart. After breakfast the conscientious youth got all ready, and went into the store to take leave of his fellow-clerks. He bade them farewell, and turning, left the store just as Ben Jones drove up to exchange a bag of corn for a little sugar, a jug of rum, and a bar of tobacco. "A happy escape," said Jonathan, as he jumped on his horse and rode off, without a particle of regret, from a village where he had learned that trade is a species of robbery. Two or three times he looked back on the little place of his last nine months' residence, breathing freer as the village faded from his sight, and hoping to see it no more.

I need not acquaint the reader with the interview which Jonathan had with his father, further than that he told him he could not conscientiously pursue the business of a merchant, and had resolved to go to college and qualify himself for the pulpit. The old man heartily seconded his son's design, and cheerfully consented to bear the expense of his theological course. In a few days Jonathan was regularly entered as a student of divinity in one of the oldest and most richly endowed theological seminaries of the land. "Here," said he, as the college porter set down his trunk in the room that had been assigned him, "here I shall have nothing to do but study. Here are no temptations to depart from my integrity; and, if possible, I will from this hour be in every way more upright than ever." That day he entered with a hearty good-will upon his new studies. He soon got into the depths of polemic theology, and learned to distinguish Supralapsarianism from Sublapsarianism. He could accurately define the difference between the Homoousians and the Homoiousians. His perspicacious eye saw clearly the light through the narrow crevice that divides Trinitarianism and Tritheism. Heresies long extinct, and heresies still extant, he learned to refute with a master's skill, so much so that the little pale-faced professor of polemics began to think that he would one day become the champion of the Church—a second Athanasius; for no youth that had ever been consigned to his care had displayed half the dexterity at splitting hairs, or laying open the gnarled questions which beset the difficult department of controversial theology. The fact is, that in one year Jonathan Honestus was ready to take up any man on the Arian, Apollonian, Eutychian, or Bangorian controversy. In Church history, dry as it is, he soon became so knowing that he could tell the exact period when heresies began to be hung up by the heels, or, more mercifully, had their necks stretched, or their evil eyes punched out, or their heterodox tongues cut off; or when, like beef-steaks, they were regularly cooked, rare or well done, according to orthodox taste. It is true that this feature of ecclesiastical history somewhat startled his mild nature, and he soon began to consider whether the world would not have been quite as well off without such a violent, cut-and

thrust, body-roasting religion. But he soon rectified his suspicions, by reflecting that these practices were just as much opposed to the Christianity of the New Testament, and as much condemned by it, as robbery or murder; and his logic soon detected the fallacy of charging against religion the very things which religion forbids.

During the time that he was passing through his theological course, like other young gentlemen of the college, he was occasionally invited to evening entertainments in the town. But, owing to certain singularities of speech and behavior, it was observed that he never was invited to the same house the second time. These peculiarities were the natural effects of a stern regard for truth, which he had often seen sacrificed on the altar of politeness; and as he was now a student for the most sacred of all vocations, he thought it became him to think, speak, and act the bare truth, without any softenings of polite phrase. The least departure from rigid, literal truth in either gentleman or lady, though it might be but the harmless exaggeration of every-day discourse, was sure to rouse his spirit, and call down a reproof that spoiled the enjoyment of the whole company. When the lady who served tea politely pressed him to eat, saying he had eaten nothing, he replied, to her confusion and astonishment, that she either knew, or ought to know, that her language was false, for he had just finished his fourth roll, besides partaking (he trusted thankfully) of sundry meats.

When another said that she had nearly died a laughing at a street organist's monkey, he interposed by saying, "And yet, madam, you have wonderfully recovered from the jaws of death, for you look as plump and fat as though nothing had happened to you."

It was not to be expected that society would tolerate such manners whatever opinions they might hold concerning his morals, and no one will wonder that Jonathan Honestus was soon permitted to pursue his divinity studies without interruption. But what he lost in the good will and esteem of the ladies he gained in time, so that by the end of the second year he was ready for ordination and a pastoral charge.

He was not long without a call. The little congregation at the head of Mus-

quito Creek had been for some time without a pastor. Their last man had labored among them with but indifferent success. They all said that he was "*a good man*," in expression which usually precedes a minister's condemnation as "*a poor preacher*." But still it was a matter of wonder that he succeeded no better. When he first came among them he was received with joy, and some disposition was shown to make his home comfortable. The parsonage was whitewashed from garret to cellar, inside and out. Farmer Briarton had placed a full load of wood in his yard, and farmer Blackberry had hung up in the cellar a full side of bacon, and potatoes enough were supplied by another wealthy old farmer of the congregation to last the family full three months; and it is a fact, that not one of these considerate men brought in a bill against the parson for these things until the very day he received his first quarter's salary! It is true, that when the bills were presented he was somewhat surprised, not knowing the way of the country; but he paid them with as fair a countenance as he could assume, though his purse suffered severely by this unexpected draught upon it.

His salary had been fixed at three hundred and sixty-five dollars per annum, besides free-rent of the parsonage, which stood half-way between the church and the village of N——. This was deemed a most liberal allowance, especially as he had but a wife and five children, with a horse and carriage to keep, for it was expected that he would visit the sick and attend funerals anywhere within ten miles of the church. Indeed, some of the congregation were openly dissatisfied with such a liberal allowance, and ventured to lecture the church-officers for creating such an extravagant demand on them. Farmer Snipe said that he could not see why the parson could not live on much less than a dollar a day, for there was his wood-cutter who worked hard in the forest for seventy-five cents a day, and supported a wife and five children on it, and paid twenty dollars a year rent besides, whereas the parson had no rent to pay at all. It is however a fact, that salaries, like revolutions, never go backward, and the salary of Parson Whimble was, according to this profound maxima, permitted to stand, notwithstanding the discontent of a portion of the congregation.

It has been remarked by philosophers that there are compensatory contrivances throughout all nature, whereby a defect is remedied by an excess, or one evil becomes the cure of another. Now, although the farmers of Parson Whimble's congregation were not philosophers, yet they were practical men, and well understood how to prevent the *rich* salary of their minister from making him *purse-proud*. As he was obliged to make his purchases of provision from them, they took good care to charge him a *little* over the full market value of all he got in the way of grain, vegetables, meat, and wood. And, lest this mode of depleting should not be sufficient to keep him down to the point of humble poverty, they would each in turn make him a friendly visit, bringing their whole families with them to spend the day. These visits the parson could ill afford to bear; for though he and his wife were given to hospitality, yet it frequently drew tears from her eyes to see her larder emptied by the demands of company, while he watched with equal feeling the shrinking of his oat-bag to feed their horses. The reader will not be surprised, then, at Parson Whimble's want of success at the head of Musquito Creek; for, poor man, when his thoughts attempted to ascend to heavenly things, or his feelings began to glow with the animating themes of his pulpit discourses, the former were speedily dragged down to this bitter world, and the ardor of the latter as speedily cooled by the heart-sickening cares of his ill-fed and ill-clad family. Little did the congregation think of these things, for although they talked in groups about the church-doors up to the moment that service began—one group complaining of the want of rain; another discoursing of the benefits of lime, ashes, and guano; while yet another were quietly discussing the question of discharging the parson—yet none thought of finding the real cause of his heavy discourses in a heavier, and almost broken heart. The dissatisfaction of the congregation increased, until at last the man of leading influence was deputed to intimate to the parson that his services were no more needed. He received the hint with emotion, and for once gave way to his own spirit, saying that as he had now fully shared the honor of disinterested labor among the most sordid people in all Christendom, he was sure that Providence would

reward his self-denial by giving him a better pastoral charge.

Parson Whimble, in a few days, saw his household furniture and five children securely fixed on a wagon. His good wife, having labored beyond her strength in the preparation for moving, took her seat in the well-worn carriage, in no humor to talk to any one but the church-officers, who had discreetly kept themselves out of the way. A few of the poorest of the flock stood around the carriage, weeping honest tears for the loss of their pastor. He affectionately charged them to fight the good fight, and meet him in heaven, where the sting of ingratitude never wounds. Having parted hands with them all, he took his seat beside his wife, and slowly left the place in advance of the wagon, for a temporary home under her father's roof.

On the next Sunday, Jonathan Honestus ascended the pulpit which had been vacated by Parson Whimble. The congregation was unusually large. All the farmers, for miles around, and nearly all the inhabitants of the neighboring village of N——, collected to hear the new preacher; and many, whose earthly cares and bodily infirmities had long served as excuses for neglecting public worship, were now promptly on the spot, as if suddenly relieved by miracle of disease and care. All were anxious to hear and judge of the abilities of Parson Whimble's successor. As he drove up to the church-yard gate, the male part of the congregation, who, from immemorial time, were accustomed not to enter the house till service began, stood between the church and the gate to get a good view of him. And to say the truth, he was no inconsiderable figure; for, excepting a pair of unusually long arms, which he carried with the worst possible grace, he was a tolerably well-made man. He made his way through the crowd, and entered the church without seeming to notice any of the rustic spectators. As he walked up the aisle, all the good wives and daughters turned toward him with evident sensation, and gratified curiosity. He was followed by but one individual—the schoolmaster, who served the double duty of instructing the urchins through the week, and pitching the tunes for the congregation on Sunday. At the proper time he commenced the service. As soon as he began the invocation, the

whole company, who had stood at the door, rushed in, creating confusion and noise enough to disconcert the preacher, and drown his voice. After the usual preliminaries, he arose and read his text. It was short, consisting of but two words, selected from the eighth verse of the sixth chapter of Micah: "**Do JUSTLY.**"

I shall not attempt even a synopsis of this first, and, as it will appear, the last sermon of Jonathan Honestus before the congregation of Musquito Creek; but to use a figure, his gun scattered with such terrible effect, that every man received his portion of shot in due season. But the peroration! Ah! I shall never forget that. It was as follows:—

"Justice, my friends, is the first duty of man to man. He who is not just, is unjust; and he who is unjust, is a thief; for all that he gets by injustice, is nothing but downright robbery. Disguise it as you will, excuse it as you may, it comes to that at last. The man who unjustly takes a dollar from you in trade, might as well slyly take it from your pocket in a crowd. In either case he is a thief. And what has a thief to do with religion? He is far more fitted for the penitentiary than the church. The treadmill should sweat his villainous propensity out of him, or he should learn to be honest by a seasonable connection with the whipping-post. Moral suasion has had its day. It has been fairly tried as a substitute for old-fashioned punishments, and with what results? The merchant buys with one set of weights, and sells with another. The scale which holds his weights is much lighter than the scale in which he puts his sugar and coffee. Send your child to his store with a pass-book, and he will charge you with twenty-five per cent. more than you get. (At this remark they all looked round on Deacon Short, the village store-keeper, whose head suddenly fell as if a fit of devotion had struck him.) The shoemaker promises to have your shoes ready for you on a given day, though he knows in his soul you will not get them within a week of the promised time. He assures you, too, they will not rip, and with a little wearing they are ripped from toe to heel. (Here two or three farmers rose right up, and looked round for the man who made shoes for the whole neighborhood, but he had quietly slipped out of the door as soon as he heard the word '*shoemaker*.') Go and ask your tailor how much cloth is required to make you a coat, and he will tell you two yards and a quarter, or a half, intending thereby to steal for his own use at least a full eighth of your purchase. And what is this but stealing? And where is the difference between him and the footpad who steps out of the bushes with pistol in hand and demands your purse? The difference, my friends, is in favor of the footpad, for he robs you without the guilt of lying, whereas the tailor first lies, and then steals. (Here farmer Blackberry looked first at his new coat, and then cast his eye over to Tim Buttonhole, who

seemed so devout as to be paying no attention to the discourse.) And then what shall I say of the farmer, who pays his harvesters with promises, whose cord of wood is never more than three-quarters, whose butter is light weight, and who sells rotten eggs knowing them to be rotten? Talk of moral suasion, indeed! The due treatment and reward of such unmitigable rascality, is a position in the pillory, and a pelting with the eggs he sells."

Here the tailor lifted up his head ; Deacon Short, the merchant, changed his seat to get a better view of the congregation ; while the shoemaker, standing outside of the door, cried out in a quick, sharp voice, " Give it to 'em, parson!" Immediately the whole church was in confusion. Every man, seizing his hat, made his way out as fast as he could, leaving the parson as he began, with nobody present but the women and the schoolmaster. The service closed, and Jonathan left the church as quietly as he entered it, saluting no man by the way. As soon as he had gone, a grave consultation was held behind the church on the qualifications of the preacher. The farmers were unanimously of opinion that his language was too coarse. The tailor thought that if his doctrine were true all would be lost, whereas it was plainly written that a *remnant* shall be saved. Deacon Short was indiscreet enough to say that the sermon was intended to be personal—at which they all burst into laughter ; while the shoemaker, who had missed his share by a timely flight, boasted that " the *last* shall be first." It was, however, on all hands agreed, that Jonathan Honestus was not a suitable man to fill the pulpit at the head of Musquito Creek, and Deacon Short was appointed to let him know the result of their conference. The deacon, who had been stung by the discourse, felt a secret satisfaction in being appointed the messenger to communicate the decision of the meeting. He accordingly, but with rather indecent haste, went directly over to the house of a pious widow, where Jonathan was enjoying a temporary home. He met the honest preacher on the porch, and abruptly told him that the congregation had no further need for his services. The widow, who was neither old nor ill-looking, having heard the conversation through the window, came out, and with as much calmness of manner as she could command, said to Deacon Short that she, for one, knew there was too much honest truth in the sermon to make its author acceptable to

such a congregation ; and as to the remark about scales, and weights, and pass-books, she knew exactly where that fell. The deacon soon found that the place was getting too warm for him, and hastened away, half angry and half ashamed, and altogether sorry that he had come on such an errand. Jonathan, who knew nothing more of the character of the deacon than if he had never heard of him, very innocently said, as he left, that he hoped they might soon be able to supply themselves with the service of a more faithful man.

(*To be continued.*)

#### LITERARY RELICS.

THE house in which Milton resided between the years 1651 and 1659 existed, only a few years back, at No. 18 York-street, Westminster, London. Jeremy Bentham, to whom the house lately belonged, put up a tablet on the back wall (believed to have been the front in the poet's time) inscribed, "Sacred to Milton, prince of poets." This habitation, wherein part of "Paradise Lost" was undoubtedly composed, was at the time we allude to rented to two or three poor families, the ground floor being converted into a chandler's shop. From the parlor windows the poet could have commanded a view of St. James's Park, more picturesque then than at present. At Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, is another residence of Milton's, in which he commenced "Paradise Regained." Though the pear-tree, said to be planted by Cromwell, in Sidney College, Cambridge, was cut down in March, 1833, the mulberry-tree, planted by his illustrious Latin secretary, Milton, has been more fortunate, still flourishing in the pleasant garden of Christ's College, where it was planted by the youthful student. Some years ago it suffered considerably from a violent gale of wind, which sadly shattered it; but its aged boughs were carefully propped up, and its trunk protected by a partial covering of lead. With these aids it promised to look green for many years to come. Its fertility appeared to have undergone no change; in the summer it was laden with fruit, of which more than two bushels of the finest flavor were gathered in the season of 1835. The smallest fragments from this tree were religiously cherished by the poet's numerous admirers. In Au-

gust, 1790, when Milton's coffin was discovered buried under the desk in the chancel of the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, some friends of the overseer contrived, at night-time, to possess themselves of the hair and some of the teeth of the immortal poet.

In the grounds of Abbington Abbey, Northamptonshire, stands Garrick's mulberry-tree, with this inscription upon copper attached to one of its limbs:—"This tree was planted by David Garrick, Esq., at the request of Ann Thursby, as a growing testimony of their friendship. 1778."

Henry Kirke White's favorite tree, whereon he had cut "H. K. W., 1805," stood on the sands at Whitton, Northumberland, till it was cut down by the woodman's ax; but, in veneration for the poet's memory, the portion bearing his initials was carefully preserved in an elegant gilt frame.

Some years ago, a curious arm-chair, which had belonged to Gay, the poet, was sold at public auction, at Barnstaple, his native place. It contained a drawer underneath the seat, at the extremity of which was a smaller drawer, connected with a rod in front, by which it was drawn out.

Benjamin Franklin's "fine crab-tree walking-stick, with a gold head, curiously wrought in the form of a cap of liberty," we all know was bequeathed, in a codicil to his will, "to the friend of mankind, General Washington;" adding, "that if it had been a scepter, he has merited it and would become it." General Washington has a name beyond the price of scepters.

Pope's house at Binfield has been pulled down, but the poet's parlor still exists as a part of the present mansion erected on the spot. A patch of the great forest near Binfield has been honorably preserved, under the name of Pope's Wood. His house at Twickenham is gone, the garden is bare, but the celebrated grotto remains, stripped, however, of all that gave it picturesqueness, grace, and beauty.

Cowper's house, at Olney, is still standing, in the same ruinous state so humorously described by the poet; his parlor is occupied as a girls' school. The summer-house in the garden, in which he used to sit conning his verses, also remains, its walls covered with visitors' names. His residence in the neighboring village of Weston has been much altered, but is still beautiful, with a profusion of roses in it.

### THE ARTS BEFORE THE FLOOD.

**T**HIE period referred to in the heading of this paper is so remote in the historical existence of the globe, and the records that have descended to this time are so scanty and so brief, that it would be unreasonable to expect that much could be gathered new relative to the arts before the flood. The early portion of the Holy Scriptures is the only trustworthy source of information open to us; all that tradition can legitimately do is to corroborate. From that source we learn that the antediluvians had not simply discovered useful inventions, but had even entered the domain of the fine arts. While they cultivated the soil for their support, and built cities for their accommodation and comfort, they had the sweet strains of music, instrumental as well as vocal, to relieve their leisure, and cheer their solitary hours.

In preparing this article, we have drawn freely on a work entitled "Daily Bible Illustrations," by Dr. Kitto, a gentleman whose name, as a writer on biblical themes, is celebrated over the Christian world.

It seems clear to us (says Dr. Kitto) that the antediluvians, commencing with the knowledge imparted to Adam before his fall, and acquired by him subsequently, did make high improvements in the arts, and attained to a state of considerable civilization. If this be true, there is consequently no foundation for the notion of man's gradual progress from the savage to the civilized condition. Indeed, how any one who believes in the sacred origin of the book of Genesis can take that view is inconceivable. According to that account, the various nations of the world are descended from the men who survived the deluge, and who were certainly not an uncivilized family. They built a large and spacious vessel, and their doing this implies the possession of tools suited to so great a work; they were also skilled in agriculture; and Noah betook himself to the culture of the ground as soon as he quitted the ark: the successful management of so many diverse animals that were committed to his care in the ark, implies much knowledge of cattle. All this we know; and knowing this, it is not too much to suppose that the various members of this family possessed all the arts which existed before the deluge, and of which we now give some notice. Indeed, there is

evidence of this in the great undertakings of their descendants, previous to their dispersion into nations and languages.

One of the sons of Lamech by Adah was Jabal. He, we are told, "was the father of such as dwell in tents, and such as have cattle." This is a very important fact. It shows that man had existed thirteen centuries upon the earth before the nomadic life, to which a large proportion of mankind have since been addicted, received its origin. There had been shepherds before, and sheep had before been kept; but it was not until the time of Jabal that pastureage was organized into a distinct form of social existence. The care of man was by him extended to larger animals than sheep; and they were taught to cast off the restraints which the habit of living in towns and villages imposed, and to betake themselves wholly to the pastures, dwelling in portable habitations, and removing from place to place for the convenience of pastureage. This is a mode of life frequently brought under our notice in the Scriptures, being essentially that of the patriarchs, whose history occupies the greater portion of the book of Genesis.

Jabal had a brother named Jubal, and "he was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." Had, then, the world been for above a thousand years without music, till Jubal appeared? Perhaps not. Man could scarcely, for so long a time, have been without some efforts to produce musical sounds; and the birds could scarcely for so many ages have poured forth their melodious notes to him, without some attempts at imitation. But hitherto, probably, all their attempts had been vocal, until Jubal discovered that instruments might be contrived to give vent to musical sounds of greater compass and power. We may conceive that he had many anxious thoughts, many abortive trials, until perseverance conquered, as it always does, and he had brought his "harp and organ" to perfection. The harp was something of that sort which we call a lyre, and the form and character of which is better known to us from sculptures, paintings, and medals, as well as from poetical descriptions, than from actual knowledge, the instrument being virtually extinct. And let not "the organ" of Jubal perplex us with large ideas of pipes, and keys, and bellows. It was nothing more than a

simple "mouth organ"—a bundle of reeds—a Pandean pipe; that is, such a pipe as the god Pan is seen to blow in ancient sculptures, and such as is often enough to this day witnessed in our street exhibitions.

Jubal has been, of course, a favorite with the poets, who strive to render due honor to the great promoter, if not the originator, of the sister art. Du Bartas, to whom we always refer with pleasure, very fancifully supposes that the idea of instruments for producing musical notes may have been suggested by the regulated strokes of the hammer upon the anvil of his Vulcanian brother, and his companions.

Thereon he harps, and ponders in his mind,  
And glad and fain some instrument would find  
That in accord these discords might renew,  
And th' iron anvil's rattling sound ensue,  
And iterate the beating hammer's noise,  
In milder notes and with a sweeter voice.

Accident, such as only occurs to the thoughtful and the observant, who know how to take the hints which nature offers to all but the slow of understanding, enabled the son of Lamech to realize his hopes.

It chanced that, passing by a pond, he found An open tortoise lying on the ground, Within the which there nothing else remained Save three dry sinews in the shell stiff-strained : This empty house Jubal doth gladly bear, Strikes on those strings, and lends attentive ear, And by this mold frames the melodious lute, That makes woods hearken, and the winds be mute,

The hills to dance, the heavens to retrograde, Lions be tame, and tempests quickly fade.

So a poet of our own day, whose very name is a word of honor,—James Montgomery, in his "World before the Flood,"—renders due honor to Jubal, though he finds no place for Jabal or Tubal-Cain. There is a touching and beautiful conception with reference to him, which we should be reluctant to omit noticing:—

Jubal, the prince of song, (in youth unknown,) Retired to commune with his harp alone ; For still he nursed it like a secret thought Long-cherish'd and to late perfection wrought, And still, with cunning hand and curious ear, Enriched, ennobled, and enlarged its sphere, Till he had compass'd in that magic round, A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound.

He sings to his instrument of God, of man, and of creation. The song is given ; then, couched before him, like a lion watching for his prey, he beheld a strange apparition—

An awful form, that, through the gloom, appear'd  
Half brute, half human, whose terrific beard  
And hoary flakes of long dishevel'd hair,  
Like eagle's plumage ruffled by the air,  
Vail'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace.

Who was this? It was Cain, who had seven years since gone mad under the stings of conscience:—

Jubal knew  
His kindred looks, and tremblingly withdrew;  
He, darting like a blaze of sudden fire,  
Leap'd o'er the space between, and grasp'd the lyre;  
Sooner with life the struggling hand would part;  
And, ere the fiend could tear it from his heart,  
He hurl'd his hand with one tremendous stroke  
O'er all the strings; whence in a whirlwind broke  
Such tones of terror, dissonance, despair,  
As till that hour had never jarr'd in air.  
Astonish'd into marble at the shock,  
Backward stood Cain, unconscious as a rock,  
Cold, breathless, motionless, through all his frame;  
But soon his visage quicken'd into flame  
When Jubal's hand the crashing jargon changed  
To melting harmony, and nimbly ranged  
From chord to chord, ascending sweet and clear,  
Then rolling down in thunder on the ear;  
With power the pulse of anguish to restrain,  
And charm the evil spirit from the brain.

It had this effect upon Cain, who exhibits signs of returning consciousness and intellect:—

Jubal with eager hope beheld the chase  
Of strange emotions hurrying o'er his face,  
And waked his noblest numbers to control  
The tide and tempest of the maniac's soul;  
Through many a maze of melody he flew,  
They rose like incense, they distill'd like dew,  
Pass'd through the sufferer's breast delicious balm,  
And soothed remembrance till remorse grew calm;  
Till Cain forsook the solitary wild,  
Led by the minstrel like a weaned child.

From that time, the lyre of Jubal was to Cain what in latter ages the harp of David was to Saul; and thus the poet concludes:—

Thus music's empire in the soul began:  
The first-born poet ruled the first-born man.

The son of Lamech by Zillah supported well the renown of his family for discoveries in the arts. His name was Tubal-Cain. He was "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." For "brass" read "copper;" brass being a factitious metal of certainly much later invention. Was, then, the use of metals wholly unknown in the eight or nine centuries of not savage life which had passed since Adam received his being? Perhaps

not. It is hard to conceive that extensive agricultural operations could have been carried on, that cities could have been built, or the useful and elegant arts brought into use, without his knowledge. We might indeed conceive that the use of iron was of this late, or even later, origin. That metal is hard to find, and difficult to bring into that condition which fits it for use. It is usually the last of the metals to be brought into man's service, and nations which have passed all the other metals have wanted that. This is not the case with copper. It is often found on or near the surface in its metallic shape; it is soft, and easily wrought; and nations, whose instruments were only of this metal, have been known to execute great works, and to have attained an advanced state of civilization. All antiquity, indeed, vouches for the remotely ancient, but not earliest, discovery of iron; but all antiquity also affirms that, although iron was known, the difficulty of the first operations in rendering it available greatly restricted its use, and a large number of implements, utensils, and weapons, which we should expect to be of iron wherever that metal was known, are found to have been nevertheless of copper. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the ancients, being obliged to rely so much upon copper, labored diligently in overcoming the inconvenience which its natural softness could not but occasion. By certain amalgamations and manipulations, they seem to have succeeded in imparting to copper some of the hardness of iron; and it is certain that, with their tools of this material, they were able to perform operations which we cannot execute without instruments of iron. It is probable that the ancients possessed some secret in hardening copper, which has been lost, since the more general use of iron threw it out of use for such purposes.

Not to pursue this theme further at this time, we may remark that copper is here placed before iron, and that, taking all things into account, the probability is that Tubal-Cain's improvements were more in copper than in iron. The text itself seems to intimate that great and important discoveries in the working of metals were made by him, rather than that he was the first to apply them to any use. He is not, like his brothers Jabal and Jubal, called the "father," or originator, of the art he taught, but an "instructor" of those that

wrought in it. So strong is our impression respecting the earlier use of copper, and the comparatively limited employment of iron, that we would almost venture to conjecture that Tubal-Cain's researches in metallurgy, which led him to great improvements in the working of copper, also led him to the discovery of iron. Du Bartas, who, in his poem on "The Handicrafts," has exercised much ingenuity upon the origin of inventions, appears to have felt great difficulty in accounting for the discovery of iron, and seems to have found it only possible to do so by supposing that it had been seen in a state of fusion, and afterward hardening as it cooled in the operations of nature.

After describing Tubal-Cain's successful working out of the ideas thus suggested, the poet breaks forth into an eulogium upon this metal, which, if merited in his time, may now be uttered with tenfold emphasis:—

Happy device! We might as well want all  
The elements as this hard mineral.  
This to the plowman for great uses serves;  
This for the builder wood and marble carves;  
This arms our bodies against adverse force;  
This clothes our backs; this rules the unruly  
horse;  
This makes us dryshod dance in Neptune's hall;  
This brightens gold; this conquers self and all;  
Fifth element, of instruments the hilt,  
The tool of tools, the hand of handicraft.

Certain it is, that, whatever was the precise nature of Tubal-Cain's inventions in metallurgy, they were of such use and service to mankind as rendered him famous in his day, and attached honorable distinction to his name in all succeeding generations, so that there is scarcely any ancient nation which has not preserved some traditional notices of his character and improvements. There is even reason to think that he was eventually worshiped by various ancient nations, and under names which, however different, signify an "artificer in fire." In the name and character of Vulcan, the blacksmith-god of the Greeks and Romans, it requires no great penetration to discover the Tubal-Cain of Genesis. Omitting the Tu, which was likely to be regarded as a prefix, and making the exceedingly familiar change of the b into v, and you have Vulcain or Vulcan. This, and other analogies of a like nature, might tempt us into investigation, from which we must at present refrain.

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But, it will be asked, if this were the original condition of mankind, how came so many forms of savage life to exist? How is it that some of the commonest social arts are unknown to many nations—that there are those to whom the use of fire is unknown, and that many are in their entire condition but a few degrees above the beasts that perish? Is it possible that these are descended from civilized ancestors, have lost much that their primeval fathers knew, and have retrograded rather than advanced in the scale of civilization? Painful as it may be to those who uphold the doctrine of human progress, the affirmative is, we apprehend, not only probable but certain; and might be illustrated by a cloud of examples in which nations have gone back in civilization, and have lost arts which were in former times known.

A very sensible and thoughtful writer has expressed this fact perfectly in accordance with the view we have long entertained. "The first men were not wandering and ignorant savages, although those who wandered from the parent stock, and ceased to have any connection with it, generally fell into a state of barbarism and ignorance, as in Africa, America, and the Asiatic and other isles. Science, arts, and civilization, were confined to those who maintained their connection with the central stock of the first men, or departed in numbers sufficient to enable them to exercise and carry along with them the subdivisions of art and labor necessary to civilized life." Besides, many of the separated parties, in the course of their migrations, arrived at regions in which, from the difference of products, of climate, and of the physical circumstances of the country, some of the arts cultivated by the original families were no longer needed, and would, therefore, cease to be cultivated, and be in a few generations forgotten.

The arts of useful life, which were lost in the process of dispersion, are known to have been recovered in the course of time, either by reinvention, under the same conditions as those in which they were first discovered, or by renewed communication with those branches of human family which still retained possession of them. The latter process is indicated by the numerous traditions of various ancient nations, who traced the origin of their arts

and civilization to some stranger who came to them from the sea, and imparted instruction to them. And as to the former process, it is clear that families which lost the arts belonging to their original condition, when that condition became changed, often recovered them when, by the lapse of time, the population had so increased, and other circumstances had so arisen, as to restore the need for them. Hence we find the invention of various arts claimed by different nations, which could not, since the original dispersion, have had communication with each other.

Upon the whole, it seems to us that the civilization and knowledge in art of the antediluvians, and of the postdiluvians, up to the dispersion, have been greatly underrated, by the progressive civilization of particular branches of the human race, which had greatly degenerated from ancient knowledge. Indeed, when we consider the advantages which length of days afforded to the earliest generations of mankind, giving to one man in his own person the accumulated knowledge and experience of a thousand years, it seems difficult to over-estimate the advancements that may have been made, and the knowledge in art that may have been acquired. We think much of the advantages we possess in books, which give to us the knowledge of the past. But their advantages were greater. There are few books of more than two or three centuries old, from which we derive any knowledge, in at least the material arts, of any avail to us; but then fathers could impart, by the living voice and by the living practice, the knowledge of a thousand years, to sons who might build up the experience of another thousand years upon that large foundation. If man had gone on advancing to this time, at the same rate, upon the knowledge possessed by the antediluvians, it is inconceivable to what he might not have attained; or if, indeed, we had only progressively advanced upon the knowledge possessed by the ancient Assyrians, Egyptians, Babylonians, and Phenicians, or even upon that of Greece and Rome. But God has put limits to human progress, lest man should be exalted above measure. The shortening of human life, the confusion of tongues, and the consequent dispersion, did, in primeval times, the work which has since been accomplished by less direct agencies, and which have successively said to man

in the highest state of his advancement, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and here shall thy proud mind be stayed."

Thus it has come to pass that one nation after another has become highly civilized; has fallen; the arts it possessed were lost or discontinued; dark ages followed; then arose other nations, gradually recovering these old arts, and perhaps inventing some new ones; but not more, perhaps, than serve to counterbalance the old ones that have not been recovered. We too much overrate the present, because we know it better than the past. But ancient histories, and monuments older than history, disclose to us that there were, two, three, and four thousand years ago, nations scarcely less advanced in material civilization, and in the arts of social life, than ourselves; and who certainly possessed arts that we do not, and were able to execute works which we cannot surpass, and some that we cannot equal, sufficient to counterbalance our possession of arts which they had not acquired, and our execution of works they had not imagined. It has been proved that many, and it may be proved that more, of our inventions and improvements are but revivals of old things.

From such catastrophes, which have from time to time thrown back the tide of human advancement, and prevented man from fully gathering the fruit of the tree of knowledge, for which his soul has hungered ever since the fall, we think ourselves exempt by means of the printing-press, which has embalmed our inventions and discoveries beyond the possibility of loss. It may be so; but let us grant, that whatever advantage in this respect we possess, was enjoyed more abundantly by the primeval fathers, by reason of the length of their lives; so that it is morally impossible but that their material condition should have been one of high and progressive advancement during the period which is now under our survey.

In further corroboration of the argument, that the recent invention of many arts, and the savage condition of many nations, is not adverse to the conclusion that the fathers of mankind were not a barbarous but a cultivated people, let us listen to the hypothesis built by Plato upon natural and thoughtful reasoning from known facts. He admits that men, in these ancient times, possessed cities, laws,

and arts; but desolations coming, in the shape of inundations, epidemics, malaria, and the like, those that escaped betook themselves to the mountains, and kept sheep. Most of the arts and sciences, which were formerly common, were then more and more disused and forgotten among them. But mankind afterward multiplying, they descended into the valleys; and, by degrees, mutual conversation, the necessities of their condition, and the due consideration of things, gradually revived among them the arts which had been lost by long intermission.

Sir Matthew Hale, who, in his profound work on the "Primitive Origination of Mankind," incidentally touches on this subject, says:—

"We are not to conclude every new appearance of an art or science is the first production of it; but, as they say of the river Tigris and some others, they sink into the ground, and keep a subterranean course, it may be for forty or fifty miles, and then break out above ground again, which is not so much a new river as the continuation and reappearance of the old; so many times it falls out with arts and sciences, though they have their non-appearance for some ages, and then seem first to discover themselves where before they were not known, it is not so much the first production of the art, as a transition, or at least a restitution, of what was either before in another, or in the same country or people; and thus also some tell us that guns and printing, though but lately discovered in Europe, were of far ancienter use in China."

[For the National Magazine.]

### THE "CHARTER OAK."

HARTFORD, Connecticut, one of the most interesting of New-England cities, is located in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut river. One of the principal objects of interest to the stranger is the far-famed "Charter Oak." This venerable tree stands on a beautiful elevation in the southern part of the city, and near the ancient seat of the Wylls family. The premises on which it stands are owned by Hon. S. W. Stuart. It received its name from the following circumstance.

Sir Edmund Andros, the first Governor-General of New-England, arrived in Boston in 1636, and immediately wrote to the colony of Connecticut, commanding them to resign their charter, which they refused to do. The colonial assembly met in October following, and while it was in session, Sir Edmund arrived in Hartford with his suite and more than sixty regular troops.

He demanded the charter, and declared the government under it dissolved. The assembly were unwilling to accede to his demands, and continued to debate the question until evening, when the charter was brought and laid on the table. Instantly the lights were extinguished, and it is said that one Captain Wadsworth, then residing in the town, secreted the document in the cavity of this remarkable tree. The candles were relighted, but the patent was gone, and no discovery could be made of it, or of the person or persons who carried it away.

The tree bears marks of great age. Its wide-spreading branches are somewhat stunted and curtailed, but it is still remarkable for the coloring and richness of its foliage. Its trunk is twenty-one feet in circumference, and nearly seven in diameter. The cavity, the asylum of the charter, is near the roots, and large enough for a child to enter it. It is supposed to be smaller now than formerly; but its exact size we could not ascertain, as it is now furnished with a door, which we found locked.

It came near being destroyed by fire a few years since, an account of which was thus given in the *Connecticut Courant* of May 4th, 1849:—

"An alarm of fire was given about eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, which was caused by the discovery that the inside of the venerable 'Charter Oak' was on fire. It is supposed to have been communicated to the punk and decayed substances in the hole in which the old charter of the colony was placed by means of a fire-cracker, carelessly thrown in by some heedless boy, and had been burning for some time. The injury done to the tree is feared to be serious, though we sincerely hope it may prove otherwise. The 'Charter Oak' is one of the first things a stranger visiting Hartford wishes to see."

Happily, the tree was not materially injured by the fire, and is still as green and fresh as ever, promising to flourish at least another century. The precise age of this interesting memento of the early history of New-England cannot be determined. The charter was deposited in its cavity in 1637, and it must then have been of great age, as the oak is not remarkable for its rapid growth. Probably for more than three hundred years it has withstood the battling storms and tempests, and it still stands, vigorous and strong, reminding us of other days, and pointing with cheering hopes to the future.

## SPIRIT-RAPPINGS—TABLE TURNING.

AS early as the days of Hippocrates, the great Grecian physician who wrote before Plato and Aristotle, a subtle fluid was recognized in the human frame acting in a manner similar to the electric and magnetic fluids, and serving as the medium of communication between the spirit of man and his material frame. Modern physiologists thus describe its action. When the mind wills to move any part of the body, this fluid, coursing along the nerves, contracts the muscles to which it is directed, according to our desire and determination. When, again, any one of the organs of sense is impressed by objects without, the same fluid is the medium to bear the perception along the nerves to the brain, and thus to the mind. The ancient Greeks called this fluid "*φωτις*"; the Romans of Cicero's day and later, "*anima*"; the Jewish Cabalists of the middle ages, "*Sephiroth*"; Descartes and his followers, "*the animal spirits*"; the physiologists of our time, "*the nervous principle*"; and Reichenbach and other psychologists of modern days (after whom Dr. Rogers copies) style it "*odyle*."

In all ages, a belief has prevailed among the ablest and most cultivated men, that the wonders of magic, to which the developments of our day are similar, resulted from the excessive action of this fluid. Those manifestations have been the moving of material substances, especially of metals; the control, by a strong man, of the physical frame of another, when voluntarily submitted to that sway; the control of the energies of reptiles, birds, and beasts even, contrary to their will; the wondrously accurate reporting of the thoughts and even the forgotten knowledge of those persons, under this control, by those controlling them; and a power of bodily agitation and of mental fervor, seemingly supernatural, in those who have learned, as an art, to practice upon this diseased action of the nervous energies. Among ancient, as well as modern writers on this influence, there has been, it is true, a blending of practical facts with conjectural theory. The *facts* in reference to the impressions of sound made through the air as a fluid, of sight through light as a fluid, and of feeling through electricity as a fluid—these facts, attested by our sensations, are established as verities; yet treatises on

Acoustics, Optics, and Electricity may contain much theorizing which either is not or cannot be decided to be true. So has it ever been with such minds as Hippocrates and Plato, Cicero and Galen, Descartes and Reichenbach, in treating of the mysterious manifestations produced through the nervous energy. Yet on no subject of scientific inquiry has such an interest been felt; in none has such a chain of facts been recorded; in none has the analysis of the phenomena been more uniform and harmonious; and, therefore, though this may be the last among its kindred class of natural powers, whose law shall be discovered, yet, when discovered, none can be more fully attested and more satisfactorily established.

The theory of those who refer these mysterious manifestations to this ever-observed power in human nature, is this: Electricity and Magnetism are kindred to the nervous principle, analogous in their means of generation and similar in their modes of action. The laws of the action of the two former powers are now determined, though they were not fixed till within the last half-century. It is not unphilosophical to make the supposition, that two of the known laws of these former powers may belong to this third power. And if, on a collation and comparison of the whole history of recorded facts, the supposed existence of those laws explains all the facts, then it is more than probable that such are the laws of the nervous influence, and it is not less than probable that this is the power producing the manifestations so mysterious.

The first of the two laws referred to is this. When a body is overcharged with one of these fluids, if bodies which are not conductors of the fluid be brought in contact, the fluid accumulates upon and alternately attracts and repels the body—the magnet attracting or repelling heavy iron bars, and electricity drawing and driving various material substances. Who shall limit the power of the nervous energy, which, by its silent influence on the muscles, contracts them and thus draws up the heaviest weight. If, by undue nervous excitement, this fluid be overgenerated, and my frame become surcharged with it, what may it not move! What rappings and thumpings may it not produce!

The second of these laws is: When a body is overcharged with these fluids, and

bodies that *are conductors* are placed in contact, it flows off over those conductors without limit of extent. If the *electric* fluid can echo the rap, make the mark, report the thought of the operator, over connected wires, at any point he may choose, why may not the nervous fluid, when overgenerated, flow off over the nervous conductors of other human bodies; and the knowledge of any one of the excited circle be reported by the rap on the table, by the pen of the writing medium, or from the lips of the passive clairvoyant? An idea of this sort seems to have been conceived and hinted by Plato and Galen, not to mention other ancient observers of these manifestations.

It is sufficient for our purpose to quote the statements of two or three men of science on this general subject, and to leave the reader, who desires further investigation, to refer to the books above cited. A commission of the French Academy, appointed in 1784 to investigate the experiments of Mesmer, (a commission consisting of four of the medical faculty and five members of the academy, one of whom was our own Franklin,) reported that they were, so far as their *causes* were concerned, referable to *four* classes, one class of which must be the result of an unknown "special agent." Of this same animal magnetism, similar in all its manifestations to the phenomena of our day, Cuvier says: "The effects produced \* \* \* leave little doubt that the proximity of two animate bodies, in certain positions and with a certain movement, has a real effect, independent of all participation of the imagination of one of the two. It appears equally clear, also, that the effects are due to some communication which is established between their nervous systems." Such is the power over *animate* bodies. When six years ago Arago witnessed the mysterious and powerful attraction and repulsion of *heavy bodies* in general, produced by Angeline Cottin, the nervous factory girl, he remarked to one who asked him his opinion of the force: "That is yet to be settled. It seems to have no identity with electricity; and yet when one touches her, in the paroxysms, there was a shock like that given by the discharge of the Leyden jar. It seems to have no identity with magnetism proper, for it has no reaction on the needle; and yet the north pole of a magnet has a

most powerful reaction upon her, producing shocks and trembling. This is not effected through the influence of her imagination, as the magnet has the same influence, whether secretly brought near her or otherwise. It seems a *new force*. At all events, whatever it be, time and research will determine with sufficient cases. At present we are left to conjecture. One thing, however, seems to be certain; the phenomena of this case show very plainly that whatever the force is which acts so powerfully from the organism of this young girl, it does not act alone. It stands in some mysterious relation to some mundane force that acts and reacts with it. This is witnessed in the reactions which external things have upon her person, often attracting her with great power. It is a curious inquiry, and may open to us new resources, in the nature of man and of the world, of which we have little dreamed." Humboldt, when questioned lately as to the manifestations of the present day, held himself uncommitted, but gave partial adhesion to the view of Reichenbach and the advocates of the agency of the nervous principle.

The practical *results* proved in history and by the nature of the case, to spring from these several theories, are their best tests. Whatever be the agency in these manifestations, be it an evil spirit, trickery, or the nervous energy, all thinking men give to youth the warning: "Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it and pass away." Yet the practical influence of this caution will depend very much on the foundation on which it is made to rest.

The secular and social, the physical and intellectual dangers which thicken in the path of every one who follows up these manifestations, will be courted or shunned according to the light in which they are viewed. Let them be regarded but a clear trick, and many who thus judge of them will thoughtlessly and from curiosity hasten to witness and to test them; while every one whose senses shall testify that they are not all deception, will lose the confidence which he might otherwise repose in a well-meaning adviser.

Let the belief, on the other hand, prevail that these are the work of *evil spirits*, and the excitement thus produced will so unsettle sound judgment, and cause stable piety to waver, that believers and unbelievers together will be drawn, as by a

serpent fascination, into the bewildering maze where reason is lost. No human mind can breast itself against superstition. Even a Johnson will carry the impression, and the active influence of it, to the last hour of his life. A Sir Matthew Hale could not, in witchcraft times, stem the current of popular excitement which it produced; nor could his own mind preserve its stable equilibrium when borne down by such a torrent.

But let the philosophic and self-commending view prevail, that the things seen and attested by men of the greatest intelligence and coolness are *real*; that they have been seen in all ages, and that they must therefore have a law, and then men can patiently wait to see the legitimate development of that law. Let it be received that this law is to be found in an over-worked nervous energy, and then at once the fact will be reconciled, that some are far more impressed by these manifestations than others; that the "mediums" themselves, like electrical machines, are in better working order at some times than at others; that an uncultivated operator or lecturer, committed before a special scrutiny, will feel a disturbing influence, and sometimes fail to exhibit his ordinary nervous energy; that the temptation to artifice, in an uncultivated mind, not to say in a scientific lecturer, must be, under these circumstances, such that human nature can hardly be expected to entirely resist it; and that, therefore, the cool, not to say skeptical observer, will sometimes see real deceit, and therefore have reason to suspect it when it does not exist. Moreover, let the distinct impression be created that it is an over-working of the nervous energies which produces these displays, that bodily prostrations, distressing nervous irritability, and perhaps mental derangement and even insanity must follow, as surely as the abuse of the digestive organs is followed by its correspondent penalty; and inexperienced practitioners will be most likely to pause before pressing further on this enchanted ground.

The moral and religious influences resulting from the prevalence of one or the other of these theories as to the so-called "spiritual manifestations," will differ even more essentially. Let the idea that all these phenomena are *trickery* take possession of the public mind, and a general want of confidence in the credibility of

human testimony, and of facts witnessed by the senses, will naturally follow. Strong enough in our day already is the disposition to fly away from the established convictions of our fathers, and from the surest testimony of history. Even Professor Page, with all his professed belief in miraculous interpositions in the divine economy, strikes a blow at the very root of the testimony on which human belief in them rests, and, by the trifling manner in which he treats the case of the Witch of Endor, (where he forgets even his respect for his avowed compeer, Sir Walter Scott,) not to mention other cases, he shows that his own faith is far from being established on a reverential basis. Such is the natural tendency of too material a view of man's condition and relations, and this very fact, in a well-balanced mind, would awaken the inquiry whether there is not another and more spiritual field of inquiry after truth, whose just appreciation can alone lead "into all truth."

Even more disastrous is the opposite view, which makes all the grossness of the earthly to pertain to the spiritual. What! are these manifestations indeed *communications from spirits* in the other world? O, how different from what the chastened spirit of the true child of God on earth had pictured the world of spirits! With disappointment and even loathing, the cultivated mind, and the heart refined from earth's dross, shrink back from so gross a picture. Perhaps a few may admire, who imagine themselves to be especially spiritual, only because from the very depths of gross materialism in pursuits and habits, in thought and feeling, they have just awakened to the reality of spiritual things, and are catching their first confused glimpses and sensual impressions of spiritual ideas; and who, therefore, think themselves the only persons who have spiritual vision. But, when the light upon such minds has become a little stronger, then judgment within them begins to revolt from their own gross views, and they abandon the farther pursuit of truth, and take the bold stand of avowed skepticism. Shallow judging is this, assuredly. Yet many a Mather has been given us in different ages to warn us, that "temptation to atheism" is the necessary religious tendency of such views of the spiritual world as the believers in spiritual agency, in these manifestations, entertain.

In the view advanced by Rev. Mr. Beecher, there is an apparent conformity to right theology, which makes its first-glance impression to have an aspect of truth. But in reality the idea of a "permanent law," by which finite disembodied spirits have power over material substances on earth, and over the bodies of men, is most radically opposed to the eternal spiritual truth revealed in the gospel of Christ. To suppose that evil spirits have control over matter, is contrary to all *analogies* in the works and providence of God. God himself exerts no such erratic power; for though in the special ages of miracles, for a special end, he has departed from his permanent law of immutable order, in the influence he exerts on his material and spiritual creation, yet ordinarily, certainly since Christ's day, Jehovah himself has exerted no disturbing interference on his creation. Can any man believe that he would leave within the power of evil spirits such a deranging influence? Yet again, the testimony of *history* is against this. The testimony of ancient Egyptian and Hindoo philosophers, of Grecian and Roman sages, of the Jewish historian Josephus, and of Christian Fathers, may be cited as evidence of a world-wide belief in the interposition of evil spirits in the affairs of men. But a more thorough sifting of all these authorities will show that human belief is much the same in all ages; that, under the cover of language necessarily made up of imagery addressing the senses, intelligent men like Plato and Cicero had as clear a spiritual idea as we who boast so of our far-sightedness; that Josephus and Iamblicus,\* and others of like philosophy, mingled the notions of Grecian Neo-Platonism with correct Jewish and Christian theology, when they referred to bodily possessions with demons as existing in other ages than that of Christ.

Most of all, this view, that demons exert a material agency, is plainly at war with all consistent views of the spirituality of God's manifestations to man, with Christ's spiritual reign in the souls of men, and with all the plain teachings of both the Old and New Testaments as to our relations to the other world. When God himself, specially interposing, was "manifest in

flesh," we may see a reason for the *anomaly* as to demoniacal agency; and we are prepared to receive the testimony that evil spirits were allowed to manifest (in order that it might be met by Christ) a supernatural power over things material and over the bodies of men. Yet the deep study of a ripe and fervent Christian scholar, such as Knapp or Neander, on this point,\* will reveal to him two great tendencies of human belief in such subjects, and will lead him to seek and to find the golden mean of truth between them. Not a single allusion which can be construed into a teaching of any such material influence, does the Old Testament contain; unless it be the case of Job, the whole dramatic representation of whose language bespeaks the description to be imagery; and the case of Saul, where the influence and power mentioned is but a *moral* one, and that, too, such as was controlled by the state of mind of him who was affected. No such scenes as those of Christ's day, spoke of Satan manifest in flesh; any more than "the Messenger of the Covenant," who appeared to Abraham and the patriarchs, was declared "God manifest in flesh." As soon, too, as Christ and his lingering miraculous power, abiding for a time with his first disciples, passed away, then this unusual influence of evil spirits ceased. In all Christ's teachings about evil spirits, there is no allusion to anything as permanent and practical, but the *moral* influence of spiritual evil. In the Gospel of John, written probably after bodily possessions by demons had passed away, there is not even a single allusion (since they had ceased to become practical) to the cases of demoniac possession in Christ's day. In the latter portion of the Acts of the Apostles, all mention of demoniacal possessions disappears; and in the Epistles, written for the world's permanent instruction, full as they are of warnings as to the *spiritual* influence of evil spirits, not a hint of any possible material agency on their part do we find. How could such men as Mather sustain and proclaim such doctrine as they did on this point? No wonder the manifest displeasure of the God of all truth attended, and always has attended, such perversion of his spiritual truth.

\* Compare Josephus's *Antiquities*, book viii, chap. ii, § 5, with his *Wars*, book vii, chap. vi, § 3.

\* See Knapp's *Theology*, p. ii, art. vii, Appendix; and Neander's *Life of Christ*, b. iv, chap. vi, § 101.

### THOMAS WALSH AND GIDEON OUSELEY.

THE chief agents employed in the earlier Irish Wesleyan Mission were remarkably fitted for their work. The first of these, Thomas Walsh, appointed by Mr. Wesley himself, besides his fluency in the Irish tongue, which sometimes saved his life, was remarkable not only for sanctity, tender pity for the blind led by the blind in the Church of Rome, to which he formerly belonged, cogency of argument, and aptness of illustration, but for the earnestness of his manner, and the frequency of his appeals to divine authority. Once that Mr. Tackaberry visited Wexford, he went to see an aged woman, who, he understood, was personally acquainted with him. Having mentioned his name, her countenance brightened and her manner became animated. "What do you know?" she asked, "about Thomas Walsh?" "Why, I have read his memoirs with pleasure and profit." "O, but I knew him," she added, with deep emotion. "Well, and what sort of preacher was he?" "O, he was the preacher!" "Yes; but what was the character of his preaching?" "O, it was he who knew how to preach! In the middle of his sermon, he used to clasp his hands in an agony of prayer that the people might be converted *now*; and, under his ministry, God saved *my soul*." His habit was, she said, to demonstrate the doctrines he taught by numerous and forcible quotations from the word of God.\*

None of these evangelists, perhaps, equalled Ouseley in tact, for addressing promiscuous multitudes in the open air. An instance of such tact, of which I was an eye and ear witness, occurred one Sabbath evening in the town of Drogheda. Leaving his hat in the Tholsel, and standing on the steps, he commenced singing a hymn. Soon a crowd gathered around,

\* It is related of Mr. Walsh, that, in the midst of severe study, regardless of bodily weakness and suffering, his custom was to rise and sing:—

"O, love, how cheering is thy ray,  
All pain before thy presence flies!  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise!  
O, Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek but thee!"

Such an apostrophe to *incarnate* love, and at such times, furnishes no slender proof of his high attainments in holiness, and qualifications for the office of the Christian ministry.

chiefly Romanists. The last verse he sung was:—

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be!"

"Now," he said in familiar style, "you all believe that—whatever religion you are of—you believe there's a God? I know you do. Aye, and you believe in the Trinity—that there are three persons in one God? To be sure you do. And you've all made a covenant with that one God in your baptism, whatever Church you belong to, that you'd renounce the devil and all his works. I'm come here to put you in mind of it—to get you to keep your covenant, and be true to God. And if you keep your covenant, what altered times we'll have! what happy times we'll have! Then we'll have no more cursing and swearing; then, no more people will be seen rolling drunk through the streets on a Sunday." Here, a man in the crowd shouted, "The devil trust you with a glass yourself, if you had it." At this the preacher seemed horrified. "O! O!" he cried; "did you hear that man? O! did you hear him blaspheming in the open day? Look," said he, pointing at him with his finger, "there he is!" The man held down his head abashed, and gave no further interruption. The missionary proceeded in the same strain until he uttered a sentiment to which a woman, who stood beside me, objected in great earnestness, in Irish. Turning toward her with surprise and displeasure, he exclaimed, "O! did you hear that woman? Did you hear what she said? She's drunk this time o' day! There she is—look at her!" She said no more until, at the close, she observed with much emotion, in my hearing, "Well, that's the best sermon I ever heard!" Mr. Ouseley concluded an address of about twenty-five or thirty minutes, by repeating the Lord's Prayer. As he bowed, and was going to get his hat, a man cried out, "You forgot the 'Hail Mary'—why did n't you say the 'Hail Mary'?" Mr. Ouseley turned upon him with fervent indignation: "How dare you speak so disrespectfully of the blessed Virgin? You're very impudent. How dare you?" A rebuke which seemed to meet with universal approbation.

The sincere reverence with which he was wont to speak of the "blessed" Mary

procured many a respectful hearing. I was present on another occasion, in the town of Granard, when he announced for his text Mark xvi, 15, 16. The congregation, chiefly Romanists, filled all the available rooms of an untenant ed house. His divisions were bold, and rather polemical.

I. What sort of men did Christ send to preach his gospel?

II. What was it they preached? The gospel.

III. The effects which followed.

The difficulty was to discuss the subject inoffensively, and yet not shun to declare the whole counsel of God.

In answering the first question, he went on to say that the men who got the commission in the text were not horse-racers, card-players, or drunkards—leaving his congregation to make their own inferences concerning immoral ministers and priests. In explaining the second point, he bore heavily upon *tradition*, without once naming it. The gospel they preached was the inspired—the *written* gospel. “Now,” he said, addressing himself to the mothers present, “if your child was sick, you’d send for the doctor, would n’t you? To be sure you would. Well, the doctor comes, you describe the child’s symptoms, and he begins to prescribe. Give it this—don’t give it that—in so many hours give it the other—and in so long a time after repeat it again. But you will say, ‘I’m afraid I’ll forget it, doctor; write it down, if you please.’” Here there was a loud murmur through the congregation, for they perceived his drift, and there was reason to fear for his personal safety; but he contrived to introduce the name of the Virgin Mary at the moment with an expression of respectful regard. The ferment subsided immediately, and he finished without serious interruption.

The zeal of this evangelist never cooled. In old age it retained all the quenchless ardor of youth; and it was the pure flame of love—love to the erring and the deceived, especially in Ireland. Once that he was at the Mission-house in London, he was asked in the committee to engage in prayer for two missionaries just appointed to the foreign field. A few petitions were devoted to them, when, forgetting all other topics, he poured out his soul, in agonizing earnestness, for “his poor country.” Another visit which he

paid to Drogheda while I was stationed there, will furnish an instructive example of this undiminished zeal. This was in his seventy-third year. Preaching in the chapel on a Sabbath evening, he announced that he would preach there again next morning at seven o’clock. By mistake he was at the gate an hour before the time. Going to the Tholsel to ascertain the hour correctly, I followed, and found him preaching to the laborers who were waiting to be hired. And here an incident occurred, illustrative of his calm trust in the distinguishing care of Divine Providence. A large sea-shell, flung from a window opposite, fell at his feet with a fearful crash. He continued his address unmoved, and without caring to notice it. As we returned to the chapel, I said, “Mr. Ouseley, that shell would have inflicted serious injury had it struck you; it was within half a yard of hitting you.” Making the usual motion with his finger—“An inch,” he replied, “is as good as a mile!” He kept his appointment at seven.

As he advanced in life, the overthrow of Popery became his absorbing desire—it might almost be said his single aim, and the “ruling passion” was “strong in death.” This feature is distinctly marked by the Rev. William Reilly, in his excellent “Memorial” of him. A brother from the country mentioned to me that he once visited the venerable missionary in his last illness. The permission to pray was readily given. As he earnestly supplicated that God might graciously sustain his suffering servant, and administer an abundant entrance to him into heaven, Mr. Ouseley interposed, saying, “Stop, dear; pray—pray that I may live to see an end of that fell apostasy!”

Rough in his exterior; sound in his physical constitution; overflowing in compassion for the millions oppressed and ruined by priestly cupidity and despotism; thoroughly enlightened in his opposition to doctrinal Popery, as embodied in the Trent Canons; chary of politics; decisive in purpose; fearless of danger; ever on the aggressive; superabundant in labors; preaching occasionally six times a day, “in and out,” as himself used to phrase it; unmoved by appalling difficulties, like another “Greatheart”; and withal, a refreshing example of patient continuance in well-doing—he was the Martin Luther of the Irish Reformation.

## THE MOUSE AND THE MERCHANT.

A HUNDRED years ago to us are olden times. Rude times they seem, too, compared with those in which we live. The schoolmaster, the press, and the mechanician had not then done so much for our people. Nevertheless, prudent and pious men walked the world with our great-grandfathers, and among them there was one known to his correspondents as Mr. Francis Fairhold, merchant, of Cheapside, in the city of London.

The Fairholds had been notable in Cheapside ever since it was called Westcheap, or the western market. One representative of the family had helped to clear St. Paul's of relics and images; another had fitted out a ship at his own expense against the Spanish Armada; and one served as member for his borough in the Long Parliament. Their house had been almost desolated by the plague, and burned down in the great fire of London; but it rose from its ashes with the rebuilt city, and son had regularly succeeded sire therein till about the year 1753, when George the Second sat on the throne of England. Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith were then in the morning of their fame, and Mr. Francis Fairhold was reckoned a substantial member of the honorable company of linen-drapers.

Mr. Fairhold remembered the bursting of the South Sea bubble, the great frost, the last Jacobite rebellion, and was at the period of our story a discreet, middle-aged gentleman, plain of speech, friendly of manner, and attired, like the respectable citizens of the day, in amply-skirted coat, clubbed hair, and silver buckles. Mr. Fairhold was in high respect among the London drapers of those homely times. They knew his word to be as safe as his bond, his custom to be large, and his credit still more extensive.

A prudent and prosperous man in every sense was our merchant of Cheapside. Active, but not over-anxious for this world, he carried on his business with the steady and quiet industry of those old-fashioned days, giving time for recreation as well as work. His evenings were passed in household leisure with a city friend or two, who frequently dropped in to supper. When shop and warehouse were closed, on Saturday afternoons, he walked with his family to see their grand-uncle, the old farmer at

Marylebone, then a village in the fields, or paid more ceremonious visits to his knighted cousin Sir Thomas, who kept his coach, and lived in the fashionable locality of Red-lion-square. Once a year, when business was slack, about the end of summer, Mr. Fairhold made a circuit of his country customers, to collect debts and square accounts generally. He had no son to succeed him in the fashion of his family, nor even a nephew, having been himself an only child; but thankful for two good daughters, the merchant did not despair of finding a successor, and took no trouble regarding the continuance of his house. The experience of others had taught him that even paternal hopes are not safe from disappointment. He had seen sons turn out neither a comfort nor a credit; and the saddest recollection hanging about his own peaceful premises was that of a young and once promising apprentice, the son of his poor neighbor Widow Waterton, who had been a gentlewoman and called Madame in her day. Perhaps the boy's mother had spoiled him. Perhaps the love of gay company (as he thought it) had led his youth into snares; for in spite of care, admonition, and the good order of Mr. Fairhold's house, poor William had got acquainted first with strolling players, then with more dangerous characters; and at length, detected in an attempt to rob his master, he fled the city, and had not been heard of for years.

Grieved at heart was Mr. Fairhold, and he diligently inquired after his apprentice, in hopes, merciful man as he was, of reclaiming him. No intelligence, however, of the youth could be gained. His mother, a weak, worldly-minded woman, after fretting for some time over the disgrace he had brought on her genteel family, married an ill-doing excise officer, whom she had rejected with high scorn in her youth, and removed with him to one of the northern counties.

The remembrance of poor William Waterton served to make Mr. Fairhold more careful regarding his apprentices. Not that he had ever been remiss on that point. Our merchant was an upright, conscientious man, who felt that business had more duties for him than to get rich. No one under his authority had cause to complain of selfish exaction, or inconsiderate carelessness. His friends and family valued him for a mild and pla-

cable temper. His worldly dealings were just, his religion practical and sincere. Nevertheless, Mr. Francis Fairhold was not free of faults ; and among them was a tendency at times to grumble at small and casual annoyances. Our merchant did not exactly lose his temper at every turn ; but a spoiled dinner, or a room out of order, would vex him more than he cared to tell. Most of us, perhaps, bear great troubles better than little ones in proportion to their weight ; but as the latter are by far the most abundant, that Christian philosophy which helps one to keep easy under them has a dayly usefulness as well as dignity about it. Surely, a traveler to eternity should not be disturbed by every straw in his path ; moreover, small evils may contain the seeds of great good, and Francis Fairhold was taught that truth by one of those wonderful works of Providence which prove to the Christian's mind that no instrument is weak in the hand of Omnipotence.

The wild rose had faded in England's fields and hedgerows ; the hay was mown in all her meadows, from Kent to Northumberland ; and the flush of ripeness was growing on her orchard boughs, when Mr. Fairhold, having regulated his books, duly committed his business to Johnstone, the foreman, who had been in his employment fifteen years, and having taken leave of his family and most intimate neighbors, set forth with a good horse and a well-secured valise, with many good wishes, and commissions almost as numerous, on his yearly circuit among the country customers. This and the stage-coach or wagon were the only public modes of traveling in the time of our story ; but the latter, besides being a slower method, owing to bad roads and stoppages at every inn, could only be had on the principal lines of traffic, and never approached those small towns and scattered villages where our merchant's customers flourished.

Mr. Fairhold's journey, like his business, was quiet but regular. He was a peaceable man, and had always traveled safely, though there were bold highwaymen in those days, and the police system was far from its present completeness. His customers were mostly steady, methodical men, given to clear accounts and punctual payments. With many of them Mr. Fairhold was an old acquaintance, joyfully entertained at their houses in memory of

similar hospitalities received in their great journeys to London. The landlords of all the respectable inns on his way waited for our merchant's coming year by year, as that of an important guest ; and he rode on from one country town to another, through narrow rutty roads, familiar only with cart and wagon, at a pace varying from fifteen to twenty miles a day, attending to his horse's comfort as well as his own, settling old accounts, opening new ones, and depositing his receipts in a diminutive strong box constructed for that purpose in his valise. There may be readers of our tale who have never seen a specimen of that antiquated convenience ; but the valise played an important part in the traveling of Francis Fairhold's times. It was a species of leathern portmanteau, much about the size and shape of those ponderous folios in which laborious scholars then studied law and divinity, and was fastened to the back of the saddle by straps and buckles too numerous for the patience of our hurrying days. In the valise respectable travelers were accustomed to pack all their requisites, including money ; and Mr. Fairhold had seventeen hundred pounds, the entire returns of his country business, besides bills and bonds, in the before-mentioned strong box, when, at the end of a seven weeks' circuit, he arrived at an old and favored inn known as the Golden Lion, and standing on the ancient road between Farnham and Guildford.

The country is now studded with hamlets and farm-houses, but at the time of our tale a wild heath extended for miles along the base of the chalk hills, through which the road, little better than a modern sheep-path, wound with many a curve and angle. At one of these turns stood the Golden Lion, one of the oldest hostels in the county of Surrey. Travelers had resorted to that house before the civil war. Its quaint chimneys, low windows, and wide porch were wreathed with ivy ; but its thick walls of timber, hewn from the famous oaks of Sussex, its roofs deeply thatched with reeds and oaten straw, were still proof against time and weather. The sanded space in front still contained the horse-block and the draw-well. Sounds of pigeons and poultry came from the yard behind, cattle browsed and corn rustled in fields scarcely separated from the surrounding heath, and, half inn, half farmhouse, the old hostel greeted all wayfarers

with the creak of its swinging sign, on which the forest king was represented in rather indefinite gilding.

For twenty years Mr. Fairhold had rested there on his homeward way; but as he now approached the house, late in a close, cloudy afternoon, with great drops of heavy rain, announcing a wet evening, he could not help observing that something of neglect and carelessness had grown about the Golden Lion. Its eaves were less trim, its porch less carefully swept and scoured; and in the best kitchen, which had always served for tap-room and parlor, things were by no means in the order he had seen them. The pewter on the shelves was dim; the once white walls were dingy; there was a smouldering fire on the wide hearth, and by it three slovenly, ill-looking men sat, each with a pipe and tankard. The landlord himself dozed in his elbow-chair in the chimney-corner, and no ostler was to be seen. Mr. Fairhold made these discoveries before his arrival was perceived. He had thrown his bridle over the staple in the porch, and stepped quietly in, to the great surprise of the three, who saluted him with keen, suspicious looks; and still more to the astonishment of the host, who woke up at the sound of his entrance.

Changes had come over the old house since last the merchant saw it. Mrs. Hobbes, the honest active landlady, had been summoned from her domestic cares to the house appointed for all living. Mr. Hobbes had married the maid, and latterly taken strongly to old October, of which, like many a country innkeeper in his day, he was a notable brewer. Things in consequence were not as they had been at the Golden Lion; but Hobbes welcomed Mr. Fairhold with all the noise and bustle he deemed requisite for such an old and distinguished customer, shouted for the ostler and stable-boy to look after his horse, summoned Mrs. Hobbes the second to provide for his entertainment, and, with muttered apologies for the company in his best kitchen, marshaled him and his valise to the parlor. That room of pride, for such it had been to the former hostess, contained the chief treasures of the Golden Lion. There were the glazed cupboard filled with china, the eight-day clock, and the best bed hung with dimity. Mr. Fairhold thought the round table and oaken floor had lost the dark polish they used to

exhibit; but the rain was heavy without, the evening was dark and chill, and he sat by the blaze of a bright wood-fire discussing a substantial supper after his long ride, and hearing, through the wooden partition which divided kitchen and parlor, the ostler expatiating on the weight and chink of his own valise to a number of inferior travelers whom the rain or Hobbes's strong ale had assembled.

The merchant did not much mind that, though he remembered one of the three ill-looking men shading his face with his hand while glancing at him, and wished the ostler had not guessed so correctly concerning his strong box. More solemn thoughts came as he looked round that old-frequented room. It spoke to him of life and its uncertainties. The busy, good-humored landlady, whom he had known for twenty years, was gone; and the furniture by which she set such store, and which she took such pleasure in scouring, all were there, up to the silver tankard and the plated candlestick which flanked the Duke of Marlborough's picture on the chimney-piece: a coarse print in a clumsy frame it was, and Fairhold had seen it many a year, but never without thinking of an early friend. John Churchill Phillips (as his father had named him, because the boy was born when the great duke's fame had the flush of Blenheim fresh upon it) was the son of a London draper, not wise enough to see the woeful waste of such victories, but sufficiently prudent and successful to leave him a flourishing business. He and Francis Fairhold were schoolfellows, and grew up friends. Their inheritance was of equal value. They married in the same year: Phillips named his eldest son after Fairhold, and stood godfather to his eldest daughter; but Phillips was in haste to be rich. There were games of speculation played in his time, and he joined one of them called the Morocco Company, which promised great things by shipping linen to the Moors. Phillips thought it would make his fortune; but losses by the Algerine pirates and defalcations at home broke the company, and his affairs were ruined. It must be acknowledged that insolvency was a more rare and serious occurrence a hundred years ago than it has since become in the mercantile world. Phillips was proud as well as weak: he could not bear the observation and exposure, and, leaving all in the

hands of his creditors, fled with his wife and child, it was believed, to Ireland. Our merchant's recollections of him were interrupted by the entrance of Hobbes the landlord, who came, in recognition of his guest's quality, to tell and inquire after news, leaving the door ajar, as custom directed, for the gratification of his kitchen company.

"Call me at seven," said Mr. Fairhold, after informing his host that the Earl of Bute was still prime minister, and the Hanoverian succession likely to be secure; in return for which he heard of a foal with five legs and a bewitched dairy. "Seven will give time to reach Guildford before dinner; and I am so tired that a long sleep will be useful."

Hobbes retired, promising punctuality; and, having committed himself and his concerns to the care of Him who neither sleeps nor slumbers, Francis Fairhold was soon dreaming of his own good household and friends in London. The man slept soundly, for he had good health and a clear conscience; but as the din of the pigeons, cocks, and guinea-fowl rose round the solitary inn at the summer sunrise, Mr. Fairhold was disturbed by something running across his face. It was a mouse. He saw it dart away among the white dimity, and, thoroughly disgusted, our order-loving merchant started up. Things were not as they ought to be at the Golden Lion! that was manifest; and he would never call there again. With these reflections he rose and dressed himself. It was hours before the appointed time, but the household were all astir. People rose early in the country then; the bacon, eggs, and strong ale, which formed a well-to-do merchant's breakfast, were therefore prepared without delay. The morning sun was shining on heath and hill, and though the road was miry with the last night's rain, Mr. Fairhold felt nowise inclined to stay. The kitchen company had departed over-night; but the ostler had the satisfaction of hearing the valise chink once more, besides receiving his yearly tenpence. The landlord poured forth his good wishes; Mrs. Hobbes came as far as the draw-well to make her parting curtsey; and with all the civility he could assume, our merchant rode on to Guildford.

The mouse had caused him to yield to his infirmity of grumbling; but the day was fair, and his annoyance diminished

amazingly, when, at some miles from his destination, he found the wagon, which had left that town for Horsham with the first light, sticking fast in a deep rut. The horses had broken their traces and fled over the fields, pursued by the wagoner and one of his passengers; while the rest, consisting of two Sussex farmers, a brewer, a butcher, and the master of a Portsmouth trader, stood in great trepidation regarding a noted gang of highwaymen, said to be somewhere in the neighborhood. Our traveler cheered their hearts with the assurance that he had neither seen nor heard of them. The wagoner and his help had by this time caught the horses, but all endeavors to mend the harness proving vain, the latter offered to proceed with their new acquaintance to Guildford, and bring back assistance if possible. Such accidents were by no means uncommon in the traveling of those times. Ever ready to oblige, Mr. Fairhold at once assented to the proposal; and, by way of making haste, it was agreed that each should ride and walk by turns.

It was soon found, however, that the wagon traveler, who was little more than a youth, could get over the miry road almost as quickly as Fairhold's quiet horse; rapid progress of any kind was indeed impossible, and they beguiled the way with conversation. There was something in the active figure and honest, cheerful look of his companion which seemed familiar to the merchant's memory. He had a frank, courteous manner, too, which at once won Mr. Fairhold's liking; and as his dress spoke of respectability striving with narrow means, our merchant ventured, on the strength of seniority, to hint some inquiries touching his history and prospects. "My father," said the young man, "was once a prosperous London merchant, but speculation ruined him, and he died in comparative poverty in Dublin. My mother followed him early to the grave, and my boyhood was passed in beating about among our relations in Bristol. After that, I got my own living by serving two drapers in succession; but the first failed, the second was burned out. I have been trying hard for a situation in London, and, though little to my liking, it seems the will of Providence that I should go to sea with a cousin of my mother's, in whose company I was on my way to Portsmouth when our wagon stuck fast."

"What is your name, young man?" inquired Fairhold, earnestly

"Francis Fairhold Phillips, at your service," said the youth.

"Then you are my namesake, and the son of my earliest friend," cried the merchant, grasping his hand; "you will never want a situation while I have a warehouse. My boy, I have got a lesson this morning against grumbling at trifles; but for a mouse which woke me up in no good temper, I should n't have left the Golden Lion for some hours later, nor have fallen in with you and the Horsham wagon."

Before things were fully explained, they entered the town; assistance was forthwith dispatched to the wagon, and young Phillips, on a good horse from the Crown Inn, rode back to take leave of his mother's cousin. Joyfully he returned to join the merchant; and Mr. Fairhold, with his chinking valise and his new-found namesake, journeyed safely on to the old house in Cheapside. There he found his family and business all as he had left them some two months before. The honest foreman gave up his temporary trust. The punctual merchant made his annual payments, and the house of Fairhold continued to flourish. Its master found in the son of his friend an assistant on whose business abilities and, better still, on whose sterling principles he could rely; and as his true worth became every day more apparent in home and warehouse, Mr. Fairhold was wont to remark how much, under Providence, he owed to that disturbing mouse at the Golden Lion, and how short-sighted he had been to grumble at what had been a blessing under disguise.

The good merchant had half made up his mind to call there on his approaching journey, when at the summer assizes, held at the Old Bailey, he was summoned to act as a juror on the trial of a man indicted for highway robbery. The case excited considerable interest of that morbid kind so common to mobs in all ages, for the man was believed to be the last of a desperate gang who had long been the terror of the southern counties. Mr. Fairhold felt the solemn responsibility of an English juror as his eye wandered over the crowded court and rested on the prisoner. He was a sullen, hardened man, whom the alternate want and riot of an evil life had made prematurely old. There was no trace of better days about him; but as

his many *aliases* were read over with the indictment, the last of them was William Waterton. The evidence was clear, the facts were proved. The prisoner had been a companion of robbers, and active in breaking the laws of both God and man; but Francis Fairhold remembered the boy who had sat in his church-pew, and worked in his warehouse, and though conscience obliged him to concur in the unanimous verdict of "guilty," his reasoning brought the whole jury box to recommend him to mercy, in consideration of early seduction and a misguided youth.

The law had little mercy in those days; but the judge, being a humane man, as judges ought to be, supported the petition which Mr. Fairhold by great exertion got up, and the capital sentence was commuted to transportation. His good work was scarcely finished, when our merchant received a message one morning from the governor of Newgate, saying that the prisoner Waterton begged hard to see him.

Hoping an impulse of repentance might have caused this, Mr. Fairhold hastened to see his lost apprentice in the prison cell. The unhappy man was more moved than could have been expected at his coming, and when they were alone, said:—

"Sir, you have done a great deal for me, and ill I deserve it; but I couldn't cross the sea without speaking to you of one thing. You remember, almost a year ago, when you stopped at the Golden Lion on your way back to London. You had collected a deal of money, and I knew it, though you did n't know me, for I was one of the three men who sat drinking in Hobbes's kitchen. We were all of the same gang, and hearing that you were to go at seven next morning, we laid a plan to rob you at a lonely part of the road, and I meant to take your life, sir, because you had been my master, and tried to keep me in order. I have lived to be thankful that we were disappointed; but, to this hour, cannot understand why you should have set out three hours before the time."

Readers, the chasm was wide between the pious upright merchant and the convicted felon; but both learned within the walls of Newgate what wondrous work an overruling Providence had wrought by a puny instrument. The mouse which disturbed Mr. Fairhold's sleep, and ruffled his temper, had been the means of saving his life, and through him that of his in-

tended murderer. Even on the hardened mind of the latter the event explained by his old master made an impression which proved lasting, for hopeful accounts of him were heard from the penal colony. Francis Fairhold carried on business for many a year in Cheapside, and made many a journey among his country customers, always calling at the Golden Lion. In memory of his marvelous escape, he had a broad seal engraved with the figure of a mouse, and this motto : "By it God preserved me." The modest, upright young man, whom he met on that eventful day, became to him a son through the special favor of his daughter Sophy. Kate wedded a neighbor's son, and lived close by her parents ; but never did his increasing family gather round the good merchant's board, at Easter or Christmas time, than he did n't recall the event of the wayside inn with fervent thankfulness. Sometimes, too, he related it to impatient spirits, with this exhortation : "Never get out of sorts at small annoyances ; they may be God's messengers."

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#### PRIMEVAL FORESTS OF BRAZIL.

IN front of a Brazilian inn on the banks of the Macacú, Prince Adalbert of Prussia observed the trunk of a gigantic tree, covered with *Orchidaceæ*, at the foot of some rising ground. The forest-trees had been cut down in the lower part, but the stumps rose high above the grass and plants; while here and there a tree, which had escaped the ax and fire, stripped of its bark, reared its head toward the black rain-clouds. Higher up the acclivity extended the primeval forest, the deep shades of which set off strongly the slender white stems. Our way (says the royal traveler) led up the valley of the Macacú, which swept along far below us on our right : we gazed upon the vaulted tops of the lofty trees on the opposite bank, admiring the varied tints of green, which are not seen in our woods. The forest extended as far as the eye could reach. We soon entered its refreshing shade, and lost sight of the surrounding country, which was seen in an unfavorable light to-day, the fine rain obscuring the outline of the mountains. . . .

Hitherto we have been used to inquire, in passing through a wood, whether it formed part of the primeval forest ? We no longer asked this question, for we were

now *conscious* of the fact. The solemn feelings which arise on entering these forests for the first time indicated the truth surely enough. At first we gazed in wonder on the labyrinth of tall, straight trees, rising like giants, and into the tangled creepers and climbers which surrounded us ; we looked up to the light roof of foliage, through which was seen the vault of heaven as through a vail ; but we could not account to ourselves for all we beheld. The imagination may picture to itself the aspect of these forests in the most glowing colors ; but it will fall far short of the impression produced on the spectator when setting foot in them. Every object is here colossal ; everything seems to belong to a primeval world : we feel ourselves to be in disproportion to all around us, and to pertain to quite another period of existence.

The chief ornament of the forest, on our ride to-day, were trees with magnificent lilac blossoms, and others with white ones, contrasting beautifully with the surrounding varied tints of green. After enjoying, with a restless glance, this splendid display of colors, we turned to the deep shades which lay disclosed, solemn and mournful, between the gigantic trees on our wayside. The flame-colored raceme of a *Tillandsia*, a foot tall, glowed like fire among the dark foliage. Again our attention was attracted by the charming Epiphytes, climbing up the straight trunks of the trees, or picturesquely covering their branches, which seldom shoot out from the trunk at a less height than fifty to eighty feet from the ground. From the fertility of the soil, the trees spring up so densely that, when young, their branches, not having room to expand freely, strive to overtop one another. The *Tillandsias* nestle at the ramification of the smaller branches, or upon excrescences, where they often grow to an immense size, and have the appearance of an aloe, the length of a man, hanging down gracefully from a giddy height over the head of the passer-by.

Among the various plants which spring from the branches or cling to the stems of the trees are the mosses, hanging down, not unlike horses' tails, from the branches which support the Epiphytes and *Tillandsias*; or one might fancy them the long beards of these venerable giants of the forest, that have stood unbent beneath the weight of a thousand years. Myriads of

Lianes hang down to the ground, or suspended in the air, several inches thick, and not unfrequently the size of a man's body, coated with bark like the branches of the trees. But it is impossible for any one to conceive the fantastic forms they assume, interlaced and entangled: sometimes they depend, like straight poles, to the ground, and, striking root, might, from their thickness, be taken for trees; at other times they resemble large loops, or rings, from ten to twenty feet in diameter, or are so twisted that they look like cables. Sometimes they lace the tree regularly from distance to distance; often they embrace it so closely as to choke it, and cause all its leaves to fall off, so that it stretches out its dead gigantic arms, like branches of white coral, among the fresh verdure of the forest—a picture of death, surprising us in the midst of the most blooming life. Frequently, however, they give the old trunk a new covering of leaves, so that the same tree appears clothed in several different kinds of foliage.

The variety of leaves, in short, is infinite; but they are mostly very fine and small, and the roof which they form is of no great size, being often vaulted like that of fir-trees. I have never observed conifers in the primeval forests; but the dark-colored foliage of some other trees much resembles them. A group of Imbaibas, on a rising ground near our road, presented a peculiar appearance; their slender, smooth, and white stems rising high above the surrounding thicket, and their small crowns, of large-lobed leaves, crowded picturesquely together, or overtopping one another. Nor less interesting was another tree which I observed, resembling the Imbaibi in several respects; but its leaves are silver-gray, and perfectly white beneath; and the regular growth of its branches, extending like the arms of a candelabrum, and bending over at their summit, gives this tree a character of its own.

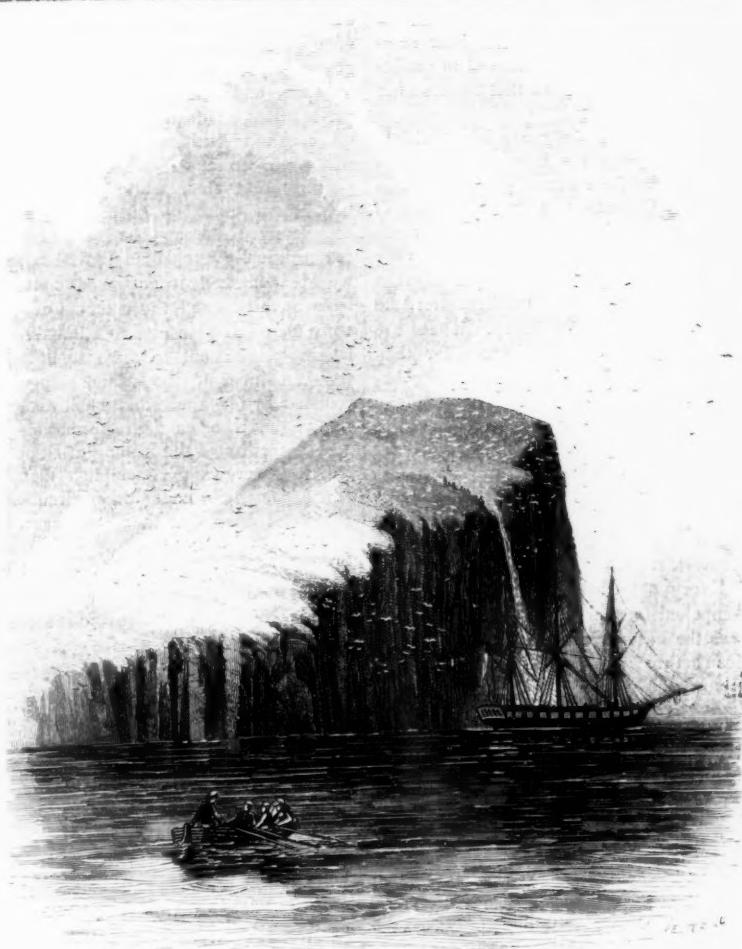
In my opinion, however, the greatest ornament of the primeval forest is the graceful palm, yielding to the gentlest breeze: its slender, pliant stem may almost be spanned by the hand, and, nevertheless, it rises to half the height of the tall forest-trees, being frequently from sixty to seventy feet high. The small crown at the top resembles a tuft of pendent feathers, consisting of finely-pinnated

fronds, from the midst of which rises a pointed spire, of a light-green color, giving to these beautiful palms the appearance of the slender shaft of a lance, or a waving reed. They are generally seen in groups, and their clustered tufts, rising from amid the foliage, and agitated by the least breeze, bow their heads as if in graceful salutation to the passer-by. All species of palms usually love company—not only those of a tall and slender growth, but also those with stiff spines and thick crowns, as well as many others with larger trunks: even the stemless, shrubby palms are generally met with in groups in these primeval forests. The traveler sometimes journeys on a long way without seeing anything like a palm; and then again, at other times, his road will lie for hours among these trees.

At first we rode on for some time without speaking; but at length exclamation followed exclamation, and our amazement increased at every step, as one new picture succeeded another. Everything here is wonderful, and altogether different from what we, in our cold northern regions, can picture to ourselves. In what other part of the world is to be seen such a union of the grand and sublime, with the beautiful, the lovely, nay, even the fantastic, and all forming so harmonious a picture, as we witness in these tropical forests of the new world!

Perfect silence does not reign in these forests, as is generally imagined; for the singing of birds, and the sounds of the cicadas, are heard incessantly. . . .

We continued our ride, and following a stream, descended on the other side of the Sierra, but not quite so far as we had ascended on this. The forests covered the two ridges inclosing the valley. . . . A new object now presented itself—the tall reed, "Taquara Assú." Except in our ride to the botanical garden near Rio, I had never before met with the Brazilian bamboo. It overtops high trees, resembling in appearance dark green lances from thirty to sixty feet high, and bent like bundles of flexible spears in lofty arches over the road. Toward the lower end it is frequently as thick as a man's body, and has regular internodal divisions; sometimes it is quite smooth, and bears small leaflets on its slender and scarcely visible branches. The bamboo, like the palms, generally occurs in large masses.



## A GUANO ISLAND.

AMONG all the new-fangled manures introduced by experimentalizing agriculturists during the last twenty years, not one has been so rapidly and universally adopted as guano. Its astonishing fertilizing qualities and easy mode of application have rendered it a general favorite with the farmers, though the immense distance of the places from which it is chiefly obtained, and its consequent high price in England, must necessarily limit its use even if the supplies were inexhaustible.

The island of Ichaboe, on the west coast of Africa, whence guano was first obtained in large quantities, is, perhaps, a most

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remarkable instance of a desolate rock becoming suddenly the port of destination for hundreds of large ships, and the source of immense wealth to numerous individuals. But Ichaboe was soon exhausted, and the dusty treasure that had for many centuries been accumulating on its rocky bosom was literally swept away. The once busy island has now returned to its former loneliness, and the fleet of ships that gathered round it seek on still more distant coasts the fertilizing powder that shall fatten the impoverished fields of old-world countries. We ask the reader to accompany us to the far-off country of

Peru, for upon her shores there lies an open mine of wealth that will bear comparison in value, and far exceed in usefulness, the glittering veins that traverse her huge mountains.

More than half the guano imported into England, during the last ten years, has been obtained from a small group of islands called the Chineas, that lie off the port of Pisco, on the Peruvian coast. Of these islands, the largest, Sangallan, has very little guano upon it, the principal deposits being found on three smaller ones, the most northern of the group. These are emphatically the guano islands, for they are utterly unproductive of anything besides. They are distinguished as the north, middle, and south islands. The north island has been constantly worked ever since the introduction of guano into England; the middle one has also been occasionally invaded; but the south island, on which I believe the accumulation to be greatest, remains untouched.

Every ship bound to the Chineas is compelled to anchor at Pisco, in order to pass the necessary custom-house formalities before proceeding to her loading ground. A couple of hours are then sufficient to carry her across the few miles of water that intervene, and she soon again drops her anchor among the numerous fleet that is ever lying off the islands waiting for their turn to load. The odorous scent of the guano is distinctly perceptible at several miles distance, and is far from unpleasant when thus mingled with the pure sea air.

The first duty of the crew after the ship's arrival, is to discharge the extra ballast, and as the captains have no dread of port-officers or harbor-masters, the sand or stone is quietly tossed over the side, until there is barely sufficient left in the hold to keep the vessel on an even keel. In the mean time, the long-boat is hoisted out of her berth amidships, and part of the crew are busily employed in bringing off boat-loads of guano from the island, to replace the discharged ballast. The peculiar odor pervades the whole ship, the carefully tarred rigging becomes a dirty brown, while the snow-white decks and closely-furled sails assume the same dark hue.

On the side next the main-land, the islands rise precipitously from the sea to a considerable height, presenting only a

bare, dark wall of rock. From the upper edge of the precipice the huge mound of guano slopes rapidly upward for a short distance, and then spreads into a level surface that gradually descends on every other side to within a few yards of the water. Here and there, rough craggy points thrust their white heads through the brown crust of guano, which has completely filled up the deep hollows that originally existed in the island, and would soon, had it not been disturbed, have covered even these crests of what were once tall pinnacles. The only safe landing-place is on a narrow strip of beach, the remainder of the island being surrounded by low rocks and small detached reefs; but the singular formation has greatly facilitated the loading of ships, enabling the crews to accomplish that in a few days, which, under other circumstances, must have cost them tedious weeks of labor. Close to the face of the rock the water is deep enough to float the largest merchantman, and the steady constancy of the trade-wind, which rarely increases here beyond a pleasant breeze, enables the ship to lie in perfect safety, in close contact with her two most dangerous enemies—a rocky island and a dead lee-shore. Having taken aboard by her boats sufficient guano to ballast her, the ship is hauled in close to the steep cliff, to which she is securely bound with warps and chains; two anchors being dropped to seaward to enable her to haul off again when loaded, or in case of accident.

Down to the very edge of the precipice, on its lofty summit, comes the point of a triangular inclosure, open at its base, and made of strong stakes driven into the solid guano, and closely knit together with iron chains. At the point resting upon the edge of the cliff there is a small opening, to which is firmly attached a wide canvas pipe, which hangs down the face of the precipice and passes into the hold of the vessel beneath. The inclosure, which will contain several hundred tons, is filled with guano by the Indian laborers, and a small line that closes the mouth of the pipe being slackened, the whole mass is poured into the ship at a rate which very soon completes her cargo. From different parts of the pipe, bowlines lead to the mast-heads of the vessel, and from thence on deck, where they are tended by the crew, who alternately haul upon and slack

them so as to keep the long pipe in motion and prevent its choking. But, however well they may succeed in that effort, the men have considerable difficulty in avoiding some such catastrophe in their own persons; for the guano, after falling from so great an elevation, rises through the hatchways in one immense cloud, that completely envelops the ship, and renders the inhaling of anything save dust almost a matter of impossibility. The men wear patent respirators, in the shape of bunches of tarry oakum, tied across their mouths and nostrils; but the guano mocks at such weak defenses, and a brisk continued fusilade of sneezes celebrates the opening of the pipe, and accompanies, in repeated volleys and with unwilling tears, the unremitting shower of pungent dust. In the mean time, a gang of Indians are at work in the hold, trimming and leveling the guano as it pours from above. How they contrive to exist at all in such an atmosphere is matter of astonishment; but even they are unable to remain below longer than twenty minutes at one time. They are then relieved by another party, and return on deck, perfectly naked, streaming with perspiration, and with their brown skins thickly coated with guano. The two parties thus alternately relieving each other, a ship of seven or eight hundred tons is loaded in this manner in two or three days, the Indians on the island working during the night, and filling up the inclosure, ready for shipment on the following day. A smaller inclosure and pipe supply the boats of the vessels anchored off the island.

The guano is dug out with pick and shovel down to the level of the rock, and on the north island the cutting thus formed is in some places from sixty to eighty feet in depth, in others it is only a few inches; but these shallow spots are comparatively rare, and usually border on some deep valley firmly packed with the prevailing substance. From the pressure of the superincumbent mass, the lower strata have become almost as hard and compact as the rock itself, and the color deepens from a light brown, or sometimes white, at the surface, to nearly black at the bottom of the cutting.

The guano of the Chinca islands is said to surpass all other deposits in its strength and fertilizing qualities, and this is chiefly attributed to the fact that rain never falls

on those islands. Owing to this extreme aridity of the climate, the saline particles of the manure are never held in solution, and are therefore less liable to be lost by evaporation than where the surface of the mass is frequently washed by heavy rains. Large lumps of very strong and pure ammonia are, in fact, often turned up by the diggers. The thick fogs, that at certain seasons are of nightly occurrence on the coast, convert the outer layer into a greasy paste, which is immediately baked by the sun into a hard crust that prevents even the fogs from penetrating into the interior. This crust is completely undermined by the birds that still frequent the islands in vast numbers, though they are said to bear no comparison to the myriads that formerly held sole and undisturbed possession of them. There are mews, gannets, penguins, pelicans, divers, shearbeaks, and many other sorts of sea-fowl; but the most common is the guano-bird—a very handsome creature, about the size of a pigeon, beautifully variegated, and decorated with two pendant ear-drops. Naturalists, delighting in hard words, call him *sulietta variegata*. These web-footed colonists form regular towns beneath the crust of the guano, the various settlements communicating with each other by galleries running in all directions, so that it is almost impossible to set foot upon the untouched surface of the island without sinking to the knee in some feathered lady's nursery, and either smashing her eggs or mutilating her half-fledged progeny. The egg-shells, and the remains of fish brought to feed the young birds, or to be devoured at leisure by the old ones, must form a considerable item in the deposits.

Thickly tenanted as are the islands and the air above them, the waters beneath are no less full of life. Shoals of small fish are continually passing through the channels; whales are frequently seen rolling their huge bodies in the offing; and the numerous caves that perforate the islands on every side are inhabited by colonies of seals and sea-lions, that wage an unceasing predatory war upon the sparkling shoals that pass, unconscious of all danger, their gloomy surf-bound territories.

The islands themselves are perfectly barren. Not a blade of grass, nor even a particle of moss, exists upon them. They present only one brown arid expanse, in-

capable of furnishing food for the tiniest nibbler that ever gnawed a grain of corn; and yet they possess sufficient fertilizing power to transform a barren desert to a fruitful garden; and they annually furnish food in other lands for thousands of hungry mortals who never even heard of their existence! They are also completely destitute of water, the Indians who live upon them being supplied with this necessary of life by the shipping in turns. Every article of food is brought from Pisco, to which port the guano-diggers occasionally resort, to spend in extravagance and dissipation their hard-earned wages. The commandant resides on the north island, in a miserable cottage. Four poles stuck in the guano, with grass mats or a few reeds stretched between them and covered in with a flat roof of the same material, form specimens of a high order of Chineca architecture. Furniture is of course unknown, and clothes are as nearly so as possible; but the high wages given to the laborers appear to balance the *désagréments* of their position.

Guano, indeed, has been used for agricultural purposes in Peru ever since the invasion of the Spaniards. Large quantities of it are consumed in the haciendas that skirt the banks of the rivers which flow from the mountains through the desert coast, raising in their passage through the arid sand-ocean long green islands of extraordinary fertility. The mode of applying the manure differs considerably from that adopted in England. It is never used with the seed; but when the plants are a few inches above the surface a long shallow trench is made close to the roots, and in this a small quantity of guano is placed, the white being always preferred. The trench being slightly covered with earth, the whole field is either laid completely under water by dams and sluices erected for the purpose, or, where no such system of irrigation exists, other means are adopted for thoroughly saturating the soil.

The potatoes produced by this mode of culture are perhaps the finest, both for size and quality, in the world, and the extraordinary rapidity of their growth after the first application of the manure is most astonishing. This fact alone ought to furnish a sufficient reply to the theory that attributed the late potato disease to the use of guano.

## POPERY AND OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is stated that an act, authorizing the *pro rata* apportionment of public school money to schools organized and maintained by religious denominations, was pushed through the California Legislature at the heel of its last session, and that the Roman Catholics, who incited its passage, are preparing to profit by it.

So "it is stated," say the newspapers, and we suppose correctly. It is what we might expect from the politic ecclesiastical managers of Romanism, and from the demagogical politicians of the country. If the statement is correct, it is the first instance of success in what has evidently been a grand scheme, emanating from the highest councils of the Roman Church in this country, for the subversion of our common school system—the system which Romanists, as well as ourselves, know to be the strongest bulwark of both the Protestantism and the liberties of the Republic. The light that radiates over the land from our common school houses is destructive to the medieval barbarism of Popery, and can consist only with an enlightened faith and unshackled consciences. The common school education of this nation is a consuming conflagration among the temples of Romanism. The papal papers and bishops complain that the Church loses its children and youth continually. The complaint has become very emphatic within a few years past.\* The superannuated immigrant and the bigotedly educated child are alone found to be firm in their adhesion to the obsolete mummery of the system. The second generation quite generally, and the first generation to a considerable extent, are indifferent if not hostile to the arrogant pretensions of the priesthood, and desert usually the altar, and almost entirely the confessional.

Our public education is accused of this effect. At first our text-books were condemned, and in many instances ignominious concessions were made by the American public to this imported public. Expurga-

\* *Zion's Herald* says that "FATHER CAHILL, celebrated as an Irish Roman Catholic Priest, is coming to this country to check the defection of his countrymen from Romanism! Is not this fact significant? Does it not show that Rome has cause for alarm in America, and that, despite her boasts of anticipated triumphs here, she really fears annihilation?"

tions of the noblest sentiments were made from our school manuals, restrictions were put upon the reading of the Scriptures even, and religion was virtually turned out of our schools. The alleged evil, however, continued—the Church still lost its youth. Now the effect is ascribed to the *want* of religious instruction, and the association of the papal children with our young American heretics. Popery is to educate her own children, and educate them not merely in the elements of wholesome secular knowledge, but in her own faith—in the use of rosaries, genuflections, the worship of images of the Virgin and other saints—and the public money must be given to her for this purpose. This is her plea, and this plea is as preposterous as would be a claim to introduce into our jurisprudence the absurdities of European municipal tyrannies, because they are congenial with Popery, which has coexisted with, if it has not created them.

Nothing is more important in the policy of this country than the promotion of homogeneousness of character—a common nationality among all the races that thicken on our territory. We have two great means for this end—the *common ballot-box* and the *common school*. All others put together do not equal these, and the greater of these, incomparably, is the common school. The common education of the children and youth of a nation, conducted in a common language, under a common regimen, and having, if not a common form of religion, yet a common *exclusion* of all formal religion—this, if anything, must give national identity to a people. Hostility to our common schools is, then, hostility to our nationality, and the Roman ecclesiasticism of the country is guilty of this high crime.

We have said it was guilty of a concerted scheme in this respect. The fact is hardly questionable. It was not till after a grand council of all the papal prelates of the country, held at Baltimore, that this war against our public education began. It then began simultaneously in all parts of the country. Roman Catholic schools sprung up everywhere, the Roman papers began to clamor all together for a division of the public school funds among religious bodies, not in proportion to their taxes, but in proportion to their children—a condition which would make Protestantism virtually endow the education of Popery.

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Popery, always in the market for the bid of demagogues, soon appeared with its ridiculous claim at the ballot-box. But the good sense of the people met it sternly there, and gave it an overthrow, the like of which was never known before in this land. In Detroit, in Cincinnati, in Baltimore, everywhere that it attempted the fool-hardy contest, it was utterly routed. A more gratifying instance of the good sense of the American people can hardly be quoted. It became quite clear that the bishops had blundered most egregiously; they had compromised their position before the nation. The blunder is irremediable. They can make no apology for it which will not exasperate it, and hereafter they will be looked upon with an inexorable vigilance. We know of no event in the history of their Church, in this country, which must tell so signally against its future success among the American people. The wrong action was impotent enough, to be sure, but the reaction is stunning; and we have no fear that the conspiracy will ever do anything more than combine our citizens in firmer support of a *common provision* for the *common education* of the children of our *common country*.

If the emissaries of this plot have succeeded in accomplishing their purpose in California, we hope her Protestant citizens will ferret out and correct the mischief promptly. It should not be connived at one hour. Let the fact and the process of the fact be searched through and through, and let it be known whether the energetic population of that new State will bow their necks to be priest-ridden by conspirators against the liberties of their country—by men who, defeated in the older States, have skulked to the extremity of the republic, and there, amid the absorption of the public mind in new enterprises, and at “the heel of the session of the Legislature,” have stealthily enacted their culpable purpose. The Californians have not been understood by their brethren of the other States if they do not spurn this flagitious imposition.

We hope the politicians will learn a lesson from the reaction which has attended most of these efforts of the Romanists; namely, that the political importance of the latter, so much vaunted, is little short of a humbug. We doubt not that it has been the policy of the priestly leaders to foster a sense of their numerical

importance among the political leaders. There has been a preposterous exaggeration of their value in this respect. Their numerical importance in this country has been entirely overrated. There are other denominations who utterly eclipse them numerically—denominations, too, which will hereafter resent any compromise of any political party with them. It is time, indeed, that the Protestant sects of the country should distinctly assert themselves in this respect. They insist upon no coallitions of religious and political parties; but if the leaders of the latter are guilty of direct or indirect concert with Popery, the Protestant sects of the land, any or all of them, will be justified in arraying themselves against the unrighteous league.

The last census of the United States shows the comparative strength of Popery in this country. We gave some remarks on this subject a few months ago, but may again refer to it opportunely here. We inserted at that time the following table:—

	Number of Churches.	Aggregate Accommodations.	Total Value of Ch. Property.
Baptist.....	8,791	31,130,870	\$10,931,382
Christian.....	812	296,650	845,810
Congregational ..	1,674	795,177	7,973,902
Dutch Reformed ..	324	181,986	4,096,730
Episcopal.....	1,422	625,210	11,231,970
Fre... ..	361	108,605	252,255
Friends.....	714	282,823	1,709,867
German Reformed ..	327	156,932	965,880
Jewish.....	31	16,575	371,600
Lutheran.....	1,203	531,100	2,867,886
Mennonite .....	110	29,000	94,247
Methodist.....	12,467	4,200,333	14,699,671
Moravian.....	331	112,185	443,347
Presbyterian .....	4,584	2,040,316	14,369,889
Roman Catholic .....	1,112	620,950	8,973,838
Swedenborgian .....	15	6,070	108,100
Tunker .....	52	35,075	46,025
Union.....	619	213,552	690,065
Unitarian.....	243	137,367	3,268,122
Universalist.....	494	205,462	1,707,075
Minor Sects.....	325	115,347	741,990
Total.....	36,011	13,849,596	\$86,416,639

The representation of the Roman Church here is surprising, and should undeceive at once our political managers. It has but one thousand one hundred and twelve churches, which can accommodate only six hundred and twenty-one thousand hearers!—not *one-eleventh* of the number of churches belonging to the Methodists, scarcely more than *one-eighth* the number of the Baptists, not *one-fourth* the number of the Presbyterians. It has not *one-thirty-third* of the whole number reported, while the Methodists have more than *one-third*, and the Baptists nearly *one-fourth*.

The comparative feebleness of Popery among us, as shown in this table, accords with the statements of the Report

respecting *immigration*. We have had quite exaggerated apprehensions on this subject. Of our twenty-four millions, only about two and a quarter millions are natives of Europe. This is less than ten per cent. About one million of these are Irish, a people who have been supposed to be more numerous than the whole foreign-born population reported by the census.

The papal statistics appear large, because they report their whole population as members of the Church; whereas the Protestant denominations only report their actual communicants, not their congregational adherents. The latter are, however, as decidedly Protestant on all general questions as the mass of Catholics are papal. The Methodist denomination alone (rating three members of the congregation to one of the Church—a small estimate) has under its religious influence above one-sixth of the population of the nation. That denomination, if none other, should openly confront Popery on all these great questions. It is a duty it owes to all sister sects, and to our common country.

Any attempt by the leaders of parties to compromise the great interests of the country with the Papal Church, must, in view of these facts, be a disastrous policy, if the Protestant denominations choose to resent it. And the time has come, we believe, for them to be ready to do so, should any political countenance be shown to this great conspiracy of the Catholic leaders. The party that sides with it should be overthrown by the joint rising of the Protestantism of the country. Protestantism could not do a better service to American liberty, nor earn a better title to the respect of the world.

**ALLIGATORS SWALLOWING STONES.**—The Indians on the banks of the Oronoko assert, that previously to an alligator going in search of prey it always swallows a large stone, that it may acquire additional weight to aid it in diving and dragging its victims under water. A traveler being somewhat incredulous on this point, Bolivar, to convince him, shot several with his rifle, and in all of them were found stones varying in weight according to the size of the animal. The largest killed was about seventeen feet in length, and had within him a stone weighing about sixty or seventy pounds.

# The National Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1853.

## EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

**TABLE-MOVING.**—“Much of Europe is still agog with table-moving. In Spain the exploits of the *mesa atrigeris* (gyrating table) are everywhere set on foot, and regarded with the liveliest interest. In royal and princely palaces and in peasants’ huts nothing is tried or talked of but the new discovery. At St. Petersburg, too, the whole world is gathered to the dance, and from Siberia we have accounts of successful experiments. Indeed, we hear from that country of achievements in the tabular line by the Buddhist lamas or priests of Tartary, which surpass the common run of things elsewhere.” So speaks one of our exchanges. In this country the mania is far from subsiding. We have recently seen a prolix volume of “Discourses from the Spirit-World,” by Dr. Olin—a most preposterous affair. Another volume has also appeared, “Philosophy of the Spirit-World,” with revelations from Washington, Jefferson, Adams, &c., on almost every important topic of ethics and government; and now Judge Edmonds’s work, backed by Senator Tallmadge’s indorsement, has taken the wings of the wind to spread still further the half-comic, half-tragic dementation. What a chapter in the history of popular excitements will this strange affair make for the writers who in the next century shall record our history, with its Mormon, its Mesmeric, its Fourierite, and its Woman’s Rights mania, as we write the marvels of the Witchcraft and Ghostcraft of our fathers! Which of the two ages will appear the wisest to our children?

We notice several new publications on the subject in England—one by a grave clergyman, contending (as did Mr. Beecher) that the devil himself, or at least his immediate invisible associates, are responsible for the mischief. We think the disrespectful charge (in this form, at least) is not due to that quarter; but that the simpletonism of our times, perplexed by a newly developed scientific fact, has become crazed, and needs only good scientific guidance to thread its way out of the delusion. We contend for our former solution of this mystery, and are glad to be able to lay before our readers some sensible remarks on the subject from an evidently sound-headed critic in our present number. Please not pass them by.

**BEARDS OR NO BEARDS,** seems to be among the “great questions” of the times, if we may judge from the frequent discussions of the subject in our exchanges. We have heretofore inserted several articles, witty or profound, upon it, from our European magazines. Dickens, in his *Household Words*, takes rank gallantly among the non-shavers. After belathering the subject at much length, and with great energy, he concludes emphatically thus:—

“Surely, enough has been said to make it evident that the man who, at the end of his days, has spent about an entire year of his life in scraping off his beard, has worried himself to no purpose, has submitted to a painful vexations, and not only useless,

but actually unwholesome custom. He has disfigured himself systematically throughout life, accepted his share of unnecessary *te douloreas* and toothache, coughs and colds, has swallowed dust and inhaled smoke and fog, out of complaisance to the social prejudice which happens just now to prevail. We all abominate the razor while we use it, and would gladly lay it down. Now if we see clearly—and I think the fact is very clear—that the use of it is a great blunder, and if we are no longer such a slovenly people as to be afraid that, if we kept our beards, we should not wash, or comb, or trim them in a decent way, why can we not put aside our morning plough, and irritate our skin no more as we now do?”

Common-sense that, certainly—a common sense as old as the patriarchs and apostles, but nullified by our modern succumbency to fashion. Fashion, however, is itself now taking a turn in its route, and will probably soon be found jogging along with a long beard in the train of the “good old times.”

Even the Spirit-Rappers have entered the field of the “long-beard controversy.” A “medium” of Boston, by whom evidently some waggish spirit speaks, addresses to the world, through the *Tribune*, an oracular article against the razor. His reasons against its use smack also, to some extent, of good common sense. He says:—

“1. In the first place, it seems to us that an all-wise Creator could not have placed the beard of the male man on his face, without some wise end to be obtained by its growing there.

“2. ‘The hairs of our head are numbered,’ and therefore each and every one is designed for some good use.

“3. It is as much a subversion of the designs of God to shave off the beard as it would be to cut down a forest of trees, and afterward, by continual exertions, to prevent another growth of trees or vegetables on the soil.

“4. To practice shaving is a continual exertion on the part of man to destroy the works of God, and unnatural, because the Creator is in the continual endeavor to reproduce and establish a beard. Such has been the strife between this medium during more than forty years, that he shaved off what the Creator reproduced, until he cut off about thirty feet in length of beard from his face! What a monstrous destruction of the vitality of the system, as well as of refined nutriment!”

After this substantial logic the writer lapses into his monomania, and reports from the invisibles on the subject. He proceeds:—

“5. It has been told to this medium, from the spiritual world, that the beard has especial reference to a guard kept by spirits over the speech of men, of the power to do which they are in a great measure deprived the moment the beard is removed from man’s head.

“6. They say, also, that a man, by removing the beard from his face, destroys the distinction that God has wisely placed there to show that he is a man and not a boy.

“7. That the destruction of this distinction causes men, women, and children to forget that he is a man, and that thus impertinence and frivolity of speech are engendered in all the race, as the constant effect of removing a distinction so salutary.”

After these opinions from the “spirits,” which do not seem quite as sensible as Dickens’s, or the “medium’s” own logic, the writer rounds off with a little more common-sense, dashed with some slight freaks, as follows:—

“10. It is a duty we owe to God to submit to all the disadvantages of wearing it, if any there be, and to influence our fellow-men to omit shaving, and employ the necessary time and expenses more usefully.

“11. The disadvantages of wearing it are not worth mentioning, as a little skill in training it will keep it well out of the way, without trouble, as I know from near a year of experience.

"12. It protects the throat and chin from the effects of damp and cold atmospheres, and thus the bronchial tubes from inflammation, both in winter and summer, thus rendering the voice more clear, distinct, and forcible.

"14. The grown beard supplies necessary fluids to the head, and thus keeps it, as well as the throat, cool in summer, as by covering the face it protects it from cold in winter. All who wear their beards the year round can testify to this. It is also a great comfort to have a well grown and full beard in bed, whether one is sick or well, as this medium knows by experience.

"15. In olden time, all who were dedicated to the service of the Lord, as were Samson, Samuel, Jesus Christ, &c., were forbidden to shave or to 'mar the corners of their beards,' and there is such a conscious connection between exalted virtue and a beard on the face of men, that were a picture of any good patriarch, apostle, or male martyr presented without a beard, people would call it a humbug and a cheat.

"16. I feel now like a whole man before God and men, not now to be subjected to cowardly distrust or fear, as if I had violently removed a necessary part of my being, formed by wisdom divine, for which I am guilty. I can now stand forth in my entire identity, not being maimed by the destructive works of my own hands, and pass the world's mistaken sneers and smiles without annoyance."

This is conclusive. Let the shavers "hide their diminished" chins.

But aside from all banter, we believe the tendency to restore the old manly custom of wearing the beard is a salutary, a reasonable one—most convenient one we know it to be, so far as we have been able, consistently with public opinion, to adopt it. What an emancipation of mankind will the abolition of the razor be! How much time, expense, vexation, and even ill-health, will it save? The fact that the world of folly has taken the lead in the reform, is the only serious obstacle to its progress. This, however, will not be insurmountable in so desirable a change. We see, from an exchange paper now on our table, that the question whether all the railway employees in England should wear beards, is discussed on sanitary grounds. Some recommend it as a preventive against cold, in a letter signed by guards, inspectors, engineers, and firemen. In France, says this "cotemporary," the railway employees wear beards as a protection against cold; in Russia, the beard is the great protection of the male inhabitants against severe weather; it is considered an ordination of nature. The fact is, mankind are coming to their senses on a great many old topics. A return to nature in all natural habits is the true philosophy—the philosophy which is, hereafter, to sweep away half the follies of that whimsical nonsense called fashion, and half the fallacies of that still more ambiguous affair called civilization.

The late disasters of steamboats and railroads have almost settled our character as a reckless, break-neck, dare-death people. They have, indeed, been lamentable; but after all, when compared with the amount of safe traveling we have in this country, where the whole nation is floating about, these disasters do not appear so frightful, and the chances of escape become quite mathematically hopeful. We have, personally, been half the year "boxing the compass," nearly all over the free States, on steamboats and rail-cars, and without the slightest inkling of accident. The Secretary of the Treasury, in his last report, gives some

statistics respecting our steamboats. He says: "Our whole number of steamboats amounts to one thousand three hundred and ninety; tonnage, four hundred and seventeen thousand two hundred and thirty-six tons, manned by twenty nine thousand two hundred and seventy-seven men; and carrying, besides freight, forty millions of passengers in the year 1852." In this vast travel, it is stated that only seven hundred and fifty lives were lost by all sorts of accidents—that is, one in fifty-three thousand two hundred and five. The ratio on railroads must be much less. A newspaper writer remarks, that "in a lottery where there were fifty-three thousand blanks to a prize, the adventurer would deem his chance next to nothing." Our improvements are continually diminishing the perils of travel; let us push forward such guarantees; but, meanwhile, let every traveler enjoy his passage without constituting himself into a committee of vigilance, as if pursued by death and destruction. We make some experimental suggestions to such in the "Jottings in the West," the present month. Professor Silliman, it is stated, affirms that more lives are lost by camphene than by steamboat explosions. This sounds to us like what they call a "whopper" in the West, but "whoppers" are often true in this "great country."

The *Christian Advocate* intimates that the *Five Points' stories*,—"Hot Corn," &c., published in the *Tribune*, are fictions, and designed by the author to be so understood. If this is the case, we are sure many readers of these affecting sketches will feel somewhat chagrined, if not a little worse. They have obtained for Rev. Mr. Pease's Mission considerable material aid, from the impression, as we doubt not, that they were matter-of-fact illustrations of the scenes amid which he is laboring, and not the invented (however generally truthful) pictures of a novelette writer. We notice a sort of rivalry between the managers of the different missions at that noted locality—a rivalry which would be well enough if it were a mere emulation of each other's good works; but it takes quite another aspect. There are incessant indirect allusions to mutual disagreements between the parties, and the public is left to puzzle itself with conjectures about the matters in dispute. A "Report" in a late number of the *Tribune* reflects quite distinctly on the Ladies' Home Mission. "Fanny Fern" attacks them without gloves in the *Musical World*. What is the matter? The public have a right to understand it. If there is or has been any abuse of its sympathies for these missions, it ought certainly to have a full and frank exposure of the wrong. It is lamentable that discords should mar a charitable work so peculiarly urgent and interesting as that now going on in the very precincts of perdition at the Five Points; but if they do exist, the cause of humanity and religion will only suffer by an equivocal treatment of them.

*Mathematical Genius.*—The *Cincinnati Gazette* says that "William Marcy, a colored boy from Kentucky, who was in that city lately, can add up columns of figures of any length, divide any given sum, multiply millions by thousands

within *five minutes* from the time the figures are given to him, and with such exactness as to render it truly wonderful. Recently, in the presence of a party of gentlemen, he added a column of figures, *eight* in line, and *one hundred and eighty* lines, making the sum total of several millions, within *six minutes*. The feat was so astounding, and apparently incredible, that several of the party took off their coats, and, dividing the sum, went to work, and in two hours after they commenced produced identically the same answers. The boy is not quite seventeen years of age; he cannot read nor write, and in every other branch of an English education is entirely deficient." It is worthy of remark that mathematics are the only department of science in which such feats of imbecile minds can be achieved. The supposition would not, *a priori*, be admissible; but frequent facts prove it. A negro, a real idiot, was not long since reported in Alabama who could beat this Kentuckian in figures, but could scarcely do anything else worthy of a human intellect. Precocious mathematicians, not imbecile, have usually turned out poorly; few of them, like Pascal, have shown any general capacity. These facts suggest inferences unfortunate for mathematical genius, if not for mathematical studies. They have sublime relations, in their "mixed" form, with our knowledge of the universe; but their relations to genius—to human sentiments and sensibilities—to the moral and ideal in humanity, are, to say the least, quite equivocal.

The following paragraph, from St. John's "*Here and There*," will be interesting to classical students, and all lovers of ancient history:—

"The whole channel of the Mediterranean must be strewed with human bones. Carthaginians, Syrians, Egyptians, Sidonians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans—they lie side by side, beneath the eternal waters, and the modern ship that fetches freight from Alexandria, sails in its whole course over buried nations. It may be the corruption of the dead that now adds brightness to the phosphorescence of the waves. All told me in the East that a superstition exists on this subject, which represents the spirits of the departed as hovering, whether on land or water, over the spots where the ruins of their tabernacles are found; so that in plowing the Mediterranean we sail through armies of ghosts more multitudinous than the waves. These patient spirits sometimes ride on the foam, and at other times repose in those delicious little hollows, which look like excavated emeralds between the crests of the waves. It is their union and thronging together, say the Orientals, that constitute the phosphorescence of the sea; for wherever there is light the billows flash with the luminousness of vanished generations, that concentrate, as it were, the starlight on their wings."

The Mediterranean has been the field of many brilliant and many fearful scenes, but it is yet to present its sublimest spectacle when "the sea shall give up its dead."

Many persons have a habit of justifying their own faults by referring to those of other people; and a few have the art of extenuating one short-coming by citing another of their own. Charles Lamb, the humorist, ironically illustrated this propensity one day. One of his superiors in the counting-house in which he held a situation said to him, "Mr. Lamb, we notice that you come *late* to your post." "But,

sir," was the ready reply, "you must acknowledge that I *quit early*."

Apropos of *faults*, we mind us of an incident in the early history of Jeremy Taylor. It appears that Laud, the famous Archbishop of Canterbury, having heard the fame of Taylor's eloquence, was anxious to hear him, and sent for the young divine to preach before him at Lambeth. The archbishop was highly pleased with his discourse, but observed that he was too young for the office he was then filling in St. Paul's. Taylor "humbly begged his grace to pardon that fault, and promised if he lived he would mend it."

**A GOOD PORTRAIT.**—Miss Bremer's new book on this country is exceedingly entertaining, though it abounds in petty blunders. There is a simple, beautiful revelation of her own soul throughout its pages. Its naivete borders at times on weakness, and yet is irresistibly charming. We have quoted from it elsewhere, but are tempted to give also the following as a good portrait at once of herself and her excellent American friend:—

"When at night I went home with Anne Lynch, the air was delicious, and the walk through this night air and in the quiet streets—the causeways here are broad, and as smooth as a house-floor—very agreeable. The starry heavens—God's town—stood with streets and groups of glittering dwellings in quiet grandeur and silence above us. And here, in that quiet, starlight night, Anne Lynch unfolded all her soul to me, and I saw an earnest and profound depth, bright with stars, such as I scarcely expected in this gay being, who, butterfly-like, flutters through the life of society as in its proper element. I had always thought her uncommonly agreeable, had admired the ability with which she, without affluence, and who, alone, by her talents and personal endowments, had made for herself and for her estimable mother an independence, and by which she had become the gathering-point for the literary and the most cultivated society of New-York, who assembled once a week in her drawing-room. I had admired also her inoffensive wit, her child-like gaiety and good-humor, and especially liked a certain expression in her eye, as if it were seeking for something, 'something a long, long way off,' even in her apparently dissipated, worldly life. In a word, I had liked her, had a deep interest in her; now I loved her. She is one of the birds of Paradise which skims over the world without soiling its wings with its dust. Anne Lynch, with her individuality, and her position in society, is one of the peculiar figures of the New World."

**ORTHOGRAPHY.**—We are not sure that the readers of the "NATIONAL" are not sometimes startled, and, it may be, shocked even, at meeting in its pages an occasional deviation, seemingly very gross and glaring, from the orthography—the good old Mother-English spelling—they were wont so studiously to memorize in their school-boy days, and have skillfully practiced and reverently respected ever since. We confess that our own prejudices, notions, and nerves have, times not a few, been offended for the same reason, and we can easily sympathize with all sensitiveness on this point. However, somebody before us has shrewdly called this "an age of progress;" and, naturally enough, language, not being perfect, could not abide intact such tinkering, meddlesome times as ours. Still, we have no tears to shed over any changes, in whatsoever department of life or learning, only so they be for the better. But "who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Unquestionably, ourselves. Be it, therefore, known

that we have chosen to be, for an indefinite term, linguistically our dictator, *Rex regens*, and supreme autocrat, Noah Webster, LL.D., author of an "American Dictionary of the English Language," published by George and Charles Merriam, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

This work is now justly deemed the standard dictionary of our noble but clumsy language; and we trust that the republic of letters, and "the rest of mankind," will soon concede it a universal deference, and so save themselves from a "confusion of tongues," and editors from floods of anarchic scribblings. Meanwhile, should we sometimes seem to perpetrate what may look very like an egregious blunder, let the critic charitably suspend judgment until he has consulted the aforementioned Noah Webster, LL.D., Doctor of the Laws of Language. We shall hold him to be an authoritative umpire.

We will not be responsible for the following clip, on the "effects of wrong spelling," but think it will serve to "point a moral or adorn a tale":—

"Not long since, a gentleman, then chorister of a certain choir in Vermont, wrote to a publisher in Boston for a copy of that popular singing-book entitled 'The Ancient Lyre.' In his communication he used the following language: 'Please send me the Ancient *Liar* well bound.' The publisher, in answer to his request, replied: 'My Dear Sir—I do not doubt that the *deed* has been and still is in Boston; but it will be difficult to comply with your request, for the reason that Boston influence is so strong in his favor it will be impossible to *bend* him.'"

"Anger," says St. Chrysostom, "is implanted in us as a sort of sting, to make us gnatish with our teeth against the devil, to make us vehement against him—not to set us in array against each other. We have arms given to us, not to make war among ourselves, but that we may employ our whole armor against our spiritual adversary. Art thou prone to anger? Be so against thine own sins; chastise thy soul, scourge thy conscience; be a severe judge, and merciless in thy sentence, against thine own sins. This is the way to turn anger to profit. It was for this that God implanted wrath within us."

The aping of aristocracy, by our opulent city families, is becoming an enormous evil: we are glad to meet with any rebuke of it. Hon. John A. Dix, in a late lecture, made the following just remarks upon extravagance in building: "Nothing can be more unwise than the erection of costly dwellings, which can only be maintained by princely fortunes. At the death of the head of a family, and a division of the ancestral property, no one of the children, as a general rule, has enough to support the establishment, and it passes into other hands. Nothing can be more cruel than to bring up children with expectations which cannot be fulfilled, and with habits of life which they are compelled to abandon. The parent, for the sake of a few years of ostentation, invests a large portion of his estate in a splendid dwelling, with the certainty that his death will be the signal for the expulsion of his children from it. Nothing can be more inconsiderate, if it is done without reflection; or more unfeeling, if it is done with a full view of the inevitable consequences. Look for the splendid mansions of thirty years ago, and see what has become of them. Scarcely one

remains in the family by which it was constructed. They are boarding-houses, places of public exhibition, or the workshops of fashion."

Our New-York "dinner parties" in "high life" have often been described—we were about to say caricatured, but that would be incorrect, for they are themselves practical caricatures, and the caricature of a caricature is a conception which we believe no art has yet realized. Their ridiculous extravagance—a self-compliment to the wealth of the host rather than a compliment to the good taste of his guests—is notorious. Miss Bremer, in her new book, says:—

"Is there in this world anything more wearisome, more dismal, more intolerable, more indigestible, more stupefying, more unbearable, anything more calculated to kill both soul and body, than a great dinner at New-York? For my part, I do not believe it is. People sit down to table at half-past five or six o'clock; they are sitting at table at nine o'clock, sitting and being served with the one course after another, with the one indigestible dish after another, eating and being silent. I have never heard such a silence as at these great dinners. In order not to go to sleep, I am obliged to eat, to eat without being hungry, and dishes, too, which do not agree with me. And all the while I feel such an emotion of impatience and wrath at this mode of wasting time, and God's good gifts, and that in so stupidly wearisome a manner, that I am just ready to fling dish and plate on the floor, and repay hospitality by a sermon of rebuke, if I only had courage enough. But I am silent, and suffer, and grumble, and scold in silence. Not quite beautiful this; but I cannot help it! I was yesterday at one of these great dinners—a terrible feast! Two elderly gentlemen-lawyers sat opposite me, sat and dozed while they opened their mouths to put in the delicacies which were offered to them. At our peasant weddings, where people also sit three hours at table, there are, nevertheless, talks and toasts, and gifts for the bride and bridegroom, and fiddlers to play in every dish; but here one has nothing but the meat. And the dinners in Denmark! I cannot but think of them, with their few but excellent dishes, and animated, cheerful guests, who merely were sometimes too loud in their zeal for talking, and making themselves heard; the wit, the joke, the stories, the toasts, the conversations, that merry, free, lively *laisser aller*, which distinguishes Danish social life; in truth, it was champagne—champagne for soul and body at the entertainments there!—the last at which I was present in Europe before I came hither. But these entertainments here! they ought to be introduced into the Litany."

WICLIFFE'S ASHES.—The Council of Constance raked from the grave the bones of the immortal Wicliif forty years after their interment, burned them to ashes, and threw them into a neighboring brook. "This brook," says Fuller, "conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wicliif are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." "So," says Fox, "was he resolved into three elements, earth, fire, and water, thinking thereby utterly to extinguish both the name and doctrine of Wicliif forever. But as there is no counsel against the Lord, so there is no keeping down of verity. It will spring and come out of dust and ashes, as appeared right well in this man: for, though they digged up his body, burnt his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth of his doctrines, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn. They to this day remain."

The following remarkable admission speaks for itself. *The Freeman's Journal*—the well-known leading paper of the Romanists—in an editorial on Chaplains in Public Institutions, finds much fault with the appointment of Protestants to such posts, and contends for the appointment of Romish priests, assigning a very extraordinary and significant reason. "The rule is exceedingly plain," says the Journal, "in reference to prisons, poor-houses, and all institutions supported by public money. Under our government, we do not see what business such institutions have with salaried chaplains; but if such are to be, it is evident they should be chosen of the religion most generally professed by the inmates of such institutions."

An able writer says: "The confessional, and its easy absolution of sins, have made, in all eminently Roman Catholic countries, truth cheap and human life cheap. Both in Ireland and Italy, perjury and murder are stripped of their horrors."

Punch has the following witty parody of a nursery song:—

"Hushaby, Pontiff, upon the sword's prop:  
When the world moves the popedom will rock,  
When the prop breaks the structure will fall,  
And down comes papacy, pontiff, and all."

With the present number closes another volume of the *NATIONAL*. The fourth semi-annual volume and the New Year will open together. We respectfully solicit the attention of our subscribers, and our friends generally, to this fact. Although many subscriptions on our list do not expire until July next, many others terminate with the present issue, and should be renewed by the first of January. We hope that none of them will fail. We hope also, at that time, to call upon our books the names of several thousand new subscribers.

We cannot forbear an expression of hearty satisfaction at the success which has thus far attended our enterprise; not that it has been pecuniarily remunerative, but because many of the good and wise in all parts of the land have declared their high appreciation of our design and labors, and their deep convictions of the timeliness and usefulness of the undertaking. We are greatly encouraged. Everything indicates that the *NATIONAL* has already achieved for itself an enviable reputation, and rests upon a *solid basis*. Believing that we have not only the approval of our conscience, but also the approbation of the best critics and Christians in the land, we address ourselves with new diligence and hope to the work assigned us. We never closed up a volume under happier auspices. Additional editorial aid has been secured, and no pains and expense will be spared to make the magazine the best family monthly published in the land. It looks to its friends for continued encouragement. Is not such a work needed? They have affirmed so with much emphasis. The public press has given our humble efforts to meet the necessity even unusual commendation. We shall press forward with more hopefulness than ever in these attempts; and under new arrangements, by which they will be much facilitated, we shall

not doubt of securing increased success. We urge our patrons not only to renew their own subscriptions, but also to aid our circulation in their vicinities. Is there a cheaper work for them to recommend to their neighbors? Our authorized agents especially, we hope, will exert themselves for us, securing payments on old subscribers, and adding largely to the list. We look to our friends in the West for a hearty "lift." They have expressed much interest in our undertaking. They are a practical people—will they be practical in this interest? We hope to begin the year with hundreds of practical proofs that they will be.

We have endeavored to meet, in this publication, a public want. Our friends have commended the endeavor with much warmth. We shall proceed onward, trusting the pecuniary success of the experiment to the sincerity of their interest.

*A beautiful custom prevails among the Norwegians.* On Christmas morning every gable, gateway, or barn-door in Norway is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a tall pole, from which it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner.

Our Boston correspondent sends us the following interesting

#### LITERARY EPISTLE.

*Chambers' Publications*—Visit of William Chambers to this Country—Biographical Sketch of the Brothers—Popular Education—American Books in Europe—Literary Notices and Announcements.

Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, the enterprising book-publishing firm of our city, have, for a few years past, been greatly enriching the popular literature of our country by the republication of the valuable works edited and issued by the brothers Chambers, of Edinburgh. Of their "Encyclopaedia of English Literature," nearly twenty thousand copies have been sold in the United States, and for their "Miscellany" and "Papers for the People," a very wide distribution has been secured. William, the elder of the brothers, is now visiting this country, and he will undoubtedly receive the attention that his high position in the republic of letters has honorably won for him. He is a gentleman of noble personal bearing, with an intellectual countenance, and with a frank and easy address. He expressed his grateful surprise, in his call upon his American publishers, at the extraordinary circulation of his works in this country, and at the familiar acquaintance which the gentlemen to whom he had been introduced, exhibited with his personal history and writings. William and Robert Chambers commenced their active life in a small bookshop in Edinburgh, Scotland, when they were yet boys, having been thrown entirely upon their own resources for support. William learned the art of printing, and worked at the case and press to increase their annual income. In 1821, Robert published his first volume upon the "Traditions of Edinburgh." Its combined humor and patriotism introduced the book at once to a large circulation, and made its author a favorite with the public. Both brothers, from this time, devoted themselves indefatigably to the labors of the pen and press, and volume after volume of biographical, scientific, and literary works were written and published in rapid succession. In 1832 they originated and issued the first number of the famous "Edinburgh Journal," intended, as set forth in the first number, "to supply intellectual food of the best kind, and in such a form and at such a price, as must suit the convenience of every man in the British dominions." It at once reached the circulation of fifty thousand copies, justifying the wisdom of the projectors in this noble experiment of supplying the common people with substantial reading at an insignificant expense. In 1834, some changes having been made in its form and character, it arose to the then unprecedented number of ninety-two thousand copies, and now, in the twentieth year of its existence, it retains the enviable position it has so long held in the perl-

ological literature of Great Britain. At the present time two hundred persons are employed in their vast publishing warehouse in the various branches of the book-making and printing art.

Mr. William Chambers is now visiting the United States, to become familiar, by personal observation, with our institutions, and especially to examine our system of popular education. We are pleased to have so sagacious and practical an observer carry back with him to England the impressions he must receive from a personal examination of our common schools. At the present moment an important discussion is going on there in reference to popular education; and the question has been not a little embarrassed by reports from certain sources in this country, that our system tends to a wide-spread and confirmed infidelity, and to great laxity of morals. It is a significant fact, that these opinions have only been advanced by those who were previously committed to the advocacy of provincial or sectarian schools. The discussion has been of great service; for it has awakened the community to the importance of insisting upon high moral qualifications in their instructors, and upon decided Christian discipline in the schools. An interesting inquiry, suggested by an English gentleman, was made in reference to the statements above alluded to, under the direction of certain friends of the Massachusetts Board of Education. The object of the inquiry was to discover how many of the attendants upon the common schools were also members of Sabbath schools, and were receiving religious instruction through this instrumentality. The result reached, by examining the schools in Boston, Lowell, and representative towns in commercial and agricultural districts, was, that on an average, ninety per cent. of all the children connected with the common schools were at the time of the examination, or had been, connected with the Sabbath school, and were receiving through this important instrumentality, religious culture. This was, indeed, an unexpected and gratifying result, justifying a remark that has somewhere been made, that the Sabbath school is the *conqueror* of the common school.

Mr. Chambers was peculiarly interested in his visit to the rooms of the Mercantile Library Association. He was astonished to hear of the number of the young merchants enrolled upon its lists, frequenting its library, attending its educational classes, and crowding its double series of literary lectures. He could hardly credit the account he received, of the generous pecuniary donations made to its permanent funds by our merchants. He remarked with pain, that such an institution could not be sustained in Edinburgh, as the young men were so generally dissipated, given to sensuous pleasures, and devoid of ambition for intellectual discipline and eminence.

As a reciprocal compliment for the republishing of so many English works, several of the scientific issues of Messrs. Gould & Lincoln's press have enjoyed a very wide popularity in Europe. The admirable work of Agassiz and Dr. Gould, entitled the "Principles of Zoology," indeed, the only philosophical manual upon the subject, has been published in Germany—taking the place of all other works upon the subject as a textbook—and in France and England. "The Earth and Man; Lectures on Comparative Geography, in its relation to the History of Mankind," by Professor Guyot, has also enjoyed an extraordinary European reputation and circulation. It is refreshing to see our country represented by such noble additions to the world's knowledge, as well as by the numerous works of fiction and art now attracting the attention of the old world.

The above publishers announce as forthcoming: "The Mission of the Comforter," with copious notes; by Jules Charles Hare, 1 vol. 12mo.; "The Priest and the Huguenot; or, Rabaut and Bridaine, in the time of Louis XV," 2 vols. 12mo. They will soon publish uniform editions of Cowper, Scott, and Milton's Poetical Works, 12mo., with illustrations: "First Series of Christian Theology, in the form of a Syllabus, prepared for the use of students," by Rev. John Pye Smith, edited by Rev. W. Farter: "Village Sermons," by Charles Kingsley, jun.—a volume of sermons by one of the most popular English clergymen: "Plain Discourses on Important Subjects," by John Brown, D. D.: "Christian Progress; a Sequel to the *Anxious Inquirer*," by John Angell-James; "Noah and his Times," by Rev. J. M. Olmsted, M. A., 1 vol. 12mo.; "The Christian World Unmasked," by John Berridge, A. M., with a Life of the Author, by Dr. Guthrie, of Scotland, 16mo.; "Glad Tidings," or, "The Gospel of Peace;" a series of Daily Meditations for Christian Disciples," by Rev. W. K. Tweedie, D. D.

Crosby, Nichols, & Co. are receiving very generous demands for some of their late religious publications. The delightful Memoir of Mrs. Ware has reached the seventh edition; and the work upon "Regeneration," by Sears, is attracting considerable attention. They have issued an interesting and thoughtful volume of lectures, by Rev. Samuel Osgood, upon a Divine Providence, as illustrated in the histories of Scriptureworthy, entitled "God with Men; or, Footprints of Providential Leaders." The Lectures to Young Men and Young Women, by Rev. Mr. Elliott, of St. Louis, have reached a second edition. They announce two new volumes by Mrs. H. F. Lee, author of "The Old Painters," &c.: "Familiar Sketches of Sculpture and Sculptors," 2 vols. 16mo.; and "A Memoir of Pierre Toussaint," born a slave in St. Domingo, and afterward a well-known resident in New-York: "Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face," by the author of "Yeast," &c., 2 vols. 16mo. They have in preparation a Memoir of the late Rev. Sylvester Judd: "Popular Legends of Brittany, from the German, with engravings," 16mo.; also, from the German, "The Wind-Spirit and the Rain-Goddess." They promise a pleasant and beautiful diversion for children, to be ready by the holidays—a series of cards, in which, by change of drapery, the fortunes of a little girl named "Fanny Grey" are recorded, with an illustrative ballad.

Jewett & Co. are finding an unexpectedly large demand for the excellent volume of Sermons to Young Men, by Rev. R. W. Clark. The impression made by their delivery was peculiarly happy, and now they are speaking eloquently to a much larger audience. The same publishers are now preparing the illustrations for the publication of a poem of Whittier, entitled "A Sabbath Scene." It will be a gem in execution, while the ballad will sing a stinging satire upon the ill-omened fugitive slave-law. They announce as in press, "Similitudes from the Sea-side and from the Prairie," by Lucy Larcom. The chief work of the month, however, is the promised volume of Travels, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, finely illustrated.

Munroe & Co. have sold six thousand copies of Choute's Eulogy upon Webster, and are preparing a new edition. They have in press a scathing review of Theodore Parker's sermon upon the deceased Statesman, and a new edition of "Friends in Council, both series." Their new and revised edition of "Whately's Rhetoric" is published in excellent style—on the whitest paper, in large type, and arranged in distinct paragraphs—a model of a text-book, as it is final authority upon the subject it discusses.

Little, Brown, & Co. continue the publication of their beautiful edition of the British Poets, from Spencer to Moore. They are chiefly reprinted from the celebrated Aldine edition. The volumes are accompanied with Lives of the Authors, and critical and historical notices, by Rev. John Mitford and others. Gray, Goldsmith, and Pope, are already issued, and the others will soon follow; 12mo., 75 cents. This will be once the cheapest and most elegant edition of the British Classics. The volumes of the Life and Works of John Adams, edited by his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, are approaching a completion. Of the ten volumes, six are already published. "The Life and Letters of Francis Horner," 2 vols. 8vo., are to be published jointly with Murray, the English bookseller. Octavo editions, in the finest library style, of Plutarch, Hume, and Bacon's Works, are announced as in press.

The fine edition of Prior's Life of Burke, just published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, will find numerous readers. An admirable portrait, suggestive of the extraordinary mental power of the great rhetorician, accompanies the work.

Rev. Robert Turnbull, D. D., has a new work in the press of Phillips, Sampson, & Co., entitled "Christ in History; or, The Great Central Power." It will form a duodecime of four hundred and fifty pages. The volume is said to exhibit marked ability and originality, and is announced in connection with flattering commendations from several clergymen of note who had examined the manuscript.

The above book-firm have just published in our leading daylies a Descriptive Catalogue of their standard works, covering the whole field of history, science, and general literature—a vast accumulation of substantial additions to the American library by one house, the proprietors of which are still in their prime. Their editions of the standard Poets and Dramatists are the finest ever published in the country, and placed, by their extremely reasonable price, within the reach of the people; while their volumes of English Histories are unparalleled in cheapness.

BOSTON, MASS., 1858.

R. K. P.

We add to this interesting letter a few

#### LITERARY ITEMS.

HUESTON, 137 Nassau-street, New-York, is about publishing a book, entitled "January and June; or, Out-door Thinkings and Fireside Musings," by Benjamin F. Taylor—a pithy, witty writer, whose fugitive articles have occasionally enlivened our own pages. It will, doubtless, be one of the most readable books of the season.

There were six hundred and ninety-one books published in the United States during the six months ending June 30, of which one hundred and sixty-nine were reprints of English books, and seventeen original translations from the German and French.

The corner-stone of a *Jewish Educational Institute* was laid with the usual ceremonies in this city in October last. The institution is intended as the commencement of a Hebrew College, to be hereafter erected.

The Cooper Institute, now in course of erection in this city, at the head of the Bowery, is designed to be a free public institution, for the benefit of youth generally, apprentices, and all who are disposed to embrace an opportunity for self-improvement. Competent persons will always be ready to instruct without charge, and lectures and discussions on the most useful scientific subjects are to be delivered continually throughout the day and evening. Mr. Peter Cooper is the founder of this noble institution, and the gift is made perpetual.

We have received a handsome catalogue of the *White Water College*, located at Centerville, Indiana, and under the presidency of the Rev. Cyrus Nutt. It appears to be in a flourishing condition. Total number of students in all the departments, two hundred and eight.

The committee authorized by the City Council to purchase a site for the Public Library of Boston, have concluded the purchase of the "Wheeler estate," and one of the estates adjoining on Boylston, near Tremont-street, the same being a portion of the Aphorp estate. The price paid is about seventy thousand dollars. In size, location, and fitness, in every way, it is believed by the warmest friends of the institution to be a most excellent site.

The report to the Methodist Episcopal Geneva Conference, on the condition of the *College and Seminary at Lima*, shows a property of above \$200,000; and the number of pupils that have received instruction during the year is six hundred and fifty-two males, and four hundred and twenty-three females. The new Freshman class in the college numbers forty-nine. The seminary has sent out above two hundred teachers during the past year.

At a late meeting of the School Board of Cincinnati, it was stated that there are at least fifteen thousand children in that city who attended no school whatever.

Miss Martineau is engaged in translating the *Philosophic Positive*, by the great French atheist, M. Comte. It is melancholy to see this gifted lady, in advanced age, leaning more and more toward rank infidelity.

The catalogue of the *Wesleyan Female Institute*, Staunton, Va., shows a total of sixty-nine students in the several classes. It is under the principalship of Rev. J. Wilson, and has a good faculty and good prospects.

*Chevalier Bawen's* "Hippolytus" figures in the last batch of works denounced as "damnable and dangerous" by the Congregation of the Index at Rome. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has been a second time placed upon the same list. A "good sign."

The *Inaugural Address* of Horace Mann, as President of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, accompanied with the usual ceremonies on occasions of the like character, took place upon the college grounds in October. Mr. Mann's speech was on the capacities of man, and the best methods of redeeming the race from the degradation into which it has fallen.

Murray has published a revised third edition of "*The History of England*," from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles, by Lord Mahon, Vol. V. This comprises the period between 1763 and 1774, and contains some curious discussions of the oft-mooted, never-settled question concerning the authorship of the "Ju-nius" Letters.

Mr. Arder, of London, having purchased from an Arab, at the sepulchral diggings about Luxor, Egypt, a roll of *papyrus*, has been instrumental in the publication of two pleadings of Hyperides at the Greek bar, felicitously deciphered from the reporter's notes, which, from the fact of their being three hundred years older than the Christian era, claims precedence in seniority before all known manuscripts. Longinus had a high opinion of the orator Hyperides.

The Rev. Dr. Choules, who accompanied Commodore Vanderbilt on his recent excursion, has a journal of the voyage in course of preparation.

The estimated total number of volumes now in the library of the *British Museum* is five hundred and ten thousand one hundred and ten. The additions since 1848 have been at the rate of fifteen thousand volumes a year.

The memoirs of the late *Robert Rantoul* are about being published. They have already reached their *second edition*—that is to say, the demand for them has taken the first edition of two thousand. Less than half the towns in Rantoul's county of Essex subscribed for one thousand copies.

Among other items mentioned in our foreign papers, is the fact that the King of Prussia has conferred on A. Von Humboldt the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit.

Dickens is said to have cleared \$20,000 from the *Bleak House*.

It is said that there are but *seventy-six* persons in New-Hampshire between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one who cannot read and write. There are *ninety* thousand pupils on the school-lists of the State.

*Mrs. Emma R. Coe* is pursuing a course of legal studies in Cleveland, Ohio, with the view of qualifying herself for the practice of law!

*Grace Greenwood* returned home in a late European steamer, and has been on a visit to Boston for the purpose of putting to press her "Travels in Europe," which will be immediately issued. She was married a short time since, in the village church adjoining her parents' residence at New-Brighton, Beaver County, Pa., to Mr. Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia.

It is reported in the *London Critic* that "Mr. William Chambers is about to proceed to North America for the purpose of writing a descriptive tour through the United States and Canada, and collecting accurate information respecting the condition and prospects of emigrants in those countries." It will be seen from our Boston correspondence that Mr. Chambers has arrived.

*Prof. R. H. Ball*, Director of the Observatory of Columbia College, succeeds Prof. Redfield in the mathematical department of the University of New-York.

*President Wayland* recently preached an able sermon on the "Apostolic Ministry."

A cotemporary writes thus of *Lient. Maury*:—"He is rather short, and lame. His face has a mild, benevolent expression. I have never heard a softer voice. He is polite to all, and generous to a fault. His eye is his best feature, I think. There is great expression in his eyes,

and the amount of soul that glows out from their blue depths tells of the intellect of the man. Lieut. Maury is devoted to his studies. He talks 'Amazon' all day. There is a magnificent map of South Carolina just facing his desk at the Observatory. He will sit and illustrate that map for hours in a strain of conversation to which, in interest, and beauty, and style, no letter he has written can compare. He is a delightful companion, a finished gentleman, and the best conversationalist I have ever met."

The degree of LL. D. was conferred on Hon. *Horace Greeley* at the last commencement of the University of Vermont, at Burlington.

A Natchez paper speaks rather disconsolately of the morbid taste of the people. It says:—"Mrs. Stowe makes from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars by 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' the vilest and most unblushing libel ever published on the South and her institutions; and has so won upon the people of England that she is now the guest of royalty and nobility in that pharisaical country. No small portion of this money was made by sales of her book in the Slave States. Mr. Fletcher has written the ablest, most learned, and critical defense of slavery which ever appeared in print, and it will bring the publisher in debt; while the 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which has just arrived, is going off rapidly."

### Book Notices.

New works accumulate on our hands enough to bewilder the veriest book-worm. American book making is evidently, like every other department of American enterprise, to take its place soon, if it has not already, in the foremost rank of the craft. Why should it not?

One of the most important issues since our last "notices" is Dr. Edward Beecher's volume, "*The Conflict of Ages; or, the Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man.*" It is an attempt, and a determined, energetic one, we will acknowledge, to wrestle with the great difficulty—the "appalling question," as Chalmers calls it—of the origin of evil. Dr. Beecher finds all the usual solutions of the problem inadmissible, and attempts another, viz.: Origen's doctrine of the preexistence of men in another sphere where they sinned—the present state being but a gracious provision for their recovery. This extraordinary hypothesis will destroy the authority of the book, and yet doubtless give it currency by giving it a novel, if not an original interest. It is elaborately, and even powerfully written—a huge bone for the metaphysicians to pick. (*Phillips & Simpson, Boston.*)

The same publishers have sent us Dr. Wayland's "*Memoir of Judson*"—two stout volumes of more than a thousand pages. It presents a general survey of the American Baptist field in India, of the conditions of missionary labor there, the religious and social life of the

country, &c. Its facts and comments in these respects are elaborate and invaluable, and ought to secure it a standard rank at once in our already abundant *missionary literature*. The personal narrative and delineation of the book are, however, its chief attraction. What religious character of our generation is more interesting than Judson? Dr. Wayland has appreciated him, and portrayed him with the finest skill. Both the subject and the author ought to secure the work general popularity. There is but one danger to its success—it is size.

*Gould & Lincoln, Boston*, send us a copy of their elegant edition of Miall's "*Memorials of Early Christianity*," which the reader will find exceedingly interesting and instructive if he will not take offense at some of Mr. Miall's peculiar denominational notions. Beginning with Jerusalem and Pentecost, the author traces some of the principal Churches and their principal men down to Cappadocia and Gregory Thaumaturgus. Paul, John, Ignatius, Justin Martyr, Polycarp, Tertullian, Cyprian, Clemens, and Origen are among his heroes, of course. Hippolytus, of whom we have heard so much since the late discovery of his lost work, also figures in the narrative; the famous statue of him is given among the engravings. The cuts are numerous, but not very good. Otherwise, the work is in the usual excellent style of this house.

We always welcome the packages sent us by Bangs, Brother & Co., (13 Park Place, New-York,) for they contain the best book importations of our country. Bohm's serial volumes are enough to put a book-worm into ecstasy—the finest editions of the classics, of unique English antiquarian works, of the best standards of modern science, &c. The volumes now before us are a good translation of old Matthew of Westminster's "Flowers of History, from the Beginning of the World to A. D. 1304"—a capital work for the historical antiquary, in two volumes. Also, the first volume of a new literal translation of the "Comedies of Aristophanes," from the revised text of Bindorf, with notes and extracts from the best metrical versions, by W. J. Riehl. This volume includes the Achaeans, Knights, Clouds, Wasps, Peace, and Birds. We have received also two volumes of the Standard Library, the "Lectures," that is, sermons, of John Foster, at Broadmead chapel, Bristol. This is their third edition; it contains some additions. The energetic thought and iron-clasped style of the great essayist characterize these productions; but they will never take rank among his notable essays.

Rev. Dr. Hawks has given to the public a very excellent translation, from the Spanish, of Rivero and Tschudi's "Peruvian Antiquities"—a work that attempts to glean, from local remains, a more adequate knowledge of the institutions of the Incas—their idiom, religion, laws, sciences, and customs—than has heretofore been given to the world. The readers of Prescott will turn to this volume with no ordinary interest for a fuller disclosure of those marvels of Peruvian life of which he necessarily gives but glimpses. It is a most interesting volume. Its accounts of architectural ruins is especially valuable, being the fullest one extant. (Putnam, New-York.)

Messrs. Carlton & Phillips have issued "Family and Social Melodies, a Collection of Hymns and Tunes for Family and Social Worship," by Rev. W. C. Hoyt. The hymns are mostly from the standard Methodist Hymn-book; the tunes are generally plain and familiar, but not the less rich and choice. The music has been re-written, and arranged for the work by Mr. E. C. Gaehler, who also contributes some excellent original tunes. For the convenience of players of the piano, melodeon, sraphine, or organ, the trebles are written on one staff. In fine, we know not a better work for the purpose of promoting singing in family worship, and had we space here we could write an essay on the importance of that design.

Messrs. Carlton & Phillips, F. J. Huntington, and Mason & Beale, have issued "The Lute of Zion," a most important musical work, containing a really superb collection of tunes for the Methodist Episcopal Church. The work was edited by J. B. Woodbury, author of "The Dulcimer," assisted by Professor H. Mattison. It contains the riches of "The Dulcimer," with much more that is equally precious. We predict it will have a fast and long-continued run. It contains five parts, devoted respectively to 1st, Ordinary Church Music; 2d, Anthems and Select Pieces; 3d, Melodies for Class-Meetings,

Love-Feasts, and Prayer-Meetings; 4th, Sunday-School Melodies; 5th, An extensive selection for singing-schools, social circles, and concert rooms. It is a capital affair.

Books of European travel abound now-a-days, and Brother Jonathan's ever active brain and hand have contributed his quota to the voluminous catalogue. Among the very best of them is "Silliman's Visit to Europe." The venerable savan made the tour of Europe nearly half a century ago, and published a very successful narrative of his travels. He repeats his visit with enhanced interest, and the present two stout duodecimos are remarkably fresh in their style; they abound in very entertaining sketches of the learned men met in his travels; the pictures of scenery and life are made with a skillful hand and appreciative taste, and the scientific portions of the narrative are, of course, of the first order. There is a real charm thrown over the whole work by the tranquil, healthful geniality of the writer—a character which both the portrait and autograph indicate strikingly in the outset. These volumes cannot fail to be saleable. (Putnam, New-York.)

Seaton's "Map of Palestine," with its accompanying "Companion," is a work which has an interest for all religious readers. The countries to which it relates are accurately delineated from surveys made for the French and English governments, and have also been personally visited by the author. By the simple use of initials, the Levitical and royal cities, as well as the cities of refuge, may be seen at a glance, and the modern names of all places of importance to the merchant or traveler are added to those given in the Scriptures. It has already passed the ordeal of the English and American presses, and has only to be known to secure general acceptance in this country. (Becket, Godwin & Co., New-York.)

Sir Egerton Bridges, in his edition of "Milton's Poetical Works," says:—"Of all uninspired writings (if these be uninspired) Milton's are the most worthy of profound study by all minds which would know the creativeness, the splendor, the learning, the eloquence, the wisdom, to which the human intellect can reach." Professor Cleveland has prepared a new edition of them, which must have cost immense labor from the care and accuracy with which every word has been weighed and compared. It is a volume which, in his own words, he has aimed to have "critical enough for the scholar, full enough for the general reader, and beautiful enough for the tables of the opulent; but which should, above all, be cheap enough for the school-room, and for the dwellings of those whose limited means prevent them from buying expensive books." We think he has been successful. The great merit of the edition is its verbal index, which is really invaluable; it occupies over a hundred double-columned pages, and by it any passage in Milton may be found, for not a line is without some representative word to which the index gives the clew. (Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.)

"The United States, illustrated in views of City and Country, with Descriptive and Historical Arti-

*cles, edited by Charles A. Dana,"* in two parts, entitled, respectively, "*The East*" and "*The West.*" The aim and character of this publication are well set forth in its title. We consider it one of the very best works of its kind ever undertaken in this country. Americans may well be proud of it, and of their land, as mirrored in its pages. Its superb, really magnificent steel engravings, representing rural, urban, and aquatic scenes in all parts of the Union, are accompanied by well-written descriptive and historical sketches, which give it great additional interest and value. Artistic excellence of the highest order, and literary attractions of no mean grade, are here happily blended,—a fitting wedlock. Nothing that offends against strict morality and fastidious taste is to be seen on any page of this fine work—a commendation merited by very few other Art-publications. Published, at one dollar per number, by *Hermann J. Meyer, 161 William-street, New-York.*

"*Homes and Faces; or, Home-Life Unveiled,*" by Paul Crayton. This is a small book of domestic tales, twelve in number, practical in their character, unobjectionable in their teachings, and very readable. (*Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston.*)

"*Christian Progress: a Sequel to the Anxious Inquirer after Salvation,*" by John Angell James. Coming from the pen of this able, practical, and catholic writer, this little volume must be a good, and will prove a useful book. (*Gould & Lincoln, Boston.*)

We must close our list for the month with the most remarkable book of the season, viz.: "*Spiritualism,*" by Judge Edmonds, Senator Tallmadge, and Dr. Dexter. The first volume only has appeared, but it is a stout octavo of more than five hundred pages—unquestionably the most commanding work yet produced by this new and odd excitement. We give elsewhere, the present month, some observations on the subject, and cannot now go into any discussion of this remarkable volume; hereafter we may do so. Meanwhile, of the book itself we may say that it is written with a tone of unquestionable honesty and moderation; that many of its facts are astonishingly marvelous, but most of them, if not bordering on silliness, are yet below the dignity which we associate with the spiritual state, and there are few if any which would not yield to the solution, repeatedly given in these pages, of these new mysteries. The theology of the book is not reconcilable with the Holy Scriptures; its religious tone is otherwise good; its intellectual tone is feeble throughout; and if the communications attributed to Bacon, Clay, Calhoun, Swedenborg, &c., are really from them, there can be no question that the spiritual spheres have no guarantees against senility. One of the intellectual phenomena of the times is certainly the abundant literature which this modern "spiritualism" is producing. *Partridge & Britton, 300 Broadway,* have on their catalogue about half a hundred works, including two periodicals, relating to the subject.

### Religious Summary.

THE state of many parts of the continent, and especially Sardinia, is such, at the present moment, as few have any conception of. There is an awakening from a long sleep—a stir among the dry bones. Everywhere the people are beginning to reflect, to discover their mistake, and to pant and inquire after something better. The Scriptures are largely pouring in to their aid, and their Divine Author wonderfully blesses the reading of them without the intervention of human instrumentality; while, wherever the gospel is preached, it is listened to with the deepest attention, and numbers find it to be the power of God unto their salvation.

It is stated that Lord Londesborough has completed the purchase of the *Selby* estate for £270,000 from the Hon. Mrs. Petre, widow of the Hon. E. Petre, of Selby. Mrs. Petre, who was left sole executrix to her husband, with the whole property at her own disposal, has taken the veil in France, and the whole of the property will, of course, go to the funds of the nunnery which she has entered.

The province of Savoy, under the Sardinian government, has been lately visited by two colporteurs from the Bible Society of Geneva, who in the space of a fortnight sold 1,000 Bibles and 500 Testaments in the two towns of Chambéry and Annecy. They were prevented from prosecuting their work further by the interpo-

sition of the Romish archbishop, who ordered the importation of Bibles to cease, and ordered others to the amount of several bales to be sent back, while he himself went to Turin to obtain the sanction of government for what he had done. He can hardly succeed. But it is an instructive fact in regard to the character of Romanism, that everywhere it abhors the word of God.

A great sensation has been caused in Galicia, Spain, by what is considered a great crime by devout Catholics—the flight of a nun from a convent at Compostella. A nun in the Carmelite convent of that place let herself down from her cell, by means of towels and napkins sewed together and formed into a cord. The descent must have been attended with danger, though the nun took the precaution of tying knots at intervals in her cord.

Poor priest-ridden Ireland may look for better days. Through the influence of emigration and proselytism, *Protestantism* is gradually gaining the ascendancy in that country. The Roman Catholic press no longer conceals the fact, that "the altars of the Catholic Church have been deserted by thousands born and baptized in the ancient faith of Ireland." Out of a population of six and a half millions, nearly one-third is now Protestant. It is stated that 30,000 persons are known to have left the

Church of Rome within two years. The translation of the Bible into Irish by Bishop Bedell has had great effect.

The king of Prussia has issued a proclamation that he will dismiss from his service any officer who, marrying a Roman Catholic, shall promise to bring up his children in that faith. This is intended as a protest against recent encroachments of Popery.

The annual meeting of the *Bengal Baptist Association* was held in February last. This association, founded by missionary exertion, numbers twenty-two Churches and one thousand three hundred and forty-two members. To these Churches there were added by baptism, during the year, one hundred and sixteen.

Another version of the Bible has been completed in the language of the inhabitants of the *Hevey group of islands in the Pacific*. The labors of English missionaries among them have been greatly blessed for many years. The Bibles in their native tongue were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

The Rev. Eli Hall, who last year visited the Baptist Churches in Liberia, reports that there are eleven Churches, whose location and number of communicants are as follows: Monrovia, 154; New Georgia, 80; Millsburg, 20; Louisiana, 19; Bassa Cove, 27; Harper, 31; Edina, 22; Bexley, 25; Greenville, 130; St. Paul's River, 41; Caldwell, 15: total number of communicants, 584.

A writer in the *Central Christian Herald*, in enumerating the different religious sects in eastern Ohio, mentions, among others, the Omish and Manese, which, he says, are divisions among the Mennonites or Harmless Christians. The difference between some of them is said to be the wearing of buttons instead of hooks and eyes, while the length and split of the coat-tail is the great matter of controversy with others.

A movement has been set on foot among the Dissenters, by Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, England, and some others, with the view of procuring a million copies of the New Testament Scriptures in the Chinese language, for distribution among the Chinese insurgents.

Rt. Rev. Jackson Kemper, missionary bishop of Minnesota, recently made his annual visitation to that Territory. He has been as far up as Fort Ripley and the Gull Lake Mission. Besides the Indian Mission, and the chaplaincies at the forts, there are but two Episcopal Churches in the Territory, one at St. Anthony and one at St. Paul. Both these are enlarging their houses of worship this season.

The *Protestant Church Convention*, or "Kirchentag," at Berlin, has resolved to meet next year at Frankfort-on-the-Main. In the concluding report there is nothing interesting with respect to America, excepting the opinion of the conference that the apostleship of the Mormons is an emigration office in disguise, and its chief object being to advance the price of land in the West. The Danish government has been officially informed that there are one thousand three hundred Danes on the eve of

emigrating to Utah. Prodigious efforts are making by the Mormons throughout the north of Europe to direct emigrants to their State. Mr. Ferris, late secretary of the treasury of Utah, reports that the Mormon rulers are even more profligate and depraved than has been represented. Brigham Young, he says, has forty wives. Men and women, too, generally, are utterly debased.

Coming thus to our own land, we find truth and error striving earnestly for the mastery in this wide field. The Protestant Episcopal Church held a general *Triennial Convention* in this city in the latter part of October. *Bishop Irenaeus*, the notorious pervert from the Protestant faith, has been formally deposed from his Episcopal office by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The English papers furnish unfavorable news from Madagascar. The queen was still pursuing a course of rigorous hostility toward the Christians, who were suffering greatly from her persecutions.

There are now built, and in process of building, no less than seven Roman Catholic Church edifices in Chicago. One of these, now building, will be worth \$100,000, and two others, already erected, are estimated to be worth \$50,000 each.

Some of the Chinese of San Francisco have subscribed two thousand dollars toward the erection of a Christian church in that city.

At a late quarterly-session of the Managers of the Methodist Episcopal Tract Society, held in this city, the treasurer, J. B. Edwards, reported the receipts of the society, thus far, to be \$5,034. The corresponding secretary, Rev. A. Stevens, reported that thirty conferences have adopted the cause, twelve conference agents have been appointed, forty-five colporteurs have been sent out, and \$19,000 have been subscribed at the conferences. The revision of the entire series of the society's tracts has been completed, and many substitutions and additions have been made. The list now includes four hundred and forty. The volume series includes fifty works, large and small. This organization has been in operation about one year.

Among recent grants of books by the American Bible Society were Bibles and Testaments in Ojibwa and in English to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; Portuguese and Spanish Bibles for distribution along the Amazon; Spanish Bibles and Testaments for Panama; a pulpit Bible for the American Chapel at Rome; another for a colored church in this city; Bibles and Testaments for Canada; with forty-two volumes for the blind.

Respecting the Scandinavian missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the West, Bishop Scott writes that "the work is greatly expanding. God is raising up men for this work in a wonderful manner, and the field is widening and white for the harvest!"

Of the Universalist persuasion, there are said to be one hundred and twenty-three ministers and two hundred and thirteen societies in the United States.

## Arts and Sciences.

It is impossible to "bulletinize" all the improvements in the industrial arts, which are almost daily announced. We endeavor to keep our readers advertised of some of the most important, or, at least, most interesting of them; but when we sit down to make up our monthly outline, the numerous data become embarrassing. Among the most striking of the past month's announcements was that of a "revolution in journalism," predicted by the *Tribune*, from two very important improvements: first, the manufacture of fine paper from straw instead of rags, by Mr. Mellier, a French chemist; and second, an improvement in presses, patented by Mr. Victor Beaumont, a citizen of New-York, though of French birth. It is a printing press which, at a moderate rate of speed, will deliver "thirty thousand" sheets printed on both sides in a single hour! Its movement combines the original principles of Napier, which are applied by Hoe in his great press, with some new and beautifully simple arrangements and devices of the inventor. Improvements of the press are connected, of course, with all other interests of the race. We hail, then, this announcement.

The *Evening Mirror* also makes an announcement, in which it asserts that it verily believes that a way has been discovered of warming houses by burning gas, that will speedily do away with the use of wood and coal for all heating and culinary purposes; and declares that though it will astonish old fogdom, it has entire confidence in the success of this great discovery, and has made arrangements to have the Mirror office warmed by this process. The flame from a single gas-burner can be so diffused as to produce any required degree of heat, at a cost for gas, and that, too, at present city rates, of only fifteen cents per diem. Surely there is a "good time coming" for us all at this rate.

*The sea is bottomless no longer.*—English papers notice the arrival at Southampton of the American government surveying brig *Dolphin*. This brig has completed a perfect line of soundings across the Atlantic ocean. The subject of deep-sea soundings, remarks one of our cotemporaries, has for some time received the attention of scientific men, and the results of this survey will be considered a great acquisition by them. Hitherto the great difficulty has been to obtain soundings in very deep water. It has been found impossible to get back the weight attached to the line, after the bottom has been reached, owing to the heavy pressure of superincumbent water. The fact is notorious among seamen, that however carefully and strongly the line may be made, it never has been recovered after being once sunk. Yankee ingenuity, says the same authority, has successfully met the difficulty. A hole is drilled through a sixty-four pound shot, to which is fitted a rod perfectly solid, with the exception of an inch and a half at the bottom, which is bored out for the purpose of receiving and bringing up a specimen of what it has come in contact with at the bottom. Certain fixtures are attached to it, by which, so soon as the bottom is

reached, the ball becomes detached, and no difficulty is experienced in drawing up the rod.

Another very interesting marine announcement is the accomplishment of the *north-west passage*, by Commander M'Clure. He brings no news of Sir John Franklin, after spending three polar winters in the desperate search. We cannot glean from the papers many particulars of his course, but learn that he has sailed from Davis's Straits on the east, through the great Arctic ocean, to near Behring's Straits on the west, and has shown the existence of an uninterrupted water communication from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific. His course, as near as can be gathered from the brief announcement of the fact made by the English Admiralty, was through the Prince of Wales's Straits, connecting with Barrow's Straits, to a cliff south of Melville Island, called Banks' Land, and thence through floes and hummocks of almost impenetrable ice to a place called Baring's Island, in the Bay of Mercy. The precise position of this island we are unable to ascertain; but it seems to be sufficiently far east, and near to the outlet of Behring's Straits, on the coast of Asia, to settle the question of the practicability of the passage.

The *Evening Post* contains an interesting letter from Boston respecting Mr. Richardson's *atmospheric telegraph*, for the transportation of packages with great velocity through an air-exhausted tube. The inventor proposes, in case a capital of \$300,000 be raised for the object, (although \$300,000 is considered an adequate sum by scientific men,) to lay an underground tube of two feet in diameter below the frost, through which he will transmit packages or mails of any weight, in fifteen minutes or even less, from Boston to New-York and the important way stations. In front of these commodities is the plunger, to which they are attached, and which fits so closely that no air can escape it. The air before it is exhausted by a steam-engine, and the plunger propelled to its destination by simple atmospheric pressure. The *Scientific American* thus explains its operation:—

"Suppose a line of two-foot tube laid from Boston to New-York, it would contain about 4,000,000 cubic feet of air. Suppose twenty pumps, of ten feet diameter and ten stroke, are located at the Boston end, connected with the cylinder: these twenty pumps contain about 15,714 1-7 cubic feet. Suppose the pumps are worked twenty strokes in a minute, we have removed 314,287 2-5 cubic feet. Suppose the plunger was let in at New York at the commencement of operating the pumps, and the pumps continued to run for fifteen minutes, in which same rate 4,714,279 2-7 feet of air would be removed, and the cylinder only containing 4,000,000, the plunger must reach Boston about as soon as this work could be performed, so far as we can see, and the same result the other way."

The foreign papers received since our last issue report the death of Arago, the greatest *savant* of the times, if we except Humboldt, and even that exception is questionable. He was in his sixty-eighth year at the time of his death. His discoveries in science have been numerous and important. His determination

of the diameter of planets was subsequently adopted by Laplace. His discovery of colored polarization, and that of magnetism by rotation, gained him the Copley medal. As Secretary of the Academy of Science, he had a vast field for research, and published many notices of new applications and discoveries. He was a member of nearly all the scientific societies of the world.

From the minute scientific announcements of the day, we glean the following:—

A popular Geographical Institution has been organized in London. It will attempt a collection of all the maps, charts, and geographical works published throughout the world, and proposes to maintain a competent body of demonstrators and lecturers, who shall deliver regular courses of lectures upon physical and political geography and ethnology.

Two snow-capped mountains, Kilimanjaro and Kenia by name, have been discovered by missionaries in Eastern Africa, and within the tropics.

A locomotive was recently run on the Egyptian railroad, much to the astonishment of the Bedouin Arabs, who found that it was in vain to attempt to keep pace with it with their fleet horses. Civilization will yet return to her ancient home in the land of the Pyramids.

Gutta-percha is being applied to innumerable uses. *The Home Journal* says that maps, charts, and engravings may be varnished by a delicate coating of gutta-percha. It is perfectly transparent, and is said to improve the appearance of pictures. Documents may be rendered water-proof, and effectually preserved by coating both sides with the same material.

Besides the ruins of Assyria, enormous remains exist in *Babylonia*, which have been scarcely visited by Europeans. It appears highly probable that the rich discoveries already made by Mr. Botta and Mr. Layard, bear no proportion to the treasures that lie undetected in the earth. The explorations, so successfully begun, of these buried nations, are to be pushed more vigorously than ever.

Small vexations are sometimes the most trying, hence their remedies may be deemed proportionately valuable. German physicians have discovered that carbonate of magnesia, used internally, is a valuable cure for warts.—Dr. Castle, of this country, has taught all whom it may concern how to remove rings which are too small to be slipped over the finger-joints. His *modus operandi* is to clean the ring with chalk, then apply quicksilver, which permeates the metal, and in a few minutes renders it so brittle that it may be broken by a gentle pressure.

*Professor Eucke*, the astronomer, has been appointed Rector of the University of Berlin, an honorable post, which will be worthily occupied by one who has attained so high a scientific reputation abroad and in his own country.

Mr. Leone Levi has had the honor to receive from the king of Prussia the gold medal for science, in appreciation of his work on the Commercial Law of the World.

The inventors who have articles on exhibition at the Crystal Palace have held a meeting in New-York, and organized an association called "The National Inventors' Union," and passed resolutions declaring their intention to endeavor to obtain a more protective patent law than the one now in existence, and to hold an annual Inventors' Fair alternately in the various States or cities. Inventors in all parts of the country are requested to become members.

Abbott Lawrence has announced his intention of bestowing fifty thousand dollars on the *Lawrence Scientific School* at Cambridge, in addition to the same amount given by him to that institution some eight years ago.

Dr. Robert de Lambelle, a distinguished physician of Paris, announces that a shock of electricity, given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence, and returns the sufferer to life. The fact is worth knowing, if it—be a fact.

*Uniting the Continents*.—The practicability of laying down a submarine telegraph between Great Britain and America, has been guaranteed by many eminent engineers, and arrangements are about being made for connecting the Old and New World. The distance between Galway and Halifax, the two nearest points of communication, is about one thousand six hundred miles. Many estimates for the execution of the work have been sent in, varying from £300,000 to £800,000.

The London press mentions a successful application of chloroform upon a man of immense physical power, while under a violent attack of cholera. While in the most violent paroxysms of pain and spasm the chloroform was administered, and the struggling giant tamed into the quiet of a sleeping infant. The functions being suspended, the horrible symptoms ceased, the medicines became absorbed, and in an hour the man was restored to consciousness, and the disease was conquered.

*Discovery of Amber*.—Pieces of amber have for some time past been found on the coast of Courland, but in such small quantities that it was hardly considered worth while to collect them. In recently cutting a canal for draining a lake near that of Anserche, on the eastern coast of Courland, between  $57^{\circ} 10'$  and  $58^{\circ} 20'$  of north latitude, and not far from the Gulf of Riga, pieces of amber were found, and, on the search being continued, more pieces were picked up on the banks of the Lake of Anserche itself. At first the discovery was kept secret, as the lakes belong to the crown, and the amber was secretly sold for small sums by the persons who found it. But the inhabitants of the adjacent villages gradually became acquainted with the fact, and they made a practice of going *en masse* on Sundays to collect the amber. The priests, annoyed at seeing the churches abandoned, made inquiries as to the cause, and, on learning it, made it known to the authorities. The pieces of amber are for the most part transparent, and some of them are so large that they fetch from five to six roubles. In some of the pieces winged insects have been found.

We have small space for fine-art gossip this month.

Gibson's *Statue* of the late Sir Robert Peel has been erected in the north transept of Westminster Abbey, under the superintendence of the sculptor. The statue was sculptured at Rome. It is of the life-size, in pure white marble, and stands on a pedestal of blue-veined marble. The likeness is good, and the attitude expressive, representing the late statesman in the act of addressing the Senate, and marking an emphasis by the pressure of the palm of the left hand with a scroll which he holds in the right hand.

An old picture, recently sold at a sale at Bordeaux for a mere trifle, (£2.) turns out to be by Othon Vanvoen, the master of Rubens. It has since been sold for one thousand pounds. It is five feet high and three wide; and the subject is *Abigail going to meet David*.

Mr. George Hughes, of London, has invented a portable running-hand apparatus, which enables a blind person to join letters together, and to write with clearness, straightness, and uniformity, without needing the aid of others.

A gigantic equestrian statue in bronze of Charles XVI. of Sweden (Bernadotte) has just been cast in one jet—with the exception of the head and right arm of the king, and of the head and tail of the horse—in the Royal Foundry at Munich. It is seventeen feet high, and between twenty and thirty tons in weight; and yet the horse is made to stand on his hind legs. The statue has been designed by M. Fogelberg, a Swedish sculptor of note, and is destined for Stockholm.

The block of *Egyptian granite* intended for the Washington National Monument has been received on the ground. It is a solid block of about a yard in length by the same in height, and about two feet thick. In shape it constantly resembles a huge anvil. Though very hard, this granite is exceeded in that respect by some of our own—as the Quincy granite. It is from the remains of the Alexandrian Library. There is no inscription on it, and it is only very coarsely worked.

Every Christian scholar feels a lively interest in whatever relates to the Holy Land and the adjacent countries. M. Maxime Du Camp is publishing, in England, a book of *Photographic Pictures of Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, and Syria*. These pictures, one hundred and twenty-five in number, have great clearness, and will give the untraveled a good knowledge of hieroglyphical sculpture.

Some years since, a fine headless marble statue of the Emperor Tiberius was discovered in the Island of Capri, in some ground belonging to Signor Arcucci. It was purchased for the Vatican collection where it now is. Near the same site, within the last few months, what is supposed to be the head of the statue has been discovered. It now lies in a private house, having been seen by a few of the islanders only, among whom it of course excites no curiosity.

The Prince of Syracuse, who so meritoriously distinguished himself during last winter by his interesting excavations at Cumæ, is now making

his "villettiatura" at Sorento, and breaking up the ground in that interesting neighborhood. The prince has sold all the objects which were found last year at Cumæ to a private museum at Rome. The excavations will be resumed at Cumæ in the winter.

The Cartoons of Raphael are on exhibition at Hampton Court, London. The subjects of these wonderful designs are the death of Ananias, Elymas the Sorcerer, the miraculous draught of fishes, Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, Paul preaching at Athens, and Christ's charge to Peter. An ingenious copyist, availing himself of the newly perfected art of printing in oil-colors, has transferred to a set of cards the whole series of the Cartoons, with much of the life and force of the original pictures. At the same time they are afforded at so cheap a rate as to be within the reach of almost every family. They will soon be offered in the American market.

A monument to the memory of James Watt is to be erected in Edinburgh, in front of the Watt Institution and School of Arts. It is expected that the monument will be inaugurated on the 19th of January next, the anniversary of the birth of Watt.

The new Duke of Saxe Weimar has ordered the castle of Warburg, in which Luther was secreted after being placed under the ban of the empire, and in which he worked at his translation of the Bible, to be decorated with appropriate mural paintings.

The monument erected to the captors of Major Andre was dedicated in October last.

*Bayard Taylor*, of the *New-York Tribune*, has received an appointment as one of the corps of artists sent out with the Japan expedition.

*Madame Jenny Lind* will next season visit England, to give concerts. Benedict, the composer, has gone to see her, at Dresden, and to stand godfather to her son.

*Prof. Koeppen*, of Lancaster College, has been in New-York lately, superintending the publication of his great work on the geography of the Middle Ages.

*Hiram Powers*, the sculptor, has been appointed Commercial Agent of the United States at Florence.

There was a meeting of editors, authors, publishers, and practical printers, at the County Court-house, Philadelphia, recently, to deliberate upon the ways and means to erect a monument over the remains of *Benjamin Franklin*.

The *New-York Times* says that a new "House Printing Telegraph" line is to be built from Troy to Montreal, which will make the fifth line leading from New-York to Montreal and Quebec.

A *Horological Cradle* is on exhibition at the Crystal Palace. It moves by clock-work, and will rock about twenty-four hours without any one going near it.

A correspondent of the *London Builder* strongly recommends the universal use of India ink in preparing all manuscripts intended to convey information to future ages. The inks used by our forefathers contained carbon, and that substance is the base of India ink.

